



H. L. 1766

Come my Love: nor think th'emp'yr an
 The dams to milk and little lambskins wean,
 How would the crook bescem thy lily hand:
 How would my youngling round thee gazing stand!



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K
THE
GOLD FINCH,

OR NEW

Modern Songster.

BEING A SELECT COLLECTION

of the most admired and favourite

Scots

AND

ENGLISH SONGS,

Cantatas, &c.

*Here the composer has employ'd his care
To choose what best might entertain the ear;
Each ravish'd ear extols the heavenly art,
Which soothes our cares, and elevates the heart.*



GLASGOW.

Printed by J. & M. ROBERTSON Saltmarket.



P R E F A C E.

MUSIC appears to have been one of the most ancient arts; and, of all others, vocal music must undoubtedly have been the first kind. Plutarch ascribes the first invention of music to the god Apollo. It has always been in great esteem among all nations, not only for the innocent entertainment it affords, but for the powerful effects and agreeable influences it has over the mind; it raises a variety of sublime pleasures; it pacifies wrath, calms the passions, and fills the mind with a love of virtuous actions. The favourable reception of the first edition of this book, and the frequent demands for it, since it became scarce, encouraged the Editors to offer the present Collection, greatly enlarged, and adapted to every species of singers. The Editors have had recourse to most of the song-books published in the three kingdoms. Such of the old songs as have firmly stood the test of approbation are retained, while those that would rank better in

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a collection of poems are entirely expunged. Besides a vast number of modern songs of real merit, inserted in this Collection, will be found the new songs sung at the Public Gardens since the first publication; likewise a few favourite cantatas, catches and glees; to which is added a number of original toasts and sentiments not to be met with in any other book. As there have been frequent complaints, that publications of this kind often abound with ribaldry and indecency, the greatest care has been paid in selecting, totally to exclude every thing that would have the smallest tendency to corrupt the morals or offend the ear of the most delicate reader.

How far the Editors' endeavours have been successful, in rendering this Collection an agreeable companion to the social mind, they must leave to the determination of the Public.

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A
NEW COLLECTION
OF
CHOICE SONGS.



SONG I.

The BANKS of the DEE. Tune, *Langolee*.

With additions by a Lady.

TWAS Summer, and softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree,
At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the Banks of the Dee,
Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on, thou sweet river;
Thy banks' purest streams shall be dear to me ever;
For there I first gain'd the affection and favour
Of Jamie, the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus mourning,
To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he;
And ah! there's no hopes of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.

A

He's gone, helpless youth ! o'er the rude roaring billows ;
 The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows ;
 And left me to stray 'mong'ft the once loved willows,
 The loneliest maid on the Banks of the Dee.

But time, and my prayers, may perhaps yet restore him ;
 Blest peace may restore my dear shepherd to me ;
 And when he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er him,
 He never shall leave the sweet Banks of the Dee.
 The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying ;
 The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing ;
 While I, with my Jamie, am carelessly straying,
 And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

Thus sung the fair maid on the banks of the river,
 And sweetly re-echo'd each neighbouring tree ;
 But now all these hopes must vanish for ever,
 Since Jamie shall ne'er see the Banks of the Dee.
 On a foreign shore the sweet youth lay dying,
 In a foreign grave his body's now lying ;
 While friends and acquaintance in Scotland are crying
 For Jamie the glory and pride of the Dee.

Mishap on the hand by which he was wounded ;
 Mishap on the wars that call'd him away
 From a circle of friends by which he was surrounded,
 Who mourn for dear Jamie the tedious day.
 Oh ! poor hapless maid, who mourns discontented
 The loss of a lover so justly lamented ;
 By time, only time, can her grief be contented,
 And all her dull hours become chearful and gay.

'Twas honour and bravery made him leave her mourning,
 From unjust rebellion his country to free ;
 He left her, in hopes of his speedy returning
 To wander again on the Banks of the Dee.
 For this he despised all dangers and perils ;
 'Twas thus he espoused Britannia's quarrels,
 That when he came home he might crown her with
 laurels,
 The happiest maid on the Banks of the Dee.

But fate had determin'd his fall to be glorious,
 Though dreadful the thought must be unto me;
 He fell, like brave Wolfe, where the troops were victorious,
 Sure each tender heart must bewail the decree:
 Yet, though he is gone, the once faithful lover,
 And all our fine schemes of true happiness over,
 No doubt he implored his pity and favour
 For me he had left on the Banks of the Dee.

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S O N G II.

RURAL CONTENTMENT.

Tune, O bonny lass will you lie in a Barrack?

I SAT on a bank by the side of a river,
 I thought my dear Jamie had left me for ever;
 But while I sat pensively sighing and mourning,
 Ah! who should I see, but my Jamie returning.

I straight ran to meet him, I threw my arms round him,
 Still charming, still kind, still constant I found him,
 With ardor he press'd me, ah! who could oppose him?
 While thus I reveal'd the warm wish of my bosom.

O stay, my dear Jamie, thy follies give over,
 No more leave these plains, be no longer a rover,
 No more seek for glory where cannons loud rattle,
 Nor leave my fond arms for the sound of a battle.

For peace in a cottage, and pastoral pleasure,
 Where love trips with joy, in some frolicsome measure,
 Believe me, my Jamie, are far more enticing
 Than war's empty pomp which you've always been prizing.

My Jamie smil'd sweetly, the linnets and thrushes,
 Who chanted their songs from the jessamine bushes,
 The groves and the plains were so gay, so inviting,
 They made him forget his ambition for fighting.

He said he would love me, and never would leave me,
 He gave me his hand that he ne'er would deceive me ;
 He swore he'd no more show his foes his resentment,
 But live with his Annie in Rural Contentment.

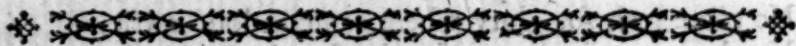


S O N G III.

FRIENDSHIP. *By Mr Pope.*

THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
 And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet ;
 How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
 This source of content is so rare to be found !
 O friendship ! thou balm, and rich sweet'ner of life,
 Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife ;
 Without thee, alas ! what are riches and power
 But empty delusion, the joys of an hour.

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a friend,
 On whom we may always with safety depend ?
 Our joys, when extended, will always increase,
 And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace.
 When fortune is smiling, what crouds will appear,
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere ;
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
 No longer to court you they'll eagerly press.



S O N G IV.

LOVE and Folly were at play,
 Both too wanton to be wise,
 They fell out, and in the fray,
 Folly put out Cupid's eyes.

Straight the criminal was tried,
 And had his punishment assign'd,
 Folly should to Love be tied,
 And condemn'd to lead the blind.

OF CHOICE SONGS.

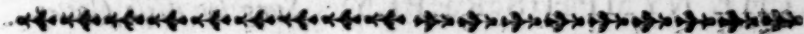
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S O N G V.

Push about the JORUM. *Sung by Miss Catley.*

WHEN bick'rings hot,
To high words got,
Break out at gameorum;
The flame to cool,
My golden rule
Is push about the Jorum.

With fist on jugg,
Coifs who can lug?
Or shew me that glib speaker,
Who her red rag
In gibe can wag,
With her mouth full of liquor.



S O N G VI.

The words from Shakespeare. Sung by Miss Catley.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose fall,
Melodious birds sing madrigal.

There will I make beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;

Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.



S O N G VII.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY. *Sung by Miss Catley.*

IF that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields:
A honey tongue, and heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs;

All those in me no means can move
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy love.



S O N G V I I I .

T H E W I S H .

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
And the meadows their beauty have lost,
When Nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the waters bound up by the frost,
When the heavy dull peasant is shiv'ring with cold,
As the bleak northern winds they do blow,
And the innocent flocks too, we likewise behold,
With their fleeces all cover'd with snow;

In the yard when the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
And send forth their breath like a steam;
And the neat looking dairy-maid sees she must thaw
Flakes of ice that she finds in the cream;
When the pretty young lass, fresh and red as a rose,
As she trips it along often slides,
While the rustics laugh loud, if by falling, she shows,
All the charms that her modesty hides;

When the birds to the barn-door hover for food,
As with silence they rest on the spray;
And the poor timid hare in vain seeks the wood,
Lest her footsteps her path should betray;
When the lads and the lasses together are got,
And all close round the embers are set,
Talk of fairies, church-yards, and of ghosts, and what
not,
Till the lasses are all in a sweat;

When the children, where puddles are froze, make their
slides,

And exercise there till they glow,

And when black heavy clouds much foul weather betides,
Drooping birds hop around in the snow;

When the bleak stormy winds drive the snow and the
sleet,

And no fowl's to be seen on the wing,

While I gaze may I doat on her charms, and there meet
With the bloom and the sweetness of spring.

Heaven grant in that season it may be my lot,

That with her I so love and admire,

While the icicles hang on the eves of our cot,

To be warm I may thither retire.

Where in neatness and quiet, and free from surprise,

May we live and no hardships endure,

Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,

But that which each other may cure.



S O N G IX.

ANNA, a favourite Irish song.

Sung by Miss Catley.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love,

Have you seen my Anna,

Pride of every shady grove,

Upon the banks of Banna.

I for her my home forsook,

Near yon misty mountain,

Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,

Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,

Until her returning,

All the joys of life are o'er,

From gladness chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown,
 Shepherds tell me whither,
 Ah! woes me, perhaps she's gone
 For ever and for ever.

S O N G . X.

Sung at Ranelagh.

ONE midsummer morning when nature look'd gay,
 The birds full of frolick, the lambs full of play,
 When earth seem'd to answer her smiles from above,
 And all things proclaim'd it the season for love;
 My mother cried, Nancy go haste to the mill,
 If the corn is not ground you may scold if you will.

The freedom to use my tongue pleas'd me no doubt,
 For a woman, alas! would be nothing without;
 I went toward the mill without any delay,
 And conn'd o'er the words I intended to say;
 But when I came near her, I found her stock still,
 Bless my stars! now cried I, huff him rarely I will.

The miller to market that instant was gone,
 And the work was all left to the care of his son;
 And though I could scold as well as any woman can,
 Yet I thought it would be wrong for to scold the young
 man.

I said I'm surpris'd you can use me so ill,
 Sir, I must have my corn ground, I must and I will.

Sweet maid, cried the youth, the neglect is not mine,
 There's no corn in the town I'd grind sooner than thine;
 There's no one more willing to pleasure the fair,
 The mill shall go merrily round I declare:
 But hark how the birds sing, and hear how they bill,
 Now I must have a kifs first, I must and I will.

My corn being ground, I to home bent my way;
 He whisper'd he'd something of moment to say,

Insisted to hand me along the green mead,
 And there swore he lov'd me indeed and indeed;
 And that he'd be constant and true to me still,
 So since that time I've lov'd him, and love him I will.

I often say, Mother, the miller I'll huff,
 She laughs and cries, Go, girl, I plague him enough;
 But scarce a day passes, but by her desire,
 I steal a sly kiss from the youth I admire.
 If wedlock he wishes, his wish I'll fulfil,
 And I'll answer, O yes, with a hearty good will.

S O N G . X I .

AS Damon and Phillis were feeding their sheep,
 The swain on a cock of new hay fell asleep;
 The nymph for a frolic stept behind a green oak,
 To hear what her Damon would say when he 'woke.

Not long she'd been there when the swain op'd his
 eyes,
 And missing his Phillis was struck with surprise;
 He snatch'd up his crook, and ran wild o'er the plain,
 And thus he inquir'd of each nymph and each swain:

Have you e'er seen a shepherdes passing this way,
 As blyth as the morn, and as bright as the day?
 In russet apparel, yet grand in her mein,
 Resembling in beauty the fair Cypress queen.

Two lambkins milk white unto you I will give,
 Let me but some tidings of Phillis receive;
 And if you will be but so gen'rous, ye swains,
 As return me my Phillis, take a kiss for your pains.

Thus he spoke, but no tidings of Phillis could hear,
 Then back to his flocks he return'd in despair;
 The nymph, when she saw him, stept'd out and cry'd, Bo,
 And, laughing at his care, cried, Go, Damon, Go.

Both joy and surprise at once struck the poor swain,
 With raptures he gaz'd on his Phillis again;
 He chided a little, she blush'd at his care,
 And each gave a kiss and made up the affair.

S O N G XII.

The SEASON for LOVE.

By Mr. Cunningham.

IN Spring, my dear Shepherds, your flowrets are gay,
 They breathe all their sweets in the sunshine of May;
 But hang down their heads when December draws near,
 The Winter of life is like that of the year.

The larks and the linnets that chant o'er the plains,
 All, all are in love while the Summer remains;
 Their sweet hearts in Autumn no longer are dear,
 "The Winter of life is like that of the year."

The season for love is when youth's in its prime;
 Ye lads and ye lasses make use of your time;
 The frost of old age will too quickly appear,
 The Winter of life is like that of the year.

S O N G XIII.

NEW JOCKEY.

MY laddie is gone far away o'er the plain,
 While in sorrow behind I am forc'd to remain;
 Though blue bells and vi'lets the hedges adorn,
 Tho' trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the thorn;
 No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay,
 There's nothing can please now, my Jockey's away;
 Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
 Haste, haste, my dear Jockey, to me back again.

When lads and their lasses are on the green met,
 They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat,
 Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
 I can't without envy their merriment see ;
 Those pastimes offend me, my shepherd's not there,
 No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share,
 It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain,
 I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
 He promis'd he would in a fortnight be here ;
 On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
 For love my dear Jockey to Jenny will haste,
 Then farewel each care, and adieu each vain sigh,
 Who'll then be so blest and so happy as I,
 I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,
 When Jockey returns to my arms back again.



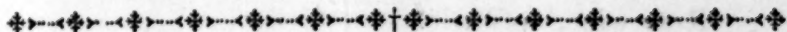
S O N G XIV.

Y O U N G J O C K E Y .

YOUNG Jockey is the blytheft lad
 That ever maiden woo'd,
 When he appears my heart is glad,
 For he is kind and good :
 He talks of love where'er we meet,
 His words in rapture flow,
 Then tunes his pipes, and sings so sweet,
 I have no power to go.

All other lasses he forsakes,
 And flies to me alone ;
 At every fair, and all our wakes
 To me he makes his moan :
 He buys me toys and sweetmeats too,
 And ribbons for my hair,
 No swain was ever half so good,
 Nor half so kind and fair.

Where'er I go I nothing fear
If Jockey is but by ;
For I alone am all his care,
When ever danger's nigh.
He vows to wed next Whitsunday,
And make me blest for life,
Can I refuse, ye maidens say,
To be young Jockey's wife.



S O N G X V .

THE BIRD.

THE bird that hears her nestlings cry,
And flies abroad for food,
Returns impatient thro' the sky,
To nurse the callow brood :
The tender mother knows no joy,
But bodes a thousand harms :
And sickens for the darling boy,
When absent from her arms.

Such fondness with impatience join'd
My faithful bosom fires ;
Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
The queen of my desires :
The pow'rs of verse too languid prove,
All similes are vain,
To shew how ardently I love,
Or to relieve my pain.

The faint with fervent zeal inspir'd,
For heav'n and joy divine ;
The faint is not with raptur'd fir'd,
More pure, more warm than mine :
I take what liberty I dare,
'Twere impious to say more ;
Convey my longings to the fair,
The goddess I adore.

B

S O N G XVI.

All I ask of MORTAL MAN.

THE wanton god who pierces hearts
 Dips in gall his pointed darts,
 But the nymph disdains to pine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.
 Rosy wine, rosy wine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.

Farewel, lovers, when they're cloy'd;
 If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd,
 Sure the squeamish fops are free
 To rid me of dull company.
 Sure they're free, sure they're free,
 To rid me of dull company.

They have their charms while mine can please,
 I love them much, but more my ease;
 Jealous fears me ne'er molest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.
 Break my rest, break my rest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they ever give me pain,
 Who to give me joy disdain?
 All I hope of mortal man,
 Is to love me while he can.
 While he can, while he can,
 Is to love me while he can.



S O N G XVII.

TO fly, like a bird, from grove to grove,
 To wander like the bee;
 To sip of sweets, and taste of love,
 Is not enough for me:

No fluttering passions wake my breast,
 I wish the place to find
 Where fate may give me peace and rest,
 One shepherd to my mind.

To every youth I'll not be gay,
 Nor try on all my power;
 Nor future pleasures throw away
 In toyings for an hour:
 I would not reign the general toast,
 Be prais'd by all the town;
 A thousand tongues on me are lost,
 I'll hear but only one.

For which of all the flattering train
 Who swarm at beauty's shrine,
 When youth's gay charms are in the wane,
 Will court their sure decline?
 Then fops, and wits, and beaux forbear,
 Your arts will never do;
 For some fond youth shall be my care,
 Life's chequer'd season through.

My little heart shall have a home,
 A warm and shelter'd nest;
 No giddy flights shall make me roam
 From where I am most blest:
 With love and only that dear swain,
 What tranquil joys I see!
 Farewel, ye false, inconstant train,
 For one is all to me.

S O N G XVIII.

YOUNG Colin protests I'm his joy and delight,
 He's ever unhappy when I'm from his sight;
 He wants to be with me wherever I go,
 The deuce sure is in him for plaguing me so.

My father cou'dna' work, and my mither cou'dna' spin,
I toil'd night and day, but their bread I cou'dna' win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee',
Said, Jenny, for their fakes, O marry me.

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wreck;
The ship it was a wreck, why didna' Jenny die,
And why do I live to cry, Waes me.

Auld Robin argu'd fair, tho' my mither didna' speak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to break,
So they gied him my hand, tho' my heart was in the sea,
And Auld Robin Gray is guidman to me.

I hadna' been a wife a week but only four,
When, sitting fae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wreath, but I didna' think it he,
Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O fair did we greet, and muckle did we say,
We took but ae kifs, and we tore ourselves away;
I wish I were dead, but I'm no like to die,
And why do I live to say, Waes me.

I gang like a ghaist, and carena' to spin,
I darena' think on Jamie, for that wou'd be a sin;
But I'll do my best a guidwife to be,
For auld Robin Gray is kind to me.



S O N G XX.

A favourite HUNTING SONG. *By Dr. Arne.*

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join in jovial cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.

Chorus. And a hunting we will go, &c.

The wife around her husband throws
 Her arms to make him stay ;
 My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows,
 You cannot hunt to day.

Chor. Yet a hunting we will go, &c.

Away they fly to 'scape the rout,
 Their steeds they soundly switch ;
 Some are thrown in, some are thrown out,
 And some thrown in the ditch.

Chor. Yet a hunting we will go, &c.

At last from strength to faintness worn,
 Poor Reynard ceases flight ;
 Then, weary, homeward we return,
 And drink away the night.

Chor. And a drinking we will go, &c.



S O N G XXI.

NO glory I covet, no riches I want,
 Ambition is nothing to me ;
 The one thing I beg of kind Heav'n to grant,
 Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
 By reason my life let me square :
 The wants of my nature are cheaply supply'd,
 And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessing which Providence freely has lent,
 I'll justly and gratefully prize ;
 While sweet meditation, and chearful content,
 Shall make me both healthy and wise.

In the pleasure the great man's professions display,
 Unenvy'd I'll challenge my part,
 For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey,
 Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
 The many their labours employ!
 Since all that is truly delightful in life,
 Is what all, if they will, may enjoy--



S O N G XXII.

THE MAID IN BEDLAM.

ONE morning, very early; one morning, in the spring,
 I heard a maid in bedlam, who mournfully did sing;
 Her chains she rattled in her hand, while sweetly thus
 sung she,
 I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea;
 And cruel cruel was the ship, that bore my love from me,
 Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho' they've
 ruin'd me;
 And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O should it please the pitying pow'rs to call me to the sky,
 I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my love to fly,
 To guard him from all dangers, how happy should I be?
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous fine,
 With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine;
 And I'll present it to my love, when he returns from sea,
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh, if I were a little bird to build upon his breast!
 Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest!
 To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should be;
 For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh, if I were an eagle to soar into the sky! (spy,
 I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my love might
 But ah! unhappy maiden! that love you ne'er shall see;
 Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

S O N G XXIII.

WITH my holiday gown, and my new fashion'd hat,
 Last Monday I went to the fair ;
 I held up my head, and I'll tell you for what,
 Young Roger I thought would be there.
 He wooes me to marry, whene'er we do meet,
 Sure honey does dwell on his tongue ;
 And indeed he's so handsome, so mild and discreet,
 That I w— w— wou'd, that I w— w— wou'd, that I'd
 marry if I were not too young.

He whispers such soft pretty things in mine ear,
 He vows, and he sighs, and implores ;
 Such ribbons he bought me, such trinkets and ware,
 Till, trust me, my pockets ran o'er :
 A song too he bought me, the best he could find,
 With which I was mightily stung ;
 And indeed, &c.

The sun being declin'd, it was time to retire,
 My cottage lay distant a mile,
 I rose from my chair, Roger bow'd like a squire,
 And he handed me over the stile :
 His arms he threw round me, love play'd in his looks,
 While we walked the meadows along ;
 And indeed, &c.



S O N G XXIV.

THE MIGHTY BOWL.

FILL me a bowl, a mighty bowl,
 Large as my capacious soul ;
 Vast as my thirst is, let it have
 Depth enough to be my grave :
 I mean the grave of all my care,
 For I design to bury't there.

Let it of silver fashion'd be,
 Worthy of wine, worthy of me;
 Worthy to adorn the spheres,
 As that bright cup amongst the stars.

Fill me a bowl, &c.



S O N G XXV.

TWEEDSIDE. *By a Lady.*

WHEN Maggy first pearched wi' love,
 I carry'd my noddle fu' hi';
 Nae goudspink in a' the gay glade,
 Or mavis so happy as I.

I pip'd, and I danc'd, and I sang;
 I woo'd, but I came nae good speed;
 Therefore into England I'll gang,
 And lay my banes over the Tweed.

To Maggy my love I did tell,
 Sa't tears did my passion express;
 Woe's me, for I loo'd her o'er well,
 And woman loves nae sic man less.



S O N G XXVI.

A LAPLAND LOVE SONG.

THOU rising sun! whose gladsome ray
 Invites my fair to rural play,
 Dispel the mist, and clear the skies,
 And bring my Orra to my eyes.

Oh! were I sure my dear to view,
 I'd climb the pine-tree's topmost bough,
 Aloft in air that quivering plays,
 And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid?
 What woods conceal my sleeping maid?
 Up by the roots, enrag'd, I'll tear
 The trees that hide my promis'd fair.

O could I ride on clouds and skies,
 Or on the raven's pinions rise!
 Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
 And waft a lover on his way.

My blifs too long my bride denies,
 Apace the wafting summer flies;
 Nor yet the wint'ry blasts I fear,
 Not storms or nights shall keep me here.

What may for strength with steel compare?
 Oh! love has stronger fetters far!
 By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
 But cruel love enchains the mind.

No longer then perplex the breast;
 When thoughts perplex, the first are best:
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay;
 Away to Orra, haste away.

S O N G XXVII.

T H E B E E.

BUSY humble bee am I,
 That range the garden sunny;
 From flow'r to flow'r I changing fly,
 And ev'ry flower's my honey,
 Bright Chloe, with her golden hair,
 A while my rich jonquile is,
 Till, cloy'd with sipping nectar there,
 I shift to rosy Phillis. I shift, &c.

But Phillis's sweet opening breast
 Remains not long my station,

For Kitty must be now address'd,
 My spicy breath'd carnation.
 Yet Kitty's fragrant bed I leave,
 To other flow'rs I'm rover;
 And all in turns my love receives,
 The gay wide garden over.

The gay, &c.

Variety that knows no bound
 My roving fancy edges,
 And oft with Flora I am found,
 In dalliance under hedges:
 For as I am an arrant bee
 Who range each bank that's funny,
 Both fields and gardens are my fee,
 And ev'ry flower's my honey.

And every, &c.



S O N G XXVIII.

O! The valiant Jockey
 Leaves his lovely Peggy,
 On loud calls, To arms, he must away;
 Fill your flowing glasses,
 Farewel, bonny lasses,
 For no longer with you I can stay. For no longer, &c.

Peggy.

O, Jockey, do not leave me!
 O, how much you grieve me!
 Stay at home in your own native land!
 Let them go my honey,
 That want friends and money,
 Jockey, you have both at your command. Jockey, &c.

Jockey.

Peggy, leave off pleading,
 That's a wrong proceeding;
 I love you, but, alas! 'tis all in vain;
 I must prefer before you
 Fame, honour and glory,
 Which causes me to cross the raging main. Which, &c.

Peggy.

When Jockey's on the billows,
 Peggy's on the willows,
 Venting out her bitter grief and moan ;
 When Jockey lies a-sleeping,
 Peggy lies a-weeping,
 Always wishing for his safe return.
 Always wishing, &c.



S O N G XXIX.

P R O G R E S S O F L O V E.

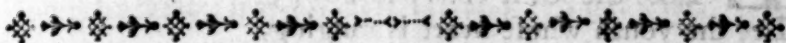
WHEN first I beheld thee, I vow and protest,
 I felt a strong something strike into my breast ;
 It smarted and tickled, so pleasing the pain,
 I wish'd for it gone, then wish'd for it again :
 My heart pitta-patted, I cannot tell how,
 Feel, Chloe ! it flutter'd just as it does now.

When I rose with the lark to pipe forth a fond lay,
 And chided the time till you brighten'd the day,
 That moment gay nature smil'd on my sweet maid,
 I long'd to salute thee, but still was afraid :
 My heart pitta-patted, I cannot tell how, (brow.
 Methought when I press'd you, frown hung in your

When chose queen of May, and the swains all around,
 Stood with wonder to see so much beauty abound,
 Young Damon approach'd you with languishing look,
 And, low bowing, presented his new-carven crook :
 My heart pitta-patted, I cannot tell how,
 At his languishing look and his courtly low bow.

'Twas one summer's eve (oft it comes to my mind,
 When Colin grew blest, as his Chloe grew kind),
 When shepherds to fold drove their day weary'd train,
 And oxen from labour low'd over the plain :
 My heart pitta-patted, I cannot tell how,
 As we sat and sip'd syllabub under the cow.

When absent from thee, I grew restless to all,
 And dreaded the dangers that might thee befall;
 But trust me, my fair one! when you did appear,
 Ah, little you think what your Colin felt here!
 My heart pitta-patted, just as it does now;
 And I'm happy since Chloe accepts of my vow.



S O N G XXX.

L O V E A T E M P E S T.

LOVE'S a tempest, life's the ocean,
 Passions cross'd the deep deform;
 Rude and raging tho' the motion,
 Virtue fearless braves the storm.

Storms and tempests may blow over,
 And subside to gentle gales;
 So the poor despairing lover,
 When least hoping, oft prevails.



S O N G XXXI.

LOVE'S a gentle gen'rous passion,
 Source of all sublime delight;
 When with mutual inclination,
 Two fond hearts in one unite.

What are titles, pomp, or riches,
 If compar'd with true content?
 That false joy which now bewitches,
 When obtain'd we may repent.

Lawless passion brings vexation,
 But a chaste and constant love,
 Is a glorious emulation
 Of the blissful state above.

S O N G XXXII.

THE CONSTANT TAR.

LOVE, like the wind, is often changing,
 Like the sea it ebbs and flows;
 Let the youth whose heart is ranging,
 Fear the nymph whom most he knows.

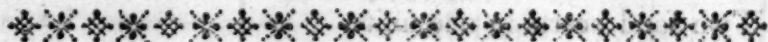
But give me, Fate, one faithful pilot,
 To direct and guide my soul:
 Changing lovers then I'll smile at,
 She's my magnet, she's my pole.



S O N G XXXIII.

TO ATTAIN A LONG LIFE.

COME hear me, my boy, hast a mind to live long,
 Take a dose of brisk claret, and part of a song;
 A gen'rous heat good wine does impart,
 And time to good music is beat by the heart:
 Let each be content with his own proper store,
 And keep ourselves honest, though the world keeps us
 poor.



S O N G XXXIV.

TELL me, lovely shepherd, where
 Thou feed'st at noon thy fleecy care;
 Direct me to the sweet retreat
 That guards thee from the mid-day heat;
 Left by thy flocks I lonely stray,
 Without a guide, and lose my way:
 Where rest at noon thy bleating care,
 Gentle shepherd, tell me where.

S O N G XXXV.

Woman.

JOHN Anderfon my jo, cum in as ze gae by,
 And ze fall get a sheep's heid weel baken in a pie,
 Weel baken in a pie, and the haggis in a pat :
 John Anderfon my jo, cum in, and ze's get that.

Man.

And how do ze, cummer? and how do ze thrive?
 And how many bairns hae ze?—*Wom.*—Cummer, I hae
 five;

Man.—Are they to your ain guidman?—*Wom.*—No,
 Cummer, no;
 For four o' them were gotten quhan Willie was awa'.

S O N G XXXVI.

Sung in the Chaplet by Mr Vernon and Mrs Scott.

Damon.

CONTENTED all day I will sit by your side,
 Where poplars far stretching o'er-arch the cool tide;
 And while the clear river runs purling along,
 The thrush and the linnet contend in their song.

Laura.

Whilst you are but by me no danger I fear;
 Ye lambs rest in safety, my Damon is near;
 Bound on, ye blithe kids, now your gambols may please,
 For my shepherd is kind, and my heart is at ease.
 For my shepherd, &c.

Damon.

Ye virgins of Britain, bright rivals of day,
 The wish of each heart, and the theme of each lay;
 Ne'er yield to the swain till he make you a wife,
 For he who loves truly will take you for life.

C 2

For he who, &c.

Laura.

Ye youths, who fear nought but the frowns of the fair,
 'Tis yours to relieve, not to add to their care;
 Then scorn to their ruin assistance to lend,
 Nor betray the sweet creatures you're born to defend.
 Nor betray, &c.

Damon.

For their honour and faith be our virgins renown'd,
 Nor false to his vows one young shepherd be found:
 Be their moments all guided by virtue and truth,
 To preserve in their age what they gain'd in their
 youth.
 To preserve, &c.



S O N G XXXVII.

T H E R A M B L E.

'T WAS at Midsummer's tide, no matter the day,
 The lambkins were merry, and the birds grac'd
 the spray,
 I rambled with Patty unto the green grove,
 Attended by no one but music and love.

The murmuring brooks in sweet harmony flow'd,
 And the soft breathing zephyrs so wantonly blow'd;
 We rambled, we tattl'd, all in the green grove,
 Attended by no one but music and love.

Flow on, soft meanders, in mirth ever flow,
 To wash away sorrow and heart aching woe;
 Let no troubles molest us while in the green grove,
 Attended by no one but music and love.

May Fortune, e'er smiling, bless Patty and I,
 Our bosoms be strangers to care, fear, or sigh;
 O then in sweet raptures we'll trace the green grove!
 Attended by no one but music and love.

S O N G XXXVIII.

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

THE lily and the blushing rose
 To many give delight;
 But not a flow'r on earth that grows
 Is half so bright a sight,
 As lovely women,
 Charming women,
 Pleasing, teasing,
 Heavenly women.

Pray what makes cowards brave and bold?
 Or what gives poets birth?
 Or what makes people fond of gold?
 Or pleasure dwell on earth? But lovely women, &c.

Or what's the pageantry of kings?
 Or pleasures of the bowl?
 But vain, presumptuous, gaudy things,
 Destroyers of the soul, Unless sweet women, &c.

When men are fore oppress'd with grief,
 and roam in search of peace,
 There's nought can give such sure relief,
 And make their torments cease,
 Such pow'r has women,
 Virtuous women, &c.

Then, since the fair give such delight,
 Aloud resound their praise;
 For who can view the glorious sight
 And not their voices raise? To lovely women, &c.

The rich, the poor, the bold, the brave,
 The lord, the clown, and king,
 The peasant, courtier, priest, and knave,
 In diff'rent strains will sing
 To praise sweet women, &c.

S O N G XXXIX.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

YE nymphs, and ye shepherds, that join in the throng,
 Pray tarry a while and attend to my song;
 The story, tho' simple, is true that I tell,
 I hope it will please you all wonderful well.

I went t'other day to a walk on the green,
 And met with a lass fair as beauty's gay queen;
 I ask'd for a kiss, but the damsel said No,
 And struggl'd and frown'd, and cry'd Pray let me go.

I tenderly cried, Phillis don't be a prude;
 But still she return'd, I'll cry out if you're rude:
 The more that I press'd her, the more she cried No,
 And struggl'd and frown'd, and cry'd Pray let me go.

I found no intreaties would make her comply,
 Whenever I touch'd her 'twas, Fye, Colin, fye;
 So I sent for a parson, and made her my wife,
 And now I am welcome to kiss her for life.

Ye virgins that hear, learn example from this,
 Take care how too freely you part with a kiss;
 Conceal for a time all the favours you can,
 For that's the best way to make sure of your man.

S O N G XL.

Sung by Mr Beard.

WHO has e'er been at Baldock must needs know the
 mill,
 At the sign of the horse, at the foot of the hill,
 Where the grave and the gay, the clown and the beau,
 Without all distinction promiscuously go.
 Where the grave, &c.

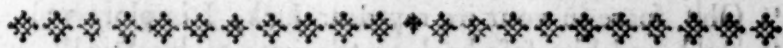
This man of the mill has a daughter so fair,
 With so pleasing a shape and so winning an air,
 That once on the river's green bank as I stood,
 I'd swear she was Venus just sprung from the flood.
 That once, &c.

But, looking again, I perceiv'd my mistake,
 For Venus, tho' fair, has the looks of a rake,
 While nothing but virtue and modesty fill
 The more beautiful looks of the lass of the mill.
 While nothing, &c.

Prometheus stole fire, as the poets all say,
 To enliven that mass which he modell'd of clay:
 Had Polly been with him, the beams of her eyes
 Had sav'd him the trouble of robbing the skies.
 Had Polly, &c.

Since first I beheld the dear lass of the mill,
 I can never be quiet, but, do what I will,
 All day and all night I sigh, and think still
 I shall die if I have not the lass of the mill.
 I shall die, &c.

Hold, hold, says my neighbour, here stop thy career,
 Prithee finish thy song, and let's drink to the fair:
 Pray where stands the bottle? full brimmers we'll fill,
 Let's all drink the health of the lass of the mill.
 Pray where, &c.



S O N G XLI.

ON Tay's fair banks you've often said,
 You wish'd that I wou'd try to love ye,
 And you'd do all to please your maid,
 But fear'd my lot was far above ye.
 I heed not dad, nor mother's scorn;
 Love gives to me my lad sae bonny,
 We for each other sure are born,
 Then take me to your arms my Johnny!

My birth they say was high, and so,
 For greater bliss they did design me,
 They'd have me fly from one so low,
 But love and fate to you incline me.
 I heed not dad, &c.—As above.

But since I speak my honest mind,
 And swear that you're the swain to please me,
 Will you be tender, fond, and kind,
 And never wish to leave or teaze me?
 I heed not dad, &c.

I know your heart is good and true
 As any laird's, so let's not tarry,
 To Tay's fam'd stream we'll bid adieu,
 For folks in love 'tis best to marry.
 I heed not dad, &c.



S O N G XLII.

THE WAIL OF SUSAN.

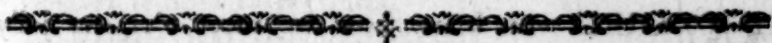
O'ER all the wide ocean the billows were rolling,
 'Mid torrents of hail the dread thunder did roar;
 And loud from the mountains the tempest was howling,
 When Sue sat to welcome her lover on shore.
 "On me, ye rude winds! (said she) vent all your fury,
 "Why o'er the deep ocean so boist'rously roar ye?
 "Oh! spare in your ire my dear Jack, I implore ye!
 "And send him safe back to the arms of his Sue!"

Now full in her view, o'er the foaming waves driven,
 Dismasted and shatter'd, the vessel appears;
 Despairing and wild, she address'd her to Heaven,
 And tore her soft tresses, 'mid torrents of tears.
 "Avaunt, ye rude billows! cease farther to move here!
 "Ye hurricanes dreadful! your blust'ring give over,
 "Nor cruelly twin a fond maid of her lover!
 "Ah! what, if Jack's drown'd, will become of his
 "Sue?"

Alas, hapless nymph! how prophetic thy doubts are!
 How fruitless thy stay! well-a-day! and how vain!
 In view o'er the waves, see! your Jack lifeless floats
 there,

A victim, ah me! to the rage of the main!
 Now frantic, now speechless, she stedfastly views him,
 "Yet bear him, kind billows! (she cries) to my bo-
 "som!
 "Within my fond arms I'll for ever inclose him,
 "Nor shall cruel death sep'rate Jack from his Sue!"

To burst with deep sighs her fair bosom was ready,
 As frantic her lifeless poor sailor she ey'd,
 When, all on a sudden, a swift wheeling eddy,
 Inurn'd him, poor youth! in the deep roaring tide.
 Yet still in her fancy the fond virgin sees him,
 And eager she plung'd in the main to embrace him,
 And sunk with her love to the shade of Elysium
 Allotted for lovers like Jack and his Sue. A. E.



S O N G XLIII.

THE SPINNING WHEEL. *Set by Dr Arne.*

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,
 Blithe Jockey to young Jenny came,
 But, tho' she lik'd him passing weel,
 She careless turn'd her spinning wheel.

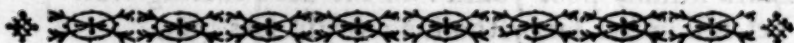
Her milk-white hand he did extol,
 And prais'd her fingers long and small:
 Unusual joy her heart did feel,
 But still she turn'd her spinning wheel.

Then round about her slender waist
 He clasp'd his arms, and her embrac'd;
 To kiss her hand he down did kneel,
 But yet she turn'd her spinning wheel.

With gentle voice she bid him rise,
 He blest'd her neck, her lips, and eyes:
 Her fondness she could scarce conceal,
 Yet still she turn'd her spinning wheel.

Till, bolder grown, so close he press'd,
 His wanton thoughts she quickly guess'd;
 Then push'd him from the rock and reel,
 And angry turn'd her spinning wheel.

At last when she began to chide,
 He swore he meant her for his bride;
 'Twas then her love she did reveal,
 And flung away her spinning wheel.



S O N G XLIV.

MINGLING OF SOULS.

WOU'D you know how we meet o'er our jolly
 full bowls?

As we mingle our liquors, we mingle our souls;
 The sweet melts the sharp, the kind soothes the strong,
 And nothing but friendship grows all the night long:
 We drink, laugh, and celebrate every desire,
 Love only remains our unquenchable fire.



S O N G XLV.

JESSAMOND MILL.

TO sing of the nymph and her cot,
 Each bard will oft flourish his quill,
 I'm glad it has fallen to my lot
 To celebrate Jessamond mill.

When Spring hither winds her career,
 Our trees and our hedges to fill;

Vast oceans of verdure appear;
To charm you at Jeffamond mill.

To plant every rural delight,
Here nature has lavish'd her skill;
Here fragrant breezes unite,
And wanton round Jeffamond mill;

When silence each ev'ning here dwells,
The birds in coverts all still,
No music in sweetness excels
The clacking of Jeffamond mill.

Reclin'd by the verge of the stream,
Or stretch'd on the side of the hill,
I'm never in want of a theme,
While leering at Jeffamond mill.

Sure Venus some plot has design'd,
Or why is my heart never still,
Whenever it pops in my mind
To wander near Jeffamond mill.

My object, ye swains, you will guess,
If ever in love you had skill;
And, faith, I will frankly confess,
'Tis Jenny at Jeffamond mill.

S O N G XLVI.

W R O T E for a L A D Y.

WEEP not, ye streams of silver Tay;
Nor mourn, ye flow'ry banks fae bonny!
Tho' wars have call'd my love away,
Heav'n will protect my faithful Johnny.
'Twas Fame that urg'd him to the field,
'Twas Fame inspir'd him thus to leave me;
Pleas'd, I survey'd the glitt'ring shield,
But ah! how much our parting grieves me!

Let dad and fretful mother scold,
And for some richer laird design me;
Yet neither pow'r, nor pomp, nor gold,
From youthful Johnny shall incline me.
— 'Twas Fame, &c.—As above.

What's wealth compar'd to him I love?
To him for ever fond to please me?
The live long day beneath the grove
To kifs, to clap, to blefs and squeeze me!
'Twas Fame, &c.

Weep not, ye streams of silver Tay !
Nor mourn, ye flow'ry banks fae bonny !
Tho' arms allur'd my love away
Heav'n will return unhurt, my Johnny.
'Twas Fame, &c.



SONG' XLVII.

A D U E T. Tune, *Guardian Angels.*

GUARDIAN angels! hov'ring near me,
Save a lover sick with care!
Nor from fairest Myra tear me,
Oh! 'twill heighten my despair!
May I with her spend the day,
In raptures pass my years away;
And should I from these shades remove,
Deign to waft along my love.

Myra.

Venus queen of love and beauty,
Parent of soft am'rous pain,
Little Cupid! do thy duty,
Bind me to my tender swain.
Reason I to love must yield,
Love victorious wins the field:
Hence, ye sons of wealth away!
I'll my shepherd lad obey.

Damon.

Come, ye Cupids! twine the myrtle,
 Bring along the sweets of May,
 Wreathe a flow'r enamel'd kirtle,
 For my Myra's wedding day.

Both.

Innocence, and meek-ey'd Love,
 Peace,—inhabitant above,
 Joys harmonious descend,
 All our moments to attend.

D. C.



S O N G XLVIII.

THE sun from the east tips the mountains with gold,
 And the meadows all spangl'd with dew-drops be-
 hold;

The lark's early matin proclaims the new day,
 And the horn's chearful summons rebukes our delay.
 With the sports of the field there's no pleasure can vie,
 While jocund we follow, follow, follow, follow,
 Follow, follow, follow, follow, follow, follow,
 Follow, follow, follow the hounds in full cry.

Let the drudge of the town make riches his sport,
 And the slave of the state hunt the smiles of the court,
 No care nor ambition our pleasures annoy,
 But innocence still gives a zest to our joy.

With the sports of the field, &c.

Mankind are all hunters in various degree;
 The priest hunts a living, the lawyer a fee;
 The doctor a patient, the courtier a place;
 Tho' often, like us, they're flung out with disgrace.

With the sports of the field, &c.

The cit hunts a plum, the soldier hunts fame;
 The poet a dinner, the patriot a name;

D

And the artful coquette, tho' she seems to refuse,
Yet in spite of her airs, she her lover pursues.
With the sports of the field, &c.

Let the bold and the busy hunt glory and wealth,
All the blessings we ask is the blessing of health;
With hounds and with horns thro' the woodlands to
roam,
And when tir'd abroad find contentment at home.
With the sports of the field, &c.



S O N G XLIX.

MY dog and my mistress are both of a kind,
As fickle as fancy, inconstant as wind;
My dog follows ev'ry strange heel in the streets,
And my mistress is fond of each fellow she meets,
Yet in spite of her arts I'll not make the least strife,
But be cheary, and merry, and happy through life.

Go Miss where she will, and whenever she please,
Her conduct shall ne'er my philosophy tease;
Her freedom shall never embitter my glee,
One woman's the same as another to me;
So, in spite of her airs, I'll not make the least strife,
But be cheary, and merry, and happy thro' life.

I laugh at the wretches who stupidly pine,
For false-hearted gipsies, they title divine;
At worst of my love fits no physic I ask,
But that which is found in the bowl or the flask;
For go things how they will, I'll not make the least strife,
But be cheary, and merry, and happy thro' life.

The girl that behaves with good-humour and sense,
Shall still to my heart have the warmest pretence;
And for those that would jilt me, deceive, and betray,
In honest bumpers I'll wash them away.
'Tis my final resolve, not to make the least strife,
But be cheary, and merry, and happy thro' life.

S O N G L.

THE WISH. *By a Lady.*

IF ever, O Hymen, I add to thy tribe,
Let such be my partner the muse shall describe,
Not in party, or stature, too high nor too low,
Not the least of a clown, nor too much of the beau;
No fribble, who's taste in my dress must be shewn,
Nor coxcomb, too slavishly fond of his own;
No pedant in sense, nor conceited young smart,
For wisdom and conduct must conquer my heart.

Be manly his presence, engaging his air,
His temper still yielding, and mind as sincere ;
No dupe to his passions, 'gainst reason to move,
But kind to the sweetest, the passion of love.
Let honour, commendable pride of the sex,
His actions direct, and his principles fix ;
Then groundless suspicions he'll never surmise,
Nor with jealousy read ev'ry glance of my eyes.

When such a blest youth shall approve my small charms,
And no thoughts of interest his bosom alarms,
In wedlock I'll join with a mutual desire,
And prudence shall cherish the wavering fire.
Thus life will glide on unperceiv'd in decay,
Each night shall be blissful, and happy each day.
Such a partner, grant heaven! with my prayers comply;
Or a maid let me live, and a maid let me die.



S O N G

LI

I'VE BEEN COURTING.

I'VE been courting at a lase
These twenty days and mair;

Her father winna gie me her,
 She has sic a gleib of gear.
 But gin I had her where I wou'd
 Amang the hether here,
 I'd strive to win her kindness,
 For a' her father's care.

For she's a bonny sonsie lass,
 An armsfu' I swear;
 I wou'd marry her without a coat,
 Or e'er a plack o' gear.
 For, trust me, when I saw her first,
 She gae me sic a wound,
 That a' the doctors i' the earth
 Can never mak' me found.

For when she's absent frae my sight,
 I think upon her still;
 And when I sleep, or when I wake,
 She does my senses fill.
 May Heav'ns guard the bonny lass
 That sweetens a' my life;
 And shame fa' me gin e'er I seek
 Anither for my wife.



S O N G LII.

V A R I E T Y.

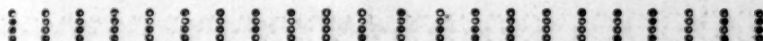
ASK you who is singing here,
 Who so blithe can thus appear?
 I'm the child of joy and glee,
 And my name's Variety.

Ne'er have I a clouded face,
 Swift I change from place to place,
 Ever wand'ring, ever free,
 Such am I, Variety.

Like a bird that skims the air,
Here and there and ev'ry where,
Sip my pleasures like a bee,
Nothing's like Variety.

Love's sweet passion warms my breast,
Roving love but breaks my rest ;
One good heart's enough for me,
Tho' my name's Variety.

Crouded scenes and lonely grove,
All by turns I can improve ;
Follow, follow, follow me,
Friend of life, Variety.



S O N G LIII.

ALL hail to the day that merits more praise
Than all other days in the year ;
And blest'd be the night that giveth delight
To the poor man as well as the peer.
May good fortune attend every honest man's friend,
That does the best that he may ;
Forgetting all wrong in a cup and a song,
We'll drive the cold winter away.

Let misery pack, and a whip at her back,
Down down the Tartarian flood ;
And let envy be drown'd in a river profound,
He that envies another man's good.
May sorrow's expence come a thousand years hence,
In payments of a long delay,
For we'll spend the whole night in an honest delight,
Just to drive the cold winter away.

The courtiers of state set open their gate,
And bid a free welcome to most,
The city likewise, tho' something precise,
Does not fail for to bring forth a roast.

But by all report, both of city and court,
 In the country we bear the sway,
 Our money is spent with a better intent
 When to drive the cold winter away.

Now let each individual shake hands with a grace;
 May friendship's firm ties ever bind
 The honest man's hand, and the honest man's heart;
 May his temples with olives be twin'd.
 From henceforth let knaves be chain'd to deep graves,
 For an honest man will bear the sway,
 His money is spent with a noble intent
 When to drown the fatigues of the day,
 And to drive the cold winter away.



S O N G L I.

T U L L O C H G O R U M.

Written by a Clergyman at Aberdeen.

Fiddlers, your pins in temper fix,
 And reset weel your fiddle sticks,
 But banish vile Italian tricks
 Frae out your quorum,
 Nor fortes wi' pianos mix,
 Gie's Tullochgorum.

R. FERGUSSON.

COME gie's a sang, the lady cry'd,
 And lay your disputes all aside,
 What signifies't for folks to chide
 For what's been done before them?
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 Whig and Tory, Whig and Tory,
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 To drop their whipmegmorum.
 Let Whig and Tory all agree,
 To spend this night with mirth and glee,
 And chearfu' sing along wi' me
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhor him.

Blithe and merry we's be a',
 Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
 Blithe and merry we's be a',

To mak' a chearf' quorum.
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 As lang as we hae breath to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa',
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be sae great a phrase
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
 I wadna' gi'e our ain Strathspeys
 For half a hundred score o'em.

They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
 They're douff and dowie at the best,

Wi' a' their variorum.
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Their allegro's, and a' the rest,
 They cannot please a Highland taste,
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress,
 Wi' fear of want, and double cefs,
 And silly fauls themselves distress

Wi' keeping up decorum.
 Shall we fae sour and fulky fit,
 Sour and fulky, sour and fulky,
 Shall we fae sour and fulky fit,

Like auld Philosophorum?
 Shall we fae sour and fulky fit,
 Wi' neither sence, nor mirth, nor wit,
 And canna' rise to shake a fit

At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend
 Each honest hearted open friend,

And calm and quiet be his end,
 Be a' that's good before him!
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a' great store o' 'em!
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious blot!
 And may he never want a groat
 That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And blackest fiends devour him!
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 Dole and sorrow, dole and sorrow,
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 And honest souls abhor him!
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 And a' the ills that come frae France,
 Who'er he be that winna dance,
 The reel of Tullochgorum!

S O N G LV.

THE MILLER'S WEDDING.

LEAVE, neighbours, your work, and to sport and
 to play;
 Let the tabour strike up, and the village be gay:
 Let the tabour, &c.
 No day thro' the year shall more chearful be seen,
 For Ralph of the mill marries Sue of the green.
 For Ralph, &c.

Chor. I love Sue, and Sue loves me,
 And while the wind blows,
 And while the mill goes,
 Who'll be so happy, so happy as we.

Let lords and fine folks, who for wealth take a bride,
Be married to day, and to-morrow be cloy'd ;
My body is stout, and my heart is as sound,
And my love, like my courage, will never give ground.

I love Sue, &c.

Let ladies of fashion the best jointures wed,
And prudently take the best bidders to bed ;
Such signing and sealing's no part of our bliss,
We settle our hearts, and we seal with a kiss.

I love Sue, &c.

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor one of your beaux,
Nor bounces, nor flutters, nor wears your fine clothes,
In nothing he'll follow from folks of high life,
Nor e'er turn his back on his friend or his wife.

I love Sue, &c.

While thus I am able to work at my mill,
While thus thou art kind, and thy tongue but lies still,
Our joys shall continue, and ever be new,
And none be so happy as Ralph and his Sue.

I love Sue, &c.



S O N G LVI.

MY MOTHER DID SO BEFORE ME.

I AM a brisk young lively lass,
A little more than twenty,
And, by my comely air and drefs,
I can have sweet-hearts plenty ;
But I'll beware of wedlock's snare,
Tho' dying swains adore me ;
The men I'll teaze myself to please,
My mother did so before me.

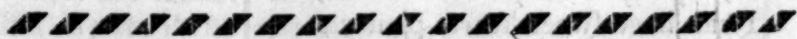
In rich brocades, and diamonds bright,
Like gayest springs delighting,

My parts and humour shall unite
 To make me more inviting :
 For I'll advance, and learn to dance,
 To please shall be my glory ;
 I'll learn to trace each step with grace,
 My mother did so before me.

I'll dress as fine as fine can be,
 My pride shall be my pleasure ;
 And tho' the neighbours envy me,
 To mind them I've no leisure.
 I'll take delight, both day and night,
 To be talk'd of in story ;
 I'll have it said, There shines a maid !
 My mother did so before me.

To park and play I'll often go,
 To spend each leisure hour ;
 I'll walk and talk with ev'ry beau,
 And make them feel my pow'r.
 But if a dart should pierce my heart,
 From one that does adore me,
 We'll wed and kiss, what harm in this ?
 My mother did so before me.

Then will I manage, when I wed,
 My husband to perfection ;
 For, as good wives have often said,
 " Keep husbands in subjection."
 No snarling fool shall o'er me rule,
 Or e'er eclipse my glory ;
 I'll let him see I'll mistress be,
 My mother did so before me.



S O N G LVII.

BY the side of a stream, at the foot of a hill,
 I met with young Phebe who lives at the mill ;
 My heart leap'd with joy, at so pleasing a sight,
 For Phebe, I vow, is my only delight.

I told her my love and sat down by her side,
And swore the next morning I'd make her my bride;
In anger she said, Get out of my sight,
And go to your Phillis you met here last night.

Surpriz'd, I reply'd, Pray explain what you mean,
I never, I vow, with young Phillis was seen;
Nor can I conceive what my Phebe is at.
O! can't you? she cry'd: well, I love you for that.

Say, did not you meet her last night on this spot?
O Colin! O Colin! you can't have forgot;
I heard the whole story this morning from Mat;
You still may deny it, I love you for that.

'Tis false, I reply'd, dear Phebe believe,
For Mat is a rover, and means to deceive:
You very well know he has ruin'd young Pat,
And sure my dear charmer must hate him for that.

Come, come then, she cry'd, if you mean to be kind,
I'll own 'twas to know the true state of your mind.
Transported, I kiss'd her, she gave me a pat;
I made her my wife, and she loves me for that.

S O N G LVIII.

THE COUNTRY WEDDING.

COME haste to the wedding, ye friends and ye
neighbours,
The lovers their bliss can no longer delay:
Forget all your sorrows, your cares, and your labours,
And let ev'ry heart beat with rapture to-day.
Ye votaries all attend to my call,
Come revel in pleasures that never can cloy;
Come see rural felicity,
Which Love and Innocence ever enjoy.
Come see, &c.

But as soon as he'd melted the ice of her breast,
 The heat of his passion in a moment decreas'd;
 And now he goes flaunting all over the vale,
 And boasts of his conquests to Susan and Nell:
 Tho' he sees her but seldom he's always in haste,
 And whenever he mentions her, makes her his jest.

Take heed, ye young maidens of Britain's gay isle,
 How ye venture your hearts for a look or a smile;
 For young Cupid is artful, and virgins are frail,
 And you'll find a false Roger in every vale,
 Who to court you, and tempt you, will try all their skill,
 But remember the lass at the brow of the hill.



S O N G L X.

T H E G A W K I E.

BLITH young Befs to Jean did say,
 Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,
 Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,
 And sport a while wi' Jamie?
 Ah na, lass, I'll no gang there,
 Nor about Jamie tak' nae care,
 Nor about Jamie tak' nae care,
 For he's ta'en up wi' Maggy.

For hark, and I will tell you, lass,
 Did I not see your Jamie pass,
 Wi' muckle gladness in his face,
 Out o'er the muir to Maggy.

I wat he gae her mony a kiss,
 And Maggy took them ne'er amiss:
 'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,
 That Befs was but a gawkie.

For when e'er a civil kiss I seek,
 She turns her head, and throws her cheek,

And for an hour she'll scarcely speak ;
 Who'd not call her a gawkie ?
 But sure my Maggy has mair sense,
 She'll gi'e a score without offence ;
 Now gi'e me ane unto the mense,
 And ye shall be my dawtie.

O Jamie, ye ha'e mony ta'en,
 But I will never stand for ane,
 Or twa, when we do meet again,
 Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.
 Ah na, lads, that ne'er can be,
 Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,
 Or ony thy sweet face that see,
 E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, whisht, nae mair of this we'll speak,
 For yonder Jamie does us meet ;
 Instead of Meg he kifs'd sae sweet,
 I trow he likes the gawkie.
 O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
 When I came by, your gown's sae new,
 I think you've got it wet wi' dew,
 Quoth she, that's like a gawkie.

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
 And I'll get gowns when it is gane,
 Sae ye may gang the gate you came,
 And tell it to your dawtie.
 The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek,
 He cried, O cruel maid ! but sweet,
 If I should gang another gate,
 I ne'er cou'd meet my dawtie.



S O N G LXI.

P L A T O ' S A D V I C E .

SAYS Plato, Why should man be vain ?
 Since bounteous Heav'n hath made him great ?

Why look with insolent disdain
 On those undeck'd with wealth or state?
 Can costly robes, or beds of down,
 Or all the gems that deck the fair;
 Can all the glories of a crown
 Give health, or ease the brow of Care?

The scepter'd king, the burden'd slave,
 The humble and the haughty die;
 The rich, the poor, the base, the brave,
 In dust, without distinction lie.
 Go search the tombs where monarchs rest,
 Who once the greatest titles wore,
 Of wealth and glory they're bereft,
 And all their honours are no more.

So flies the meteor thro' the skies,
 And spreads along a gilded train;
 When shot—'tis gone; its beauty dies,
 Dissolves to common air again.
 So 'tis with us, my jovial souls,—
 Let friendship reign, while here we stay:
 Let's crown our joy with flowing bowls;
 When Jove commands we must obey.



S O N G LXII.

A M A S O N S O N G.

By a Brother of the Lodge of St Luke, Edinburgh.

Tune,—In the garb of old Gaul.

IN the dress of Free Masons, fit garments for Jove,
 With the strongest attachment, true brotherly love,
 We now are assembl'd, all jovial and free,
 For who are so wise, and so happy as we?

And since we're bound by secrecy to unity and love,
 Let us, like brethren, faithful to ev'ry brother prove:
 Thus, hand in hand, let's firmly stand,
 All Masons in a ring,
 Protectors of our native land,
 The Craft, and the King.

Tho' some, with ambition, for glory contend,
 And when they've attain'd it, despise each poor friend,
 Yet a Mason, tho' noble, his fame to insure,
 Counts each Mason his brother tho' ever so poor.
 And since we're bound, &c.

But not to our brethren alone we confine
 That brotherly love, that affection divine;
 For our kind-hearted sisters in that bear a share,
 And, as we admire, we're belov'd by the fair.
 And since we're bound by secrecy to unity and love,
 Let us, like brethren, faithful still to ev'ry sister
 prove, &c.

With justice, with candour, our bosoms are warm'd,
 Our tongues are with truth and sincerity arm'd;
 We're loyal, we're trusty, we're faithful to those,
 Who treat us as friends, and we smile at our foes.
 And since we're bound, &c.

We bend to the King, to our Master we bend;
 For these are the rulers we're bound to defend:
 And when such a King, such a Master arise,
 As Britons, as Masons, we've cause to rejoice.
 And since we're bound, &c.

SONG LXIII.

The QUEEN of the MAY.

Fenny. **S**TERN winter has left us, the trees are in
 bloom,
 And cowslips and vi'lets the meadows perfume;

While kids are disporting, and birds fill the spray,
I wait but for Jockey to hail the new May.

Jockey. Among the young lilies, my Jenny, I've stray'd,
Pinks, daisies, and woodbines I bring to my maid;
Here's thyme sweetly smelling, and lavender gay,
A posy to form for my Queen of the May.

Jenny. Ah! Jockey, I fear you intend to beguile,
When seated with Molly last night on the stile,
You swore that you'd love her for ever and ay,
Forgetting poor Jenny, your Queen of the May.

Jockey. Young Willy is handsome, in shepherd's green
drest,
He gave you these ribbons that hang at your breast,
Besides three sweet kisses upon the new hay;
Was that done like Jenny, the Queen of the May?

Jenny. This garland of roses no longer I prize,
Since Jockey, false-hearted, his passion denies:
Ye flowers, so blooming, this instant decay,
For Jenny's no longer the Queen of the May.

Jockey. Believe me, dear maiden, your lover you
wrong,
Your name is for ever the theme of my song;
From the dews of 'pale eve' to the dawning of day,
I sing but of Jenny, my Queen of the May.

Jenny. Again, balmy comfort with transport I view,
My fears are all vanish'd since Jockey is true:
Then to our blithe shepherds the news I'll convey,
That Jenny alone you've crown'd Queen of the May.

Jockey. Come all you young lovers, I pray you draw near,
Avoid all suspicion, whate'er may appear;
Believe not your eyes, lest your peace they betray:
Then come, my dear Jenny, and hail the new May.
Come all young lovers, &c.

S O N G LXIV.

HIGHLAND QUEEN.

NO more my song shall be, ye swains,
 Of purling streams, or flow'ry plains;
 More pleasing beauties me inspire,
 And Phœbus tunes the warbling lyre:
 Divinely aided, thus I mean
 To celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her, sweet innocence you'll find,
 With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd;
 From pride and affectation free,
 Alike she smiles on you and me.
 The brightest nymph that trips the green,
 I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No sordid wish, or trifling joy,
 Her settled calm of mind destroy;
 Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
 And adds a lustre to the whole;
 A matchless shape, a graceful mein,
 All centre in my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth, whom gentle Fate
 Has destin'd for so fair a mate;
 Has all these wond'rous gifts in store,
 And each returning day brings more:
 No youth so happy can be seen,
 Possessing thee, my Highland Queen.



S O N G LXV.

HIGHLAND KING.

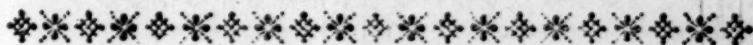
YE muses nine, O lend your aid,
 Inspire a tender bashful maid,

That's lately yielded up her heart
A conquest to Love's pow'rful dart,
And now would fain attempt to sing
The praises of my Highland King.

Jamie, the pride of all the green,
Is just my age, e'en gay fifteen;
When first I saw him, 'twas the day
That ushers in the sprightly May,
When first I felt Love's pow'rful sting,
And sigh'd for my dear Highland King.

With him, for beauty, shape, and air,
No other shepherd can compare;
Good-nature, honesty, and truth,
Adorn the dear, the matchless youth,
And graces, more than I can sing,
Bedeck my charming Highland King.

Would once the dearest boy but say,
'Tis you I love; come, come away,
Unto the kirk, my love, let's hie;
Ye gods! in rapture I'd comply;
And I should then have cause to sing
The praises of my Highland King.



S O N G LXVI.

For two Voices.

HOw hard is the fortune of all woman-kind?
For ever subjected; for ever confin'd.
Our parents controul us until we are wives,
And our husbands enslave us the rest of our lives.

If only we love, yet we dare not reveal,
But secretly languish, compel'd to conceal:
Deny'd ev'ry pleasure of life to enjoy,
We're sham'd if we're kind, and we're blam'd if we're
coy.

S O N G LXVII.

MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

'TIS a maxim I hold, while I live to pursue,
 Not a thing to defer which to-day I can do :
 This piece of good counsel attend to, I pray,
 For while the sun shines is the time to make hay.

Attend the dear nymph to an arbour or grove,
 To her ear gently pour the sweet poison of love :
 With kisses and presses your rapture convey,
 For while the sun shines is the time to make hay.

If Chloe is kind, and gives ear to your 'plaint,
 Declare your whole sentiments, free from restraint,
 Enforce your petition, and make no delay,
 For while the sun shines is the time to make hay.

But, should you the present occasion let pass,
 The world may, with justice, proclaim you an ass :
 Then briskly attack her—if longer you stay,
 The sun may not shine, and you cannot make hay.

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S O N G LXVIII.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

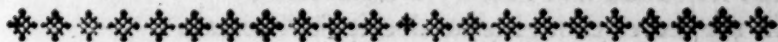
'T WAS in that season of the year,
 When all things gay and sweet appear,
 That Colin with the morning ray,
 Arose, and sung his rural lay ;
 Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
 The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
 While Roslin castle heard the swain,
 And echo'd back the cheerful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring,
 With rapture warms, awake and sing ;

Awake, and join the vocal throng,
 And hail the morning with a song :
 To Nanny raise the chearful lay,
 O bid her haste and come away ;
 In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
 And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on ev'ry spray
 Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay ;
 'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
 And love inspires the melting song :
 Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
 For beauty darts from Nanny's eyes,
 And love my rising bosom warms,
 And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay,
 With rapture calls, O come away ;
 Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine
 Around that modest brow of thine.
 O hither haste, and with thee bring
 That beauty, blooming like the spring,
 Those graces that divinely shine,
 And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.



S O N G LXIX.

Same Tune.

FROM Roslin castle's echoing walls
 Resounds my shepherd's ardent calls,
 My Colin bids me come away,
 And love demands I should obey.
 His melting strain and tuneful lay
 So much the charms of love display,
 I yield—nor longer can refrain
 To own my love, and bless my swain.

No longer can my heart conceal
 The painful pleasing flame I feel,

My soul retorts the am'rous strain,
 And echoes back in love again.
 Where lurks my songster? from what grove
 Does Colin pour his notes of love?
 O bring me to the happy bower,
 Where mutual love may bliss secure.

Ye vocal hills that catch the song,
 Repeating, as it flies along,
 To Colin's ear my strain convey,
 And say, I haste to come away.
 Ye zephyrs soft that fan the gale,
 Waft to my love the soothing tale;
 In whispers all my soul expresses,
 And tell, I haste his arms to bless.

S O N G LXX.

BANNOCKS OF BARLEY MEAL.

MY name is Argyle: you may think it strange
 To live at the court, and never to change,
 All falsehood and flattery I do disdain,
 In my secret thoughts no deceit shall remain:
 In siege or in battle I ne'er was disgrac'd;
 I always my king and my country have fac'd;
 I'll do any thing for my country's weal,
 I'd live upo' bannocks o' barley-meal.

Adieu to the courtiers of London town,
 For to my ain country I will gang down;
 At the sight of Kirkcaldy ance again,
 I'll cock up my bonnet and march amain.
 O the muckle de'il tak' a' your noise and strife,
 I'm fully resolv'd for a country life,
 Where a' the braw lasses, wha ken me weel,
 Will feed me wi' bannocks o' barley-meal.

I'll quickly lay down my sword and my gun,
 And I'll put my plaid and my bonnet on,

Wi' my plaiding stockings, and leather-heel'd shoon,
They'll mak' me appear a fine sprightly loon.
And when I am dress'd thus frae tap to tae,
Hame to my Maggy I think for to gae,
Wi' my claymore hinging down to my heel,
To whang at the bannocks o' barley-meal.

I'll buy a fine present to bring to my dear,
A pair of fine garters for Maggy to wear,
And some pretty things else, I do declare,
When she gangs wi' me to Paisley fair.
And whan we are married, we'll keep a cow,
My Maggy shall milk her, and I will plow :
We'll live a' the winter on beef and lang kail,
And whang at the bannocks o' barley-meal.

If my Maggy shou'd chance to bring me a son,
He's fight for his king, as his daddy has done ;
I'll send him to Flanders some breeding to learn,
Syne hame into Scotland, and keep a farm.
And thus we'll live and industrious be,
And wha'll be fae great as my Maggy and me ?
We'll soon grow as fat as a Norway seal,
Wi' feeding on bannocks o' barley-meal.

Adieu to you citizens every ane,
Wha jolt in your coaches to Drury-lane ;
You bites of Bear-garden, who fight for gains,
And you fops wha have got more wigs than brains :
You cullies and bullies, I'll bid you adieu,
For whoring and swearing I'll leave it to you ;
Your woodcock and pheasant, your duck and your teal,
I'll leave them for bannocks o' barley-meal.

I'll leave off kissing a citizen's wife,
I'm fully resolv'd for a country life ;
Kissing and toying, I'll spend the lang day,
Wi' bonny young lasses on cocks of hay ;
Where each clever lad gives his bonny lass
A kiss and a tumble upon the green grass :
I'll awa' to the Highlands as fast's I can reel,
And whang at the bannocks o' barley-meal.

O Alloa-houfe ! how much art thou chang'd ?
 How silent, how dull, to me is each grove !
 Alone I here wander where once we both rang'd,
 Alas ! where to please me my Sandy once strove !
 Here, Sandy, I heard the tales that you told,
 Here list'ned too fond whenever you sung ;
 Am I grown less fair then, that you are turn'd cold ?
 Or foolish, believ'd a false flattering tongue !

So spoke the fair maid, when sorrow's keen pain,
 And shame, her last fault'ring accents suppress'd ;
 For Fate, at that moment, brought back her dear swain,
 Who heard, and, with rapture, his Nelly address'd :
 My Nelly ! my fair, I come ; O my love !
 No pow'r shall thee tear again from my arms,
 And, Nelly ! no more thy fond shepherd reprove,
 Who knows thy fair worth, and adores all thy charms.

She heard ; and new joy shot thro' her soft frame,
 And will you, my love ! be true ? she replied :
 And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same ?
 Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride ?
 O Nelly ! I live to find thee still kind ;
 Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true :
 Then, adieu to all sorrow ; what soul is so blind,
 As not to live happy for ever with you ?

S O N G LXXIII.

Same Tune.

O H ! how could I venture to love one like thee,
 And you not despise a poor conquest like me ?
 On lords, thy admirers, could look with disdain,
 And knew I was nothing, yet pity'd my pain ?
 You said, while they teas'd you with nonsense and drefs,
 When real the passion, the vanity's less ;
 You saw through that silence which others despise,
 And, while beaux were a-talking, read love in my eyes.

F

O ! how shall I fold thee, and kiss all thy charms,
 'Till, fainting with pleasure, I die in your arms ;
 Thro' all the wild transports of ecstacy tost,
 'Till, sinking together, together we're lost !
 Oh ! where is the maid that, like thee, ne'er can cloy,
 Whose wit does enliven each dull pause of joy ;
 And when the short raptures are all at an end,
 From beautiful mistress turns sensible friend.

In vain do I praise thee, or strive to reveal,
 Too nice for expression, which only we feel.
 In all that you do, in each look, and each mien,
 The graces in waiting adorn you unseen.
 When I see you, I love you ; when hearing adore ;
 I wonder, and think you a woman no more ;
 Till, mad with admiring, I cannot contain,
 And kissing your lips, you turn woman again.

With thee in my bosom, how can I despair ?
 I'll gaze on thy beauties, and look away care ;
 I'll ask thy advice when with troubles oppress'd,
 Which never displeases, but always is best.
 In all that I write I'll thy judgement require ;
 Thy wit shall correct what thy love did inspire.
 I'll kiss thee, and press thee, till youth is all o'er,
 And then live in friendship, when passion's no more.



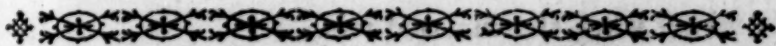
S O N G LXXIV.

A FAVOURITE NEW SONG.

YOUNG Strephon, I own is the joy of my heart ;
 I love the dear youth, he's so lively and smart :
 His converse is pleasing, he's manly and gay,
 And his breath is as sweet as the flowers in May.
 When he sings his love strains, all the swains in a throng,
 In raptures are seen with my shepherd's soft song,
 While the nymphs all around me with envy survey,
 Because Strephon hails me the Queen of the May.

But love without jealousy reigns on my part,
 For, as well as the May, I'm the queen of his heart;
 Such joy and delight does his constancy bring,
 Without envy I'd look on the state of a king.
 T'other day for my head he a chaplet entwin'd,
 Of roses and myrtles, and jonquils combin'd;
 I gave him a kiss for the favour, 'tis true,
 And how could I help it—I only ask you?

You'll say I was forward, and greatly to blame,
 What girl for such favour would not do the same?
 For 'twill not be long before Strephon and I,
 Shall join hands and hearts in one sacred tie.
 Then sure when the church has performed its rites,
 And we firmly fixed in Hymen's delights,
 For his faith and his troth, to bind all our blifs,
 You'll surely allow—'tis my duty to kiss.



S O N G LXXV.

MERRY MAY THE MAID BE.

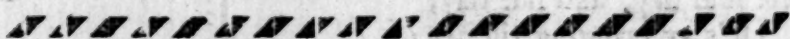
MERRY may the maid be,
 That marries the miller,
 For foul day, and fair day,
 He's ay bringing till her;
 Has ay a penny in his purse
 For dinner and for supper;
 And, gin she please, a good fat cheese,
 And lumps of yellow butter.

When Jamie first did woo me,
 I speer'd what was his calling;
 Fair maid, said he, O come and see,
 You're welcome to my dwelling:
 Though I was shy, yet I cou'd spy
 The truth of what he told me,
 And that his house was warm and couth,
 And room in it to hold me.

Behind the door a bag of meal,
 And in the kist was plenty
 Of good hard cakes his mither bakes,
 And bannocks were na scanty;
 A good fat sow, a sleeky cow
 Was standing in the byre;
 Whilst lazy puss, with mealy mouse,
 Was playing at the fire.

Good signs are these, my mither says,
 And bids me tak' the miller;
 For foul day, and fair day,
 He's ay bringing till her;
 For meal and malt she does na want,
 Nor ony thing that's dainty;
 And now and then a keckling hen,
 To lay her eggs in plenty.

In winter when the win' and rain
 Bla's o'er the barn and byre;
 The miller on a good hearth-stane,
 Before a rantin fire
 He sits, and cracks, and tells his tale,
 O'er ale that is right nappy;
 Who'd be a Queen, that gaudy thing,
 When a miller's wife's fae happy.



S O N G LXXVI.

WERT THOU BUT MINE AIN THING.

WERT thou but mine ain thing,
 I would love thee, I would love thee,
 Wert thou but mine ain thing,
 How dearly would I love thee.
 As round the elm th' enamour'd vine
 Delights with wanton arms to twine,
 So I'd encircle thee in mine,
 And show how much I love thee. Wert thou but, &c.

This earth my paradise should be,
 I'd grasp a heav'n of joys in thee,

For thou art all thy sex to me,
So fondly do I love thee. Wert thou but, &c.

Should thunder roar its loud alarms,
Amidst the clash of hostile arms,
I'd softly sink among thy charms,
And only live to love thee. Wert thou but, &c.

Let Fortune drive me far away,
Or make me fall to foes a prey,
My flame for thee shall ne'er decay,
And dying I would love thee. Wert thou but, &c.

Tho' I were number'd with the dead,
My soul should hover round thy head:
I may be turn'd a silent shade,
But cannot cease to love thee. Wert thou but, &c.



S O N G LXXVII.

T H E L O V E R.

HOW happy a lover's life passes,
When beauty returns sigh for sigh!
He looks upon all men as asses,
Who have not some girl in their eye.

With heart full as light as a feather,
He trips to the terrace or parks;
Where swains crowd impatient together,
And maidens look out for their sparks.

What sweet palpitation arises
When Chloe appears full in view!
Her smiles at more value he prizes
Than misers the mines of Peru.

Tho' swift-winged Time, as they're walking,
Soon parts them, alas! by his flight;

By reflection he still hears her talking,
And absent he keeps her in sight.

Whenever abroad he regales him,
And Bacchus calls out for his lass,
His love for his Chloe ne'er fails him,
Her name gives a zest to his glass.

No other amusements he prizes,
Than those that from Chloe arise;
She's first in his thoughts when he rises,
And last, when he closes his eyes.

Then let no ambition distress us,
Or fortune's fantastical chace;
Love only with Chloe can bless us,
And give all we want to embrace.



S O N G LXXVIII.

The STORM, or DANGERS of the SEA.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
Lift' ye landmen all to me;
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea.

From bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
Where the seas contend with skies.

Hark! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By top-sail sheets and haultards stand;
Down top-gallants, quick, be hawling,
Down your stay-fails, hand, boys, hand.
Now it freshens, set the braces,
The lee top-sail sheets let go;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry faces,
Up your top-fails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down beds sporting,
 Fondly lock'd 'twixt beauty's arms,
 Fresh enjoyment, wanton courting,
 Safe from all but love's alarms.
 Around us roars the tempest louder;
 Think what fears our minds enthrall:
 Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
 Now again the boatswain's call.

The top-sail yards point to the wind, boys,
 See all clear to reef each course;
 Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
 Tho' the weather should be worse.
 Fore and aft the spritsail-yard get,
 Reef the mizen, see all clear;
 Hands up, each preventer brace set,
 Man the fore-yard; cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring!
 Peals on peals contending clash!
 On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
 In our eyes blue lightnings flash.
 One wide water all around us,
 All above but one black sky!
 Diff'rent deaths at once surround us,
 Hark! what means yon dreadful cry?

The fore-mast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
 O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck!
 A leak beneath the chestree's sprung out,
 Call all hands to clear the wreck.
 Quick, the lanyards cut to pieces,
 Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
 Plumb the well, the leak increases,
 Four feet water's in the hold!

While o'er the ship the wild waves beating,
 We for wives and children mourn:
 Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
 Alas! to them there's no return!
 Still the leak is gaining on us,
 Both chain pumps are choak'd below;

Heav'n have mercy here upon us !

Only HE can save us now.

On the lee-beam is the land, boys,

Let the guns o'er board be thrown ;

To the pumps come ev'ry hand, boys,

See ! her mizen-mast is gone.

The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,

We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;

Then up and rig a jury fore-mast,

She's tight, she's tight, boys, wear off shore.

Now, once more, on joys we're thinking,

Since kind Fortune sav'd our lives ;

Come, the cann, boys, let's be drinking

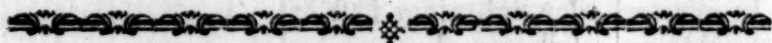
To our sweethearts and our wives.

Fill it up, about ship wheel it,

Close to lips the brimmer join.

Where's the tempest now ? who feels it ?

None ;—our danger's drown'd in wine.



S O N G LXXIX.

Tune,—*O the broom, &c.*

HOW happy were my days till now ?

I ne'er did sorrow feel ;

I rose with joy to milk my cow,

Or take my spinning-wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,

Like any bird I sung

Till he pretended love, and I

Believ'd his flattering tongue.

Oh ! the fool, the filly, filly fool,

Who trusts what man may be !

I wish I was a maid again,

And in my own country.

S O N G LXXX.

Sung in Lethe.

YE mortals, whom fancies and troubles perplex,
 Whom folly misguides, and infirmities vex;
 Whose lives hardly know what it is to be blest,
 Who rise without joy, and lie down without rest.
 Obey the glad summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

Old maids shall forget what they wish for in vain,
 And young ones the rove they cannot regain;
 The rake shall forget how last night he was cloy'd,
 And Chloe again be with passion enjoy'd.
 Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 And drink an oblivion to trouble and care.

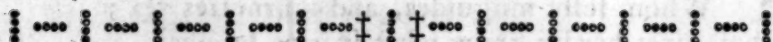
The wife, at one draught may forget all her wants,
 Or drench her fond fool to forget her gallants;
 The troubled in mind shall go chearful away,
 And yesterday's wretch be quite happy to-day.
 Obey then the summons, to Lethe repair,
 Drink deep of the stream, and forget all your care.

S O N G LXXXI.

A favourite Song, by Miss H.

MAIDENS, let your lovers languish,
 If you'd have them constant prove;
 Doubts, and fears, and sighs, and anguish
 Are the chains that fasten love.
 Jockey woo'd, and I consented,
 Soon as e'er I heard his tale;
 He, with conquest quite contented,
 Boasting, rov'd around the vale.
 Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

Now he doats on scornful Molly,
 Who rejects him with disdain;
 Love's a strange bewitching folly,
 Never pleas'd without some pain.
 Maidens, let your lovers, &c.



S O N G LXXXII.

By a Lady.

AS now my bloom comes on apace,
 The swains begin to tease me;
 But two, who claim the foremost place,
 Try diff'rent ways to please me.
 To judge aright, and chuse the best,
 Is not so soon decided;
 When both their merits are exprest
 I may be less divided.

Palemon's flocks unnumber'd stray,
 He's rich beyond all measure;
 Wou'd I but smile, be kind and gay,
 He'd give me all his treasure:
 But then, our years so disagree—
 So much, as I remember,
 It is but May, I'm sure, with me,
 With him it is December.

Can I, who scarcely am in bloom,
 Let frost and snow be suing?
 'Twould spoil each rip'ning joy to come,
 Bring every charm to ruin.
 For dress and show, to touch my pride,
 My little heart is panting;
 But then, there's something else beside,
 I soon should find was wanting.

Then Colin thou my heart shalt gain,
 For thou wilt near deceive me;

And grey-hair'd wealth shall plead in vain,
 For thou hast most to give me.
 My fancy paints thee full of charms,
 Thou looks so young and tender,
 Love beats his new and fond alarms,
 To thee I now surrender.



S O N G LXXXIII.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

YE fair, who shine thro' Britain's isle,
 And triumph o'er the heart,
 For once, attentive be a while
 To what I shall impart.
 Would you obtain the youth you love,
 The precepts of a friend approve,
 And learn the way to keep him.

As soon as Nature has decreed
 The bloom of eighteen years,
 And Isabel from school is freed,
 Then beauty's force appears;
 The youthful blood begins to flow,
 She hopes for man, and longs to know
 The surest way to keep him.

When first the pleasing pain is felt
 Within the lover's breast,
 And you, by strange persuasion melt,
 Each wishing to be blest,
 Be not too bold, nor yet too coy,
 With prudence lure the happy boy,
 And that's the way to keep him.

At court, at ball, at park, or play,
 Assume a modest pride;
 And, lest your tongue your mind betray,
 In fewer words confide:

The maid, who thinks to gain a mate
By giddy chat, will find too late,
That's not the way to keep him.

In dressing never the hours kill,
That bane to all the sex;
Nor let the arts of dear Spadille
Your innocence perplex.
Be always decent as a bride,
By virtuous rules your reason guide,
For that's the way to keep him.

And when the nuptial knot is fast,
And both its blessings share,
To make these joys for ever last,
Of jealousy beware.
His love with kind compliance meet,
Let constancy the work complete,
And you'll be sure to keep him.



S O N G LXXXIV.

THE MAID OF THE MILL.

ATTEND all ye shepherds and nymphs to my lay,
And learn from my tale to go wiser away.
A damsel once dwelt at the foot of a hill,
Well known by the name of The Maid of the Mill.

The lord of the village beheld the sweet maid;
Each art to subdue her was presently laid;
With gold he endeavour'd to tempt her to ill,
But nought could prevail with the maid of the mill.

Young Johnny address'd her with hope, and with
fear;
His heart was right honest, his love was sincere:
With rapture, each moment, his bosom would thrill,
When'er he beheld the dear maid of the mill.

His passion was founded in honour and truth ;
 The nymph read his heart, and, of course, lov'd the youth.
 At church little Jenny soon answer'd—I will.
 His Lordship was baulk'd of the maid of the mill.

What happiness waits on the chaste nuptial pair !
 Content, they are strangers to sorrow and care :
 The flame they first rais'd in each other burns still,
 And Johnny is blest with the maid of the mill.



S O N G LXXXV.

BRAES OF BALLENDEN.

A favourite Scots Song. Sung by Mrs Hudson.

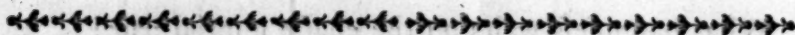
BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain
 One ev'ning reclin'd to discover his pain ;
 So sad, yet so sweetly, he warbl'd his woe,
 The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to flow ;
 Rude winds, with compassion, could hear him complain,
 Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cried, my moments once flew,
 E'er Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view ;
 Those eyes then, with pleasure, the dawn could survey,
 Nor smil'd the fair morning more chearful than they :
 Now scenes of distress please only my fight,
 I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

Thro' changes, in vain, relief I pursue,
 All, all but conspire my griefs to renew ;
 From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
 To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air :
 But love's ardent fever burns always the same,
 No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires,
 The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires :

I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind.
Ah, wretch! how can life be worthy thy care!
To lengthen its moments but lengthens despair.



S O N G LXXXVI.

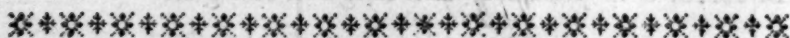
THE GIPSEY.

AS thro' the green meadow I chanced to pass,
A gipsy sat under a shade,
Who told me she saw by the lines of my face,
That my doom was to die an old maid.

Her prophecy fill'd me with grief and dismay,
And pierc'd my poor heart to the quick,
Because I'd oft heard my grandmother say,
That gipsies do deal with Old Nick.

For farther advice to the curate I went,
And told him my case in a fright ;
Says he, pretty maid, be content for a while,
And I'll alter the case before night.

O then he began with such force and such fire,
And with arguments so very strong,
That, believe me, ye maids, the devil is a liar;
And so, there's an end of my song.



SONG LXXXVII.

THE MILK-M A I D.

COMING home with my milk the young 'squire I
met,
Says, Polly, love, set down your pails,
I have long been a kifs or two, child, in your debt,
If I pay you, you must not tell tales.

To oblige him, and 'cause that I would not be cross,
 I presently quitted my pails;
 He pull'd me down gently on a bed of green moss
 And kiss'd me—I should not tell tales.

I strove to get up, but he still kept me down;
 I begg'd to go home with my pails:
 He vow'd, to such pitch his fond passion was grown,
 He'd wed—but I must not tell tales.

So gently he woo'd, and so warmly he prest,
 That I little more thought of my pails,
 Till beyond all escaping, I found him possess'd
 Of my heart—but I must not tell tales.

He solemnly swore that he'd make me his wife,
 And ease me of carrying pails;
 If he don't, why, as sure as a muscle has life,
 If I'm silent, there is one will tell tales.



S O N G LXXXVIII.

FRIENDSHIP AND WINE. *By Mr. Gilson.*

LET the grave and the gay enjoy life how they may,
 My pleasures their pleasures surpass;
 Go the world well or ill, 'tis the same with me still,
 If I have but my friend and my glass.

The lover may sigh, the courtier may lie,
 And Croesus his treasure amass;
 All the joys are but vain that are blended with pain;
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

New life wine inspires, and creates new desires,
 And oft wins the lover his lass,
 Or his courage prepares to disdain the nymph's airs;
 So I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

The earth sucks the rain, the sun draws the main,
 With the earth we are all in a class;
 Then enliven the clay, let us live while we may,
 And I'll stand by my friend and my glass.

'Tis friendship and wine only life can refine:
 We care not whate'er comes to pass
 With courtiers or great men, there's none of us statesmen:
 Come—Here's to our friend and our glass.

SONG LXXXIX.

THROUGH THE WOOD LASSIE.

O Nelly! no longer thy Sandy now mourn,
 Let music and pleasure abound without measure,
 Let music and pleasure, &c.
 O'er hillocks, or mountains, or low in the burn,
 Or, thro' the wood, lassie, until thou return.
 Thro' the wood, lassie, thro' the wood, lassie,
 Thro' the wood, thro' the wood,
 Thro' the wood, lassie;
 O'er hillocks, o'er mountains, &c.

Since I have been absent from thee, my dear Nell,
 No content, no delight have I known day or night;
 The murmuring stream, and the hill's echo, tell
 How thro' the wood, lassie, I breath'd my sad knell.
 Thro' the wood, &c.

And now to all sorrow I'll bid full adieu,
 And, with joy, like a dove, I'll return to my love:
 The maxim of loving in truth let us know,
 Then thro' the wood, lassie, we'll bonnily go. Thro' &c.

Come lads, and come lasses, be blithsome and gay,
 Let your hearts merry be, and both full of glee:
 The Highlands shall reign with the joy of the day,
 When thro' the wood, happy, we'll dance, sing, and play.
 Thro' the wood, &c.

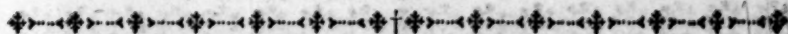
S O N G X C.

Tune,—*Highland Queen.*

I Gently touch'd her hand, she gave
 A look that did my soul enslave;
 I prefs'd her rebel lips in vain,
 They rose up to be prefs'd again:
 Thus happy I no further meant,
 Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her soft breasts my hand I laid,
 And a quick light impression made;
 They with a kindly warmth did glow,
 And swell'd, and seem'd to overflow:
 Yet, trust me, I no further meant,
 Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her eyes my eyes did prey,
 O'er her smooth limbs my hand did stray;
 Each sense was ravish'd with delight,
 And my soul stood prepar'd for flight:
 Blame me not, if at last I meant,
 More to be pleas'd than innocent.



S O N G X C I.

LAMENT FOR GENERAL WOLFE.

B RITONS, loyal and bold,
 Who would never be controul'd
 By the French. See the bravest of his sex,
 British Wolfe, stout and good,
 Made the rivers run with blood,
 At the glorious conquest of Quebec.

Brave Wolfe was our commander,
 Montcalm was their defender,
 Their numbers did us sorely dismay:

But brave Wolfe, stout and bold,
He would never be controul'd,
And his last dying word was,—Huzza !

Contented I die,
Since we've gain'd the victory,
As you tell me the battle is our own ;
Let my soul depart in peace,
And the wars for ever cease,
Since my life for fair Britain is gone.

The Highlanders, in hot blood,
And sailors, stout and rude,
Like madmen did clash them away :
When the French began to run,
We advanced on their ground ;
But our grief was for Wolfe—Oh that day !

Then the city it surrender'd,
The gates straight we enter'd ;
Our ships in the harbour lay thick.
We thanked the Most High
For this signal victory,
At the glorious conquest of Quebec.



S O N G XCII.

IN the dead of the night, when with labour oppress'd,
All mortals enjoy the calm blessings of rest,
Cupid knock'd at my door, I awoke with the noise,
And who is it, I call'd, that my sleep thus destroys ?

You need not be frighten'd, he answer'd so mild,
Let me in ; I'm a little unfortunate child ;
'Tis a dark rainy night ; and I'm wet to the skin ;
And my way I have lost, and do, pray, let me in.

I was mov'd with compassion ; and, striking a light,
I open'd the door, when a boy stood in fight,

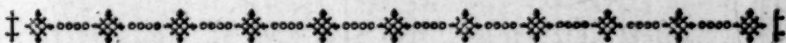
Who had wings on his shoulders ; the rain from him
dropp'd,
With a bow and arrows too he was equipp'd.

I stirr'd up my fire, and close by its side,
I set him down by me, with napkins I dry'd,
I chaff'd him all over, kept out the cold air,
And I wrung, with my hands, the wet out of his hair.

He from wet and from cold was no sooner at ease,
But taking up his bow, he said, if you please
We will try it ; I wou'd by experiment know
If the wet hath not damag'd the string of my bow.

Forthwith from his quiver an arrow he drew,
To the string he apply'd it, and twang went the yew ;
The arrow was gone : in my bosom it center'd,
No sting of a hornet more sharp ever enter'd.

Away skipp'd the urchin, as brisk as a bee,
And laughing, I wish you much joy, friend, quoth he ;
My bow is undamag'd, for true went the dart ;
But you will have trouble enough with your heart.



S O N G X C I I I .

T H E H A P P Y F R E E D O M .

C O M E all you young lovers, who, wan with despair,
Compose idle sonnets, and sigh for the fair,
Who puff up their pride by enhancing their charms,
And tell them, 'tis heav'n to lie in their arms :
Be wise, by example take pattern from me,
For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.
For let what will happen, &c.

Young Daphne I saw, in the net I was caught,
I ly'd and I flatter'd, as custom had taught :
I press'd her to blefs, which she granted full soon ;
But the date of my passion expir'd with the moon ;

It was ne'er in your pow'r yet to ruin me,
So I tell you with courage, By Jove I'll be free.

The next was young Phillis, whom beauties adorn;
She serv'd you but right, Sir, to treat you with scorn;
When the fox could not get the sweet grapes in his
pow'r,

He gave them a curse, and he said they were four:
So those nymphs that are wise, Sir, and won't ruin'd be,
With spleen you despair of, yet cry, I'll be free.

Although you make sport, Sir, of the marriage-state,
Remember proud Strephon, it may be your fate;
In the heat of your fever your pains to assuage,
When there's no other way, you'll be glad of a cage.
When mirth, wine, and music no cordials can be,
May the fair one then answer, By Jove I'll be free.

I wish that all women would follow my rule;
Then soon, haughty Strephon, you'd look like a fool:
When Cupid has shot with a well-pointed dart,
And made an impression upon your vain heart,
When trembling and pale, you approach the fair she,
May she answer you coldly, By Jove I'll be free.

But give me the man that can love without feint,
(For natural beauty is far before paint,)
Who thinks it a blessing to settle for life,
And knows how to value a virtuous wife:
With patience I'll wait till I find the kind he,
And then I'll no longer desire to be free.



S O N G XCV.

B A N K S O F F O R T H.

AWAKE, my Love, with genial ray,
The sun returning gilds the day;

Awake, the balmy zephyr blows,
 The hawthorn blooms, the daisie glows,
 The trees regain their verdant pride,
 The turtle wooes his tender bride,
 To love, each warbler tunes the song,
 And Forth, in dimples, glides along.

O more than blooming daisies fair!
 More fragrant than the vernal air!
 More gentle than the turtle dove,
 Or streams that murmur through the grove!
 Bethink thee all is on the wing,
 These pleasures wait on wasting spring;
 Then come, the tranfient blifs enjoy;
 Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.



S O N G XCVI.

Tune,—*Charles of Sweden.*

COME, jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
 Crown this night with pleasure:
 Let none at cares of life repine,
 To destroy our pleasure:

Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
 That ev'ry true and loyal soul
 May drink and sing without controul,
 To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, thou shalt be
 Guardian to our treasure,
 That under thy protection we
 May enjoy new pleasure.

And as the hours glide away,
 We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
 And sing thy praises that we may
 Live and die with pleasure.

S O N G XCVII.

H I G H L A N D L A D.

DOwn by yon shady grove, one day I chanc'd to rove,
To pass the dull hours away :
Beneath a myrtle shade I spy'd a lovely maid,
On her spinnet she sweetly did play.
To yield me more delight, this charming lady bright,
In concert she sung very sad,
Unhappy maid am I, that sure of love must die,
For my bonny bonny Highland lad.

I drew a little near, the better for to hear,
And this charming creature sung on,
My love has cross'd the sea, alas ! he's gone from me,
This charming comely young man ;
His lovely air and mien may well deserve a queen,
Although that his fortune is bad ;
But yet I hope to see my love before I die,
Oh ! my bonny bonny Highland lad.

Ye fates that rule above, preserve the man I love,
And keep him secure from all harms ;
Guardian angels too attend, my love for to defend,
And return him safe to my arms.
If in battle he is slain, all pleasure I'll disdain,
I'll rove quite distracted and mad ;
There's none to ease my care, the loss I cannot bear
Of my bonny bonny Highland lad.

First when my love I'd seen one day in Aberdeen,
My senses were ravished quite ;
He was proper, straight and tall, the comliest of them
all,
He's my only joy and delight ;
I near unto him drew, his bonnet it was blue,
He was dress'd in his tartans and plaid ;
A captive I became, and think it is no shame,
For my bonny bonny Highland lad.

It shall not be my study to court a leaden purse,
 Altho' with that ingredient she will not be the worse;
 Let modesty reserve be her property and choice,
 Not over fond to cloy, and yet not over nice.

Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

To heighten my affection and double all my joy,
 A prospect I would have of a lovely girl or boy;
 And out of what I have, for 'tis what I would allow,
 I would charitable have her, and hospitable too.

Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

This granted, I would freely my liberty resign,
 She should give me her heart and hand, and I would
 give her mine;

A monarch on his throne then unenvy'd should be,
 For home would be a paradise with such a girl as she.

Then I'd go no more a roving, &c.

S O N G XCIX.

THE CHOICE OF A HUSBAND.

Same Tune.

SINCE honour has attended upon the marry'd state,
 And from the torch of Hymen our happiness we
 date;

If e'er the fates ordain it, that I should be a wife,
 The picture I will draw of the partner of my life.

Then I'd live no longer single,

Could but my influence

A conquest gain o'er such a swain,

Endu'd with manly sense

Then I'd live no longer single.

The fop, the beau, the fribble, could ne'er my fancy take,
 Nor yet would I admire the rattle headed rake;

H

But, to guard himself from insult, I'd have him bold and
 brave,
 To wink at little foibles that I may chance to have.
 Then I'd live no longer single, &c.

His person in proportion, more robust than fine,
 A sort of easy carelessness, deportment to incline:
 And affably, and candidly, share all my joys and cares,
 And give me my prerogative in family affairs.
 Then I'd live no longer single, &c.

His conversation fraught with endearing sentiments,
 Free from the pedant stiffness, or rude impertinence;
 In all his lawful dealings let honour still preside,
 Frugal in œconomy, let prudence be his guide.
 Then I'd live no longer single, &c.

His principles untainted, his morals just and sound,
 And one in whom the dictates of honesty is found;
 I value not the glaring of wealth and pageantry,
 But plac'd above necessity is just enough for me.
 Then I'd live no longer single, &c.

Could you but recommend me to such a swain as this,
 I'd think myself arriv'd at the summit of all bliss;
 And for his health and welfare for ever I would pray,
 And think myself in duty bound to love and to obey.
 Then I'd live no longer single, &c.

S O N G C.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR.

THERE was a jolly beggar, and a begging he was
 bound,
 And he took up his quarters into a land'art town.
 And we'll go no more a roving, a roving in the night,
 We'll go no more a roving, boys, let the moon shine
 ne'er so bright;
 And we'll go no more a roving.

He wad neither lye in barn, nor yet wad he in byre,
But in ahint the ha' door, or else afore the fire.

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en wi' good clean straw
and hay,

And in ahint the ha' door, and there the beggar lay.

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

Up raife the goodman's dochter, and for to bar the door,
And there she saw the beggar standin' i' the floor.

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and to the bed he ran,
O hooly ! hooly wi' me, Sir, ye'll waken our goodman.

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

The beggar was a cunnin' loon, and ne'er a word he spak',
Until he got his turn done, syne he began to crack.

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

Is there ony dogs into this town ? maiden, tell me true.
And what wad ye do wi' them, my hinny and my dow ?

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

They'll rive a' my meal-pocks, and do me meikle wrang.
O dool for the doing o't ! are ye the poor man ?

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

Then she took up the meal-pocks, and flang them o'er
the wa',

The de'il gae wi' the meal-pocks, my maiden-head and a'.

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

I took you for some gentleman, at least the laird of Brodie :
O dool for the doing o't ! are ye the poor bodie ?

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms, and gae her kisses three,
And four-and-twenty hunder mark to pay the nourice-fee.

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

He took a horn frae his side, and blew baith loud and
shrill,

And four-and-twenty belted knights came skipping o'er
the hill.

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

And he took out his little knife, loot a' his duddies fa',
And he was the brawest gentleman that was amang
them a'.

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

The beggar was a clever loon, and he lap shoulder
height,

O ay for sicken quarters as I gat yesternight.

And we'll go no more a roving, &c.

S O N G C I.

Sung by Mrs Cibber in the Winter's Tale.

C O M E, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we must
shear,

In your holiday suits with your lasses appear :

The happiest of folks are the guiltless and free ;

And who are so guiltless, so happy as we !

We harbour no passions by luxury taught,

We practise no arts with hypoerisy fraught :

What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes,

For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led ;

But we all the children of Nature are bred ;

By her hands alone we are painted and dress'd ;

For the roses will bloom when there's peace in the breast.

The giant, ambition, we never can dread ;

Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head ;

Content and sweet chearfulness open our door ;

They smile with the simple, and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal;
 Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel;
 So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
 And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.



S O N G CII.

Tune,—*Apron Deary.*

MY sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook,
 And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook;
 No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove,
 For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.
 O what had my youth with ambition to do?
 Why left I Amynta; why broke I my vow?
 O give me my sheep, and my sheep hook restore,
 I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
 And bid the wide ocean secure me from love:
 O fool! to imagine that ought can subdue
 A love so well founded, a passion so true.
 O what had my youth, &c.

Alas! 'tis too late at thy fate to repine,
 Poor shepherd! Amynta no more can be thine,
 Thy tears are all fruitless, thy wishes are vain:
 The moments neglected return not again.
 O what had my youth, &c.



S O N G CIII.

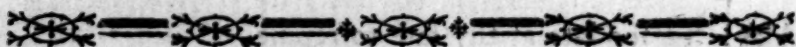
Sung at Vauxhall. Set by Mr Potter.

THE last time I went to the fair,
 I met my faithful Sandy there;

He left his mates and flew to me,
 And kiss'd my hand with merry glee:
 Then led me forth beneath the vale,
 (And gave me sweetmeats, cakes, and ale)
 Where all the village gaily spent
 The live-long night in merriment.

Not all the lads I daily see,
 With Sandy can compared be;
 He is the most accomplish'd youth,
 For virtue, innocence, and truth;
 His locks are as the raven black,
 In flowing ringlets, down his back;
 With rosy cheeks and face so neat,
 And coral lips that kiss so sweet.

His cot is seated by a mill,
 Adjoining to a chrystal rill;
 Upon whose verdant margin creep
 (So sweet to view) his flock of sheep.
 Next Easter day, less ill betide,
 He's promis'd I shall be his bride:
 Among the swains, alas! how few,
 Like Sandy, are so kind and true!



S O N G C I V.

Set by Mr Howard.

WHY heaves my fond bosom? ah! what can it mean?

Why flutters my heart that was once so serene?
 Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne is near?
 Or why, when she's absent, this sorrow and fear?

Methinks I for ever with wonder could trace
 The thousand soft charms that embellish thy face:
 Each moment I view thee, new beauties I find!
 With thy face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy mind.

Untainted with folly, unfully'd with pride,
 There native good-humour and virtue reside;
 Pray heaven that virtue thy soul may supply,
 With compassion for him, who without thee must die.



S O N G CV.

Tune,—*Banks of Forth.*

YE sylvan pow'rs that rule the plain,
 Where sweetly winding Fortha glides,
 Conduct me to these banks again,
 Since there my charming Molly bides.
 These banks that breathe their vernal sweets,
 Where ev'ry smiling beauty meets;
 Where Molly's charms adorn the plain,
 And cheer the heart of ev'ry swain.

Thrice happy were the golden days,
 When I, amidst the rural throng,
 On Fortha's meadows breath'd my lays,
 And Molly's charms were all my song.
 While she was present all were gay,
 No sorrow did our mirth allay;
 We sung of pleasure, sung of love,
 And music breath'd in every grove.

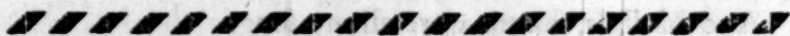
O then was I the happiest swain!
 No adverse fortune marr'd my joy;
 The shepherds sigh'd for her in vain,
 On me she smil'd, to them was coy.
 O'er Fortha's mazy banks we stray'd:
 I woo'd, I lov'd the beauteous maid;
 The beauteous maid my love return'd,
 And both with equal ardour burn'd.

Once on the grassy bank reclin'd,
 Where Forth ran by in murmurs deep,
 It was my happy chance to find
 The charming Molly lull'd asleep:

My heart then leapt with inward bliss,
 I softly stoop'd, and stole a kiss;
 She wak'd, she blush'd, and faintly blam'd,
 Why, Damon, are ye not asham'd?

Oft in the thick embow'ring groves,
 Where birds their music chirp'd aloud,
 Alternately we sung our loves,
 And Fortha's fair meanders view'd.
 The meadows wore a gen'ral smile,
 Love was our banquet all the while;
 The lovely prospect charm'd the eye,
 To where the ocean met the sky.

Ye sylvan pow'rs, ye rural gods,
 To whom we swains our cares impart,
 Restore me to these blest abodes,
 And ease, oh ease! my lovesick heart;
 These happy days again restore,
 When Moll and I shall part no more;
 When she shall fill these longing arms,
 And crown my bliss with all her charms.



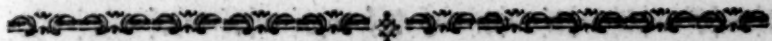
S O N G C V I.

Set by Mr Boyce.

RAIL no more, ye learned asses,
 'Gainst the joys the bowl supplies;
 Sound its depth, and fill your glasses,
 Wisdom at the bottom lies:
 Fill them higher still, and higher,
 Shallow draughts perplex the brain;
 Sipping quenches all our fire,
 Bumpers light it up again.

Draw the scene for wit and pleasure,
 Enter jollity and joy:
 We for thinking have no leisure,
 Manly mirth is our employ:

Since in life there's nothing certain,
 We'll the present hour engage;
 And when death shall drop the curtain,
 With applause we'll quit the stage.



S O N G CVII.

MAY-EVE: OR, KATE OF ABERDEEN

THE silver moon's enamour'd beams
 Steals softly through the night,
 To wanton with the winding streams,
 And kifs reflected light:
 To courts begone! heart-soothing sleep,
 Where you've so seldom been,
 Whilst I May's wakeful vigil keep
 With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
 In primrose chaplets gay,
 Till morn unbars her golden gate,
 And gives the promis'd May.
 The nymphs and swains shall all declare
 The promis'd May, when seen,
 Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
 As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
 And rouse your nodding grove,
 Till new-wak'd birds distrain their throats,
 And hail the maid I love.
 At her approach the lark mistakes,
 And quits the new-dress'd green:
 Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
 'Tis Kate of Aberdeen.

Now blithsome o'er the dewy mead,
 Where elves disportive play,
 The festal dance young shepherds lead,
 Or sing their love-tun'd lay,

Till May, in morning-robe, draws nigh,
 And claims a virgin-queen :
 The nymps and swains exulting cry,
 " Here's Kate of Aberdeen."



S O N G C VIII.

THE CHARMS OF A BOTTLE.

YE mortals, whom sorrow and trouble attend,
 Whose life is a series of pain without end,
 For ever depriv'd of hope's all chearing ray,
 Nor know what it is to be happy a day.
 Obey then the summons, the bottle invites,
 Drink deep, and I'll warrant it sets you to rights.

Did Neptune's salt element run with fresh wine,
 Tho' all Europe's powers together combine,
 Our brave British sailors need ne'er care a jot,
 Surrounded with plenty of such rare grape-shot.
 Obey then the summons, &c.

Was each dull pedantical text spinning vicar
 To leave off dry preaching and stick to his liquor,
 O how would he wish for that power divine,
 To change, when he would, simple water to wine.
 Obey then the summons, &c.

If wine then can miracles work such as these,
 And give to the troubl'd mind comfort and ease,
 Despair not, that blessing in Bacchus you'll find,
 Who showers his gifts for the good of mankind.
 Obey then the summons, &c.



S O N G C IX.

WITH the man that I love was I destin'd to dwell
 On a mountain, a moor, in a cot, in a cell ;

Retreats the most barren, most defart, would be
More pleasing than courts, or a palace, to me.

Let the vain, and the venal, in wedlock aspire
To what folly esteems, and the vulgar admire;
I yield them the blifs, where their wishes are plac'd,
Insensible creatures! 'tis all they can taste.



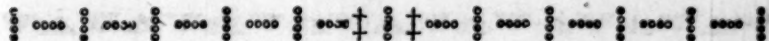
S O N G CX.

A FAVOURITE NEW SONG.

LET the tempest of war be heard from afar,
With trumpets' and cannons' alarms;
Let the brave, if they will, by their valour or skill,
Seek honour and conquest in arms.

To live safe, and retire, is what I desire,
Of my flocks and my Chloe posselt;
For in them I obtain true peace, without pain;
And the lasting enjoyment of rest.

In some cottage or cell, like a shepherd, to dwell,
From all interruption at ease;
In a peaceable life, to be blest with a wife,
Who will study her husband to please.



S O N G CXI.

D A W N O F H O P E.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,
And banishes despair;
If yet my dearest Damon lives,
Make him, ye gods, your care.

Dispel these gloomy shades of night,
My tender grief remove;

Oh! send some chearing ray of light,
And guide me to my love.

Thus, in a secret friendly shade,
The pensive Celia mourn'd,
While courteous Echo lent her aid,
And sigh for sigh return'd.

When sudden, Damon's well-known face
Each rising fear disarms;
He, eager, springs to her embrace,
She sinks into his arms.



S O N G CXII.

A D V I C E. *By a young Lady.*

SHEPHERDS, would ye hope to please us,
You must ev'ry humour try;
Sometimes flatter, sometimes tease us,
Sometimes laugh, and sometimes cry.

Soft denials are but trials
Of the heart we wish to gain;
Tho' we're shy, and seem to fly,
If you pursue we fly in vain.



S O N G CXIII.

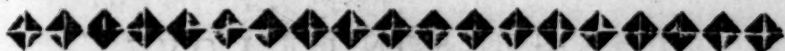
T H E I N V I T A T I O N.

COME Colin, pride of rural swains,
O come, and bless thy native plains:
The daisies spring, the beeches bud,
The songsters warble in the wood.

Come Colin, haste, O come away,
Your smiles will make the village gay:

When you return, the vernal breeze
Will wake the buds, and fan the trees.

Oh! come and see the vi'lets spring,
The meadows laugh, the linnets sing:
Your eyes our joyless hearts can cheer,
O haste! and make us happy here.



S O N G CXIV.

A FAV'RITE DUET AND CHORUS.

SEE the conquering hero comes,
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums,
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

See the god-like youth advance,
Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance,
Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.



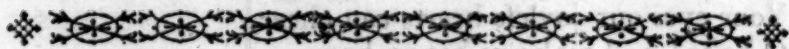
S O N G CXV.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

THO' my drefs and my manners are fimple and plain,
A rafcal I hate, and a knave I difdain;
My dealings are juft, and my confcience is clear,
And I'm richer than thofe who have thoufands a year.

Tho' bent down with age, and for fporting uncouth,
I feel no remorse for the follies of youth;
I ftill tell my tale, and rejoice in my fong,
And, my boys, think my age not a moment too long.

Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin and grimace,
 Creep under, dance over, for title or place;
 Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
 That of honest I prize—and that title's my own.



S O N G CXVI.

THE SEASON OF LOVE.

BRIGHT Sol is return'd, the winter is o'er,
 He's all-chearing beams do nature restore;
 The cowslip and daisy, the vi'let and rose,
 Each garden, each orchard, does fragrance disclose:
 The birds' chearful notes are heard in each grove,
 All nature confesses the season of love.

The nymphs and the shepherds come tripping amain,
 All hasten to join in the sports of the plain;
 Our rural diversions are free from all guile,
 The face that is honest securely can smile:
 The heart that's sincere in affection may prove
 All nature's force in the season of love.

O come then, Philander, with Sylvia away,
 Our friends, that expect us, accuse our delay;
 Let's haste to the village, the sports to begin;
 I'll strive for my shepherd the garland to win.
 But see his approach whom my heart does approve,
 Who makes ev'ry moment the season of love.



S O N G CXVII.

CHARMS OF LOVELY PEGGY.

ONCE more I'll tune the vocal shell,
 To hills and dales my passion tell,
 A flame which time can never quell,
 But burns for thee, my Peggy.

You greater bards your lyre should hit ;
For say, what subject is more fit,
Than to record the sparkling wit,
And bloom of lovely Peggy ?

The sun first rising in the morn,
That paints the dew-bespangled thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn

As does my lovely Peggy.
And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
He's not so beauteous as, undrest,
Appears my lovely Peggy.

Was she array'd in rustic weed,
With her the bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon the oaten reed,

To please my lovely Peggy.
With her a cottage would delight,
All's happy when she's in my sight ;
But when she's gone, 'tis endless night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

When Zephyr on the violet blows,
Or breathes upon the damask rose,
They do not half the sweets disclose,

As does my lovely Peggy.
I stole a kiss the other day,
And (trust me) nought but truth I say,
The fragrance of the blooming May,
Was not so sweet as Peggy.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r do rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or stately swans the waters love,

So long shall I love Peggy.
And when death lifts his pointed dart
To strike the blow that rends my heart,
My words shall be, when I depart,
Adieu ! my lovely Peggy.

S O N G CXVIII.

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I'VE seen the smiling of Fortune beguiling,
 I've felt all its favours, and found its decay;
 Sweet was its blessing, kind its caressing,
 But now 'tis fled,—fled far away.

I've seen the forest adorned the foremost,
 With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay;
 Sae bonny was their blooming, their scent the air per-
 fuming,
 But now they are wither'd and weeded away.

I've seen the morning with gold the hills adorning,
 And loud tempest storming before the mid day.
 I've seen Tweed's silver streams shining in sunny beams,
 Grow drumly and dark as he roll'd on his way.

O fickle Fortune! why this cruel sporting?
 O why still perplex us, poor sons of a day?
 Nae mair your smiles can chear me, nae mair your
 frowns can fear me,
 For the flowers of the forest are withered away.



S O N G CXIX.

Tune,—*Flowers of Edinburgh.*

A DIEU, ye streams that smoothly glide
 Thro' mazy windings o'er the plain,
 I'll in some lonely cave reside,
 And ever mourn my faithful swain.
 Flower of the forest was my love,
 Soft as the sighing summer's gale,
 Gentle and constant as the dove,
 Blooming as roses in the vale.

Alas! by Tweed my love did stray,
 For me he search'd the banks around;
 But, ah! the sad and fatal day,
 My love, the pride of swains, was drown'd.
 Now droops the willow o'er the stream,
 Pale stalks his ghost on yonder grove,
 Dire fancy paints him in my dream,
 Awake, I mourn my hopeless love.



S O N G CXX.

THE FLOWERS OF EDINBURGH.

MY love was once a bonny lad,
 He was the flower of all his kin;
 The absence of his bonny face
 Has rent my tender heart in twain.
 I day nor night find no delight,
 In silent tears I still complain;
 And exclaim 'gainst those my rival foes,
 That ha'e ta'en from me my darling swain.

Despair and anguish fill my breast,
 Since I have lost my blooming rose;
 I sigh and moan while others rest,
 His absence yields me no repose.
 To seek my love I'll range and rove,
 Thro' ev'ry grove and distant plain;
 Thus I'll ne'er cease, but spend my days,
 T' hear tidings from my darling swain.

There's nothing strange in nature's change,
 Since parents shew such cruelty;
 They've caus'd my love from me to range,
 And knows not to what destiny.
 The pretty kids and tender lambs
 May cease to sport upon the plain;
 But I'll mourn and lament, in deep discontent,
 For the absence of my darling swain.

Jenny. You falsely upbraid—but remember the day
With Lucy you toy'd it beneath the new hay ;
When alone with your Lucy, the shepherds have said,
You forgot all the vows that to Jenny you made.

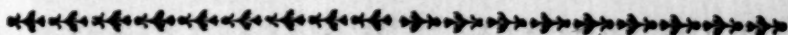
Jocky. Believe not, sweet Jenny, my heart stray'd from thee.

For Lucy the wanton's a maid still for me :
From a lass that's so true your fond Jocky ne'er rov'd,
Nor once could forsake the kind Jenny he lov'd.

Jenny. My heart for young Willy ne'er panted nor
figh'd,

For you of that heart was the joy and the pride.
While Tweed's waters glide, shall your Jenny be true,
Nor love, my dear Jocky, a shepherd like you.

Jocky. No shepherd e'er met with so faithful a fair,
For kindness no youth can with Jocky compare.
We'll love then, and live from fierce jealousy free,
And none on the plain shall be happy as we.



S O N G CXXII.

THE BASHFUL LOVER.

Set by Mr Hudson.

THERE lives a shepherd in the vale,
Tender, constant, and sincere,
Who dares not tell his tender tale,
Lest he offend his charmer's ear :
I cannot, dare not tell his name ;
But say, would you his passion blame ?

His heart enshrines the cruel fair,
Of all his thoughts the constant theme ;
Her lov'd idea triumphs there,
His daily muse, his nightly dream.
I cannot, dare not, &c.

When in her presence he appears,
 He veils the secret of his eyes;
 More deep respect his passion wears,
 Than ev'n his charmer can surmise.
 I cannot, &c.

Ah! should his love itself betray,
 And her austerity offend!
 Her cruelty would drive away
 At once the lover and the friend.
 I cannot, &c.



S O N G CXXIII.

STREPHON'S COMPLAINT.

WHEN Delia on the plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
 I would approach, but dare not move;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
 No other voice than hers can hear;
 No other wit but hers approve;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

If she some other swain commend,
 Tho' I was once his strongest friend,
 His instant enemy-I prove,
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all that pleas'd before,
 The clearest spring, the shadiest grove;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
 Her nets she spread for ev'ry swain,
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove;
 Tell me, my heart, if this be love?

S O N G CXXIV.

L O G A N - W A T E R.

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
 An unrelenting foe to love;
 And when we meet a mutual heart,
 Come in between, and bid us part;
 Bid us sigh on from day to day,
 And wish, and wish the soul away,
 Till youth and genial years are flown,
 And all the life of life is gone!

But busy, busy still art thou
 To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
 The heart from pleasure to delude,
 And join the gentle to the rude.
 For once, O Fortune, hear my pray'r,
 And I absolve thy future care:
 All other wishes I resign,
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.



S O N G CXXV.

L A C K O F G O L D.

FOR the lack of gold she's left me,
 And of all that's dear bereft me,
 She me forsook for a great duke,
 And to endless woes she's left me.

A star and garter have more art
 Than youth, a true and faithful heart;
 For empty titles we must part,
 And for glittering show she's left me.

No cruel fair shall ever move
 My injur'd heart again to love;

Through distant climates I must rove,
Since Jeany she has left me.

Ye pow'rs above, I to your care
Give up my charming lovely fair;
Your choicest blessings be her share,
Tho' she's for ever left me.



S O N G CXXVI.

P I N K Y H O U S E .

BY Pinky-house oft let me walk,
While circled in my arms,
I hear my Nelly sweetly talk,
And gaze o'er all her charms.
O let me ever fond behold
Those graces void of art!
Those chearful smiles that sweetly hold
In willing chains my heart.

O come, my love! and bring anew,
That gentle turn of mind;
That gratefulness of air, in you,
By nature's hand design'd:
That beauty, like the blushing rose,
First lighted up this flame;
Which, like the sun, for ever glows
Within my breast the same!

Ye light coquets! ye airy things!
How vain is all your art!
How seldom it a lover brings!
How rarely keeps a heart!
O! gather from my Nelly's charms,
That sweet, that graceful ease;
That blushing modesty that warms;
That native art to please.

Come then, my love ! O come along !
 and feed me with thy charms ;
 Come, fair inspirer of my song,
 O fill my longing arms !
 A flame like mine can never die,
 While charms, so bright as thine,
 So heav'nly fair, both please the eye,
 and fill the soul divine !



S O N G CXXVII.

Set by Dr Arne.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her eye ;
 Blithe Davy's blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free ;
 " Gang down the burn, Davy love,
 " And I will follow thee."

Now Davy did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on this burn-side ;
 And Mary was the bonniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride.
 Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue,
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.
 Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
 And nothing, sure, unmeet !
 For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
 They lik'd a walk so sweet ;
 Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

His cheek to hers he fondly laid ;
 She cry'd, " Sweet love be true ;
 " And when a wife, as now a maid,
 " To death I'll follow you."
 Blithe Davy's blinks, &c.

As fate had dealt with him in routh,
 Strait to the kirk he led her ;
 There plighted her his faith and truth,
 And a bonny bride he made her.
 No more aſham'd to own her love,
 Or ſpeak her mind thus free ;
 " Gang down the burn, Davy love,
 " And I will follow thee."

S O N G CXXVIII.

A M A N T O M Y M I N D.

SINCE wedlock's in vogue, and ſtate virgins deſpis'd,
 To all batchelors, greeting, theſe lines are premis'd ;
 I'm a maid that would marry—oh ! could I but find,
 I care not for fortune—a man to my mind.

A man to my mind,

A man to my mind,

I care not for fortune—a man to my mind.

Not the fair feather'd fop, fond of faſhion and drefs ?
 Nor the 'ſquire, that can reliſh no joys but the chace ;
 Not the free thinking rake, whom no mortals can bind ;
 Neither this, that, nor t'other's the man to my mind.

Not the ruddy-fac'd ſot, who tops world without end ;
 Not the drone, that can't reliſh his bottle and friend ;
 Not the fool, that's too fond ; nor the churl, that's un-
 kind ;
 Neither this, &c.

Not the rich with full bags, without breeding or merit ;
 Not the ſluſh, that's all fury, without any ſpirit ;

Not the fine Mr Fribble, the scorn of mankind ;
Neither this, &c.

But the youth, whom good sense and good nature inspire,
Whom the brave must esteem, and the fair should admire :
In whose heart love and truth are with honour cop-
join'd,
This, this, and no other's the man to my mind.



S O N G CXXIX.

THE JOYS OF HARVEST.

NOW pleasure unbounded resounds o'er the plains,
And brightens the smiles of the damsels and swains,
As they follow the last team of harvest along,
And end all their toils with a dance and a song :
Possess'd of the plenty that blesses the year,
Bleak winter's approach they behold without fear,
And when tempests rattle and hurricanes roar,
Enjoy what they have, and ne'er languish for more.

Dear Chloë, from them let us learn to be wise,
And use every moment of life as it flies ;
Gay youth is the spring-time which all must improve,
For summer to ripen an harvest of love ;
Our hearts then a provident care should engage,
To lay friendship in store for the winter of age,
Whose frowns shall disarm ev'n Chloë's bright eye,
Damp the flame in my bosom, and pall ev'ry joy.



S O N G CXXX.

IN PRAISE OF CLARET.

IN spite of love, at length I've found
A Mistress that can please me,

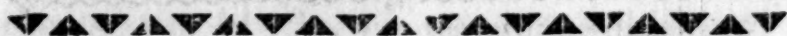
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Her humour free and unconfin'd,
 Both night and day she'll ease me.
 No jealous thoughts disturb my min
 Tho' she's enjoy'd by all mankind;
 Then drink and never spare it,
 'Tis a bottle of good claret.

If you through all her naked charms,
 Her little mouth discover,
 Then take her blushing to your arms,
 And use her like a lover;
 Such liquor she'll distil from thence,
 As will transport your ravish'd sense;
 Then kifs and never spare it,
 'Tis a bottle of good claret.

But best of all, she has no tongue,
 Submissive she obeys me,
 She's fully better old than young,
 And still to smiling sways me;
 Her skin is smooth, complexion black,
 And has a most delicious smack;
 Then kifs and never spare it,
 'Tis a bottle of good claret.

If you her excellence would taste,
 Be sure you use her kind, fir,
 Clasp your hands about her waist,
 And raise her up behind, fir;
 As for her bottom, never doubt,
 Push but home, and you'll find it out;
 Then drink and never spare it,
 'Tis a bottle of good claret.



S O N G CXXXI.

S I R J O H N M A L C O M.

K E E P ye weel frae Sir John Malcom, I go and ago,
 If he's a wise man, I mistak him, iram coram dago,

Keep ye weel frae Sandy Don, Igo and ago,
He's ten times darter than Sir John, iram coram dago.

To hear them of their travels talk,
To gae to London's but a walk;
I have been at Amsterdam,
Where I saw mony a braw madam.

To see the wonders of the deep,
Wad gar a man baith wail and weep;
To see the Leviathans skip,
And wi' their tail ding o'er a ship.

Was ye e'er in Crail town?
Did ye see Clark Dishingtoun?
His wig was like a drouket hen,
And the tail o't did hang down
Like a meikle maun lang draket goose pen.

But for to mak' ye mair enamour'd,
He has a glafs in his best chamber;
But forth he stept unto the door,
For he took pills the night before.

S O N G CXXXII.

A F A V O U R I T E S O N G.

ALAS! when charming Sylvia's gone,
I sigh, and think myself undone;
But when the lovely nymph is here,
I'm pleas'd, yet grieve; and hope, yet fear.
Thoughtless all but her, I rove,
Ah! tell me, is not this call'd love?

Ah me! what pow'r can move me so?
I die with grief when she must go,
But I revive at her return;
I smile, I freeze, I pant, I burn:

Transports so strong, so sweet, so new,
Say, can they be to friendship due?

Ah no! 'tis love, 'tis now too plain,
I feel, I feel the pleasing pain;
For who e'er saw bright Sylvia's eyes,
But wish'd, and long'd, and was her prize!
Gods, if the truest must be bless'd,
O let her be by me possess'd.



S O N G CXXXIII.

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

WOO'D and married and a',
Woo'd and married and a',
Was she nae very weel aff,

Was woo'd and married and a'?
The bride came out of the byre,
And O as she dighted her cheeks,
Sirs, I'm to be married the night,
And has neither blankets nor sheets,
Has neither blankets nor sheets,
Nor scarce a coverlet too;
The bride that has a' to borrow,
Has e'en right meikle ado. Woo'd, &c.

Out spake the bride's father,
As he came in frae the plough;
O had your tongue my dochter,
And ye's get gear enough;
The stirk that stands i' th' tether,
And our bra' basin'd yade,
Will carry ye hame your corn,
What wad ye be at ye jade? Woo'd, &c.

Out spake the bride's mither,
What d—I needs a' this pride?
I had nae a plack in my pouch
That night I was a bride;

My gown was linsy-woolfsy,
 And ne'er a fark ava;
 And ye hae ribbons and buskins,
 Mae than ane or twa. Woo'd and married &c.

What's the matter, quo' Willie,
 Tho' we be scant o' claiths?
 We'll creep the nearer the gither,
 And we'll smore a' the fleas:
 Simmer is coming on,
 And we'll get teats of woo';
 And we'll get a las o' our ain,
 And she'll spin claiths anew, Woo'd, &c.

Out spake the bride's brither,
 As he came in wi' the kye,
 Poor Willie had ne'er a ta'en ye,
 Had he kent ye as weel as I;
 For you're baith proud and faucy,
 And no for a poor man's wife;
 Gin I canna get a better,
 I'll never tak' ane i' my life. Woo'd, &c.

Out spake the bride's sister,
 As she came in frae the byre,
 O gin I were but married,
 It's a' that I desire;
 But we poor fo'k maun live single,
 And do the best we can;
 I dinna care what I shou'd want,
 If I cou'd get but a man. Woo'd and married, &c.

S O N G CXXXIV.

ERE Phoebus shall peep on the fresh budding flow'r,
 Or blue bells are robb'd of their dew;
 Sleep on my Maria while I deck the bow'r,
 To make it more worthy of you.

There roses and jess'mine each other shall greet,
 And mingle to copy thy hue;
 The lily, to match with thy bosom so sweet—
 How faint its resemblance of you?

With sweets of thy breath the hedge vi'let shall vie,
 But weakly, and pay it its due;
 The thorn shall be robb'd of the fleece for thine eye,
 Yet nature paints nothing like you.

The leaves of the sensitive plant must declare
 The truth of my well belov'd she,
 Whose hand, if to touch it bold shepherds should dare,
 Would shrink from all others but me.

S O N G CXXXV.

THE SIMILE.

By Mr R. Fergusson.

AT noon tide, as Colin and Sylvia lay
 Within a cool jessamine bower,
 A butterfly, wak'd by the heat of the day,
 Was sipping the juice of each flower.

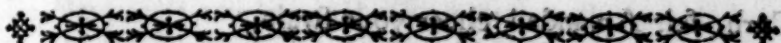
Near the shade of this covert a young shepherd boy,
 The gaudy brisk flutterer spies,
 Who held it as pastime to seek and destroy
 Each beautiful insect that flies.

From the lily he hunted this fly to the rose,
 From the rose to the lily again;
 Till, weary with tracing its motions, he chose
 To leave the pursuit with disdain.

Then Colin to Sylvia smilingly said,
 Amyntor has follow'd you long;
 From him, like the butterfly still have you fled,
 Tho' woo'd by his musical tongue.

Beware, in persisting, to start from his arms,
 But with his fond wishes comply:
 Come, take my advice; or he's pall'd with your charms,
 Like the youth and the beautiful fly.

Says Sylvia, Colin, thy simile's just,
 But still to Amyntor I'm coy;
 For I vow she's a simpleton blind that would trust
 a swain, when he courts to destroy.



S O N G CXXXVI.

S O N S O F C A R E.

BY the gayly circling glass
 We can see how minutes pass;
 By the hollow cask are told,
 How the waning night grows old.

Soon, too soon, the busy day,
 Drives us from our sports away;
 What have we with day to do?
 Sons of care, 'twas made for you.
 Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

Come, then, fill the cheerful glass,
 Truth is only found in wine:
 Tales of love are all a farce,
 But true friendship is divine. But true friendship, &c.



S O N G CXXXVII.

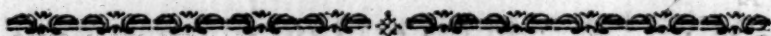
By Mr R. Fergusson.

AMIDST a rosy bank of flowers,
 Young Damon mourn'd his forlorn fate;
 In sighs he spent his languid hours,
 And breath'd his woes in lonely state.

Gay joy no more shall cheer his mind,
 No wanton sports can soothe his care,
 Since sweet Amanda prov'd unkind,
 And left him full of bleak despair.

His looks, that were as fresh as morn,
 Can now no longer smiles impart;
 His pensive soul, on sadness born,
 Is rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart.

Turn, fair Amanda! cheer your swain,
 Unshroud him from his veil of woe;
 Range ev'ry charm to ease the pain
 That in his tortur'd breast doth grow.



S O N G CXXXVIII.

THE RIVERS OF SCOTLAND. AN ODE.

Set to Music by Mr. Collett.

O'ER Scotia's parched land the Naiads flew,
 From towering hills explor'd her shelter'd vales,
 Caus'd Forth in wild meanders please the view,
 And lift her waters to the zephyrs gales
 Where the glad swain surveys his fertile fields,
 And reaps the plenty which his harvest yields.
 Here did those lovely nymphs unseen,
 Oft wander by the river's side,
 And oft unbind their tresses green,
 To bathe them in the fluid tide.
 Then to the shady grottos would retire,
 And sweetly echo to the warbling choir;
 Or to the rushing waters tune their shells,
 To call up echo from the wood,
 Or from the rocks or chyrstal floods,
 Or from surrounding banks, or hills or dales.
Chorus. Or to the rushing waters, &c.

When the cool fountains first their springs forsook,
 Murmuring smoothly to the azure main,
 Exulting Neptune then his trident shook,
 And wav'd his waters gently to the plain.
 The friendly tritons on his chariot borne,
 With cheeks dilated blew the hollow-sounding horn.

Now Lothian and Fife shores,
 Resounding to the mermaid's song,
 Gladly emit their limped stores,
 And bid them smoothly sail along
 To Neptune's empire, and with him to roll
 Round the involving sphere from pole to pole;
 To guard Britannia from envious foes,
 To view her angry vengeance hurl'd
 In awful thunder round the world,
 And trembling nations bending to her blows.

Chorus. To guard Britannia, &c.

High tow'ring on the zephyrs' breezy wing,
 Swift fly the Naiads from Forth's shores;
 And to the southern airy mountains bring
 Their sweet enchantment, and their magic powers.

Each nymph her favourite willow takes,
 The earth with ferv'rous tremor shakes,
 The stagnant lakes obey their call,
 Streams o'er the grassy pastures fall.

Tweed spreads her waters to the lucid ray,
 Upon the dimpled surf the sun-beams play:
 On her green banks the tuneful shepherd lies,
 Charm'd with the music of his reed,
 Amidst the wavings of the Tweed:

From sky reflecting streams the river nymphs arise.

Chorus. On her green banks, &c.

The list'ning muses heard the shepherd play,
 Fame with her brazen trump proclaim'd his name;
 And, to attend the easy graceful lay,
 Pan from Arcadia to Tweeda came.

Fond of the change, along the banks he stray'd,
 And sung, unmindful of th' Arcadian shade,

A I R,—*Tweedside.*

Attend every fanciful swain,
 Whose notes softly flow from the reed;
 With harmony guide the sweet strain,
 To sing of the beauties of Tweed.

Where the music of woods, and of streams
 In soothing sweet melody join,
 To enliven your pastoral themes,
 And make human numbers divine.

Chor. Ye warblers from the vocal grove,
 The tender woodland strain approve,
 While Tweed in smoother cadence glides,
 O'er flow'ry vales in gentle tides;

And as she rolls her silver waves along,
 Murmurs and sighs to quit the rural song.
 Scotia's great Genius in ruffet clad,
 From the cool sedge bank exalts her head,
 In joyful rapture she the change espies,
 Sees living streams descend, and groves arise.

A I R,—*Gilderoy.*

As sable clouds, at early day,
 Oft dim the shining skies,
 So gloomy thoughts create dismay,
 And lustre leaves her eyes.

“ Ye powers! are Scotia's ample fields

“ With so much beauty grac'd,

“ To have those sweets your bounty yields

“ By foreign foes defac'd?

“ O Jove! at whose supreme command

“ The limpid fountains play,

“ O'er Caledonia's northern land

“ Let restless waters stray.

- “ Since from the void creation rose,
 “ Thou’st made a sacred vow,
 “ That Caledon to foreign foes
 “ Should ne’er be known to bow.”

The Mighty Thund’rer on his sapphire throne,
 In mercy’s robes attir’d, heard the sweet voice
 Of female woe—soft as the morning song
 Of Philomela ’midst the evening shades;
 And thus return’d an answer to her pray’rs:

- “ Where birks at Nature’s call arise;
 “ Where fragrance hails the vaulted skies;
 “ Where my own oak its umbrage spreads,
 “ Delightful ’midst the woody shades:
 “ Where ivy mould’ring rocks entwines;
 “ Where breezes bend the lofty pines:
 “ There shall the laughing Naiads stray,
 “ ’Midst the sweet banks of winding Tay.”

From the dark womb of earth Tay’s waters spring,
 Ordain’d by Jove’s unalterable voice:
 The sounding lyre celestial muses string,
 The choiring songsters in the groves rejoice.
 Each fount its chrystal fluid pours,
 Which from surrounding mountains flow:
 The river bathes its verdant shores,
 Cool o’er the surf the breezes blow.

Let England’s sons extol their gardens fair,
 Scotland may freely boast her gen’rous streams,
 Their soil more fertile, and their milder air,
 Her fishes sporting in the solar beams.
 Thames, Humber, Severn, all must yield the bay
 To the pure streams of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.
Chorus. Thames, Humber, &c.

O Scotia! when such beauty claims
 A mansion near thy flowing streams,
 Ne’er shall stern Mars, in iron car,
 Drive his proud courfers to the war:

But fairy forms shall strew around
 Their olives on the peaceful ground ;
 And turtles join the warbling throng,
 To usher in the morning song.
 Or shout in chorus all the live-long day,
 From the green banks of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

When gentle Phebe's friendly light
 In silver radiance clothes the night,
 Still Music's ever varying strains
 Shall tell the lovers, Cynthia reigns.
 And wooe them to her midnight bowers,
 Among the fragrant dew-clad flowers,
 Where ev'ry rock, and hill, and dale,
 With echoes greet the nightingale,
 Whose pleasing, soft, pathetic tongue,
 To kind condolence turns the song ;
 And often wins the love-sick swain to stray,
 To hear the tender variegated lay,
 Thro' the dark woods of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

Hail, native streams, and native groves !
 Oozy caverns, green alcoves !
 Retreats for Cytherea's reign,
 With all the graces in her train.
 Hail, Fancy, thou, whose ray so bright
 Dispels the glimm'ring taper's light !
 Come in aerial vesture blue,
 Ever pleasing, ever new,
 In these recesses deign to dwell,
 With me in yonder moss-clad cell :
 Then shall my reed, successful, tune the lay,
 In numbers, wildly warbling, as they stray
 Thro' the glad banks of Forth, Tweed, and Tay.

R. FERGUSSON.



S O N G CXXXIX.

THE women all tell me, I'm false to my lass,
 That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my glass:

But to you, men of reason, my reasons I'll own,
And if you don't like them, why—let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare,
I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair;
But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
That make it as good and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles I must own,
And tho' she could smile, yet in truth she could frown;
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime,
Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time;
But in wine, from its age, such a benefit flows,
That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me, my love would in time have been cloy'd,
And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd;
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,
For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history, prove
The mischiefs that wait upon rivals in love;
But in drinking, thank Heav'n, no rival contends;
The more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joys of my life,
With nurses, and babies, and squalling, and strife;
But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring,
And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage,
It brings on diseases, and hastens old age;
But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
And keep out t'other leg when there's one in the grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to their word,
She has left me, to get an estate, or a lord;

But my bumper (regarding not title or pelf)
Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain,
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain :
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy ;
Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try.



S O N G CXL.

T H E L I N N E T S.

AS bringing home, the other day,
Two linnets I had ta'en,
The little warblers seem'd to pray
For liberty again.
Unheedful of their plaintive notes,
I sung across the mead :
In vain they swell'd their downy throats,
and flutter'd to be free'd.

As passing thro' the tufted grove
Near which my cottage stood,
I thought I saw the queen of love,
When Chloe's charms I view'd.
I gaz'd, I lov'd, I press'd her stay,
To hear my tender tale ;
But all in vain, she fled away,
Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon, thro' the wound which love had made,
Came pity to my breast,
And thus I (as compassion bade)
The feather'd pair address'd :
Ye little warblers ! chearful be,
Remember not ye flew ;
For I, who thought myself so free,
Am far more caught than you.

S O N G CXLI.

WILLY'S RARE AND WILLY'S FAIR.

A favourite Scots Song, sung by Mrs Wrighten at Vauxhall, set to Music by Mr Hook.

WITH tuneful pipe, and merry glee,
 Young Willy won my heart;
 A blither swain you cou'dna see,
 All beauty without art.
 Willy's rare, and Willy's fair,
 And Willy's wond'rous bonny;
 And Willy says he'll marry me,
 Gin e'er he marries ony.

O came you by yon water-side?
 Pull'd you the rose or lily;
 Or came you by yon meadow green?
 Or saw you my sweet Willy?
 Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, &c.

Sin' now the trees are in their bloom,
 And flowers spread o'er ilk field,
 I'll meet my lad among the broom,
 And lead him to my summer's shield.
 Willy's rare, and Willy's fair, &c.



S O N G CXLII.

THE NUN.

SURE a lass in her bloom, at the age of nineteen,
 Was ne'er so distrest as of late I have been;
 I know not, I vow, any harm I have done,
 But my mother oft tells me she'll have me a Nun.

Don't you think it a pity a girl such as I,
Should be sentenc'd to pray, and to fast, and to cry;
With ways so devout I'm not like to be won,
And my heart it loves frolick too well for a Nun.

To hear the men flatter, and promise, and swear,
Is a thousand times better to me, I declare;
I can keep myself chaste, nor by wiles be undone,
Nay, besides, I'm too handsome, I think, for a Nun.

Not to love, or be lov'd, oh! I never can bear,
Nor yield to be sent to, I cannot tell where;
To live, or to die, in this case, were all one,
Nay, I sooner would die than be reckon'd a Nun.

Perhaps, but to tease me she threatens me so;
I'm sure, was she me, she would gladly say, No;
But, if she's in earnest, I from her will run,
And be marry'd in spite, that I mayn't be a Nun.



S O N G CXLIII.

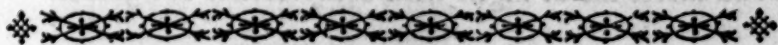
A FAVOURITE SONG.

Sung by Mrs Scott in the Conscious Lovers.

IF love's a sweet passion, how can it torment?
If bitter, O tell me, whence comes my content?
Since I suffer with pleasure, why should I complain,
Or grieve at my fate, when I know 'tis in vain?
Yet so pleasing the pain is, so soft is the dart,
That, at once it both wounds me, and tickles my heart.

I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down,
And, by passionate silence, I make my love known:
But oh! how I'm blest, when so kind she does prove,
By some willing mistake, to discover her love;
When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dare name!

How pleasing is beauty! how sweet are her charms!
 Her embraces how joyful! how peaceful her arms!
 Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love,
 'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above:
 And to Beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield;
 For 'tis Beauty that conquers and keeps the fair field.

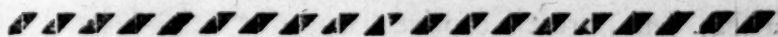


S O N G CXLIV.

Same Tune.

IF wine be a cordial, why does it torment?
 If poison, O tell me, whence comes my content?
 Since I drink it with pleasure, why should I complain,
 Or repent ev'ry morn, when I know 'tis in vain?
 Yet so charming the glass is, so deep is the quart,
 That, at once, it both drowns, and enlivens my heart.

I take it off briskly, and, when it is down,
 By my jolly complexion I make my joy known:
 But, oh! how I'm blest, when so strong it does prove,
 By its sov'reign heat, to expel that of love;
 When in quenching the old I create a new flame,
 And am wrapt in such pleasures as still want a name.



S O N G CXLV.

THE HAPPY PAIR.

HOW blest has my time been? what joys have I known,
 Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jeffy my own?
 So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
 That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.
 That freedom is tasteless, &c.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines, as often we stray,
 Around us our boys and girls frolic and play:

How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.

To try her sweet temper, oft times am I seen,
In revels all day with the nymphs on the green :
Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles,
And meets me at night with complacence and smiles.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good-humour blooms all the year thro'.
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her youth.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to ensnare,
And cheat, with false vows, the too credulous fair;
In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam,
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.



SONG CXLVI.

WHEN Jeffy smil'd, her lovely look
My wand'ring heart a pris'ner took,
And bound it with so strong a chain,
I ne'er expect it back again.

Then, Jeffy, treat a captive true
When gentle usage—'tis its due ;

It pants for thee alone.

Then take it kindly to thy breast,
And give the weary wand'rer rest,
And keep it near thy own.



S O N G CXLVII.

THE ADDRESS.

'T WIXT pleasing hope and painful fear,
True love divided lies,

With artless look, and soul sincere,
Above all mean disguise.
For Celia thus my heart has mov'd,
Accept it, lovely fair;
I've lik'd before, but never lov'd,
Then let me not despair.

My fate before your feet I lay,
Sentence your willing slave :
Remember that tho' tyrants slay,
Yet heav'nly powers save.
To blest is heav'n's peculiar grace,
Let me a blessing find :
And since you wear an angel's face,
O shew an angel's mind.



SONG CXLVIII.

FROM sweet bewitching tricks of love,
Young men your hearts secure,
Left in the paths of sense you rove,
In dotage premature.
Look at each last thro' wisdom's glass,
Nor trust the naked eye.
Gallants, beware, look sharp, take care,
The blind eat many a fly.

There's ne'er a spinster in the realm
But knows mankind to cheat,
Down to the cottage from the helm,
The learn'd, the brave, and great:
With lovely looks, and golden hooks,
T' entangle us they try.
Gallants beware, &c.

Not only on their hands and necks,
The borrow'd white you'll find,
Some belles, when interest directs,
Can even paint the mind :

Joy in distress can they express,
 Their very tears can lie.
 Gallants beware, &c.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Was earth of parchment made,
Was ev'ry fingle stick a quill,
Each man a scribe by trade,
To write the tricks of half the sex,
Would suck that ocean dry.
Gallants beware, &c.



S O N G CXLIX.

THE ANSWER.

THO' women by proud men are scorn'd
 For being oft too kind,
 Yet all well know that men, when spurn'd,
 Are to their wills confin'd;
 With restless pain, one smile to gain,
 All ways they gladly try:
 But, maids, beware, avoid the snare,
 All men deal cunningly.

There's not a man, who, in his heart,
Does woman truly love;
They but delight t' impel the dart,
And all its pains approve.
With looks serene they've often seen,
They flatt'ring words apply.
But, maids, beware, &c.

They often strive, with artful tale,
Each fair one to deceive,
On our good nature to prevail,
Then laugh within their sleeve ;
With self conceit they think to cheat
The heart as well as eye.
But, maids, beware, &c.

If, then, to rout the selfish crew,
 You'd chuse a faithful guard,
 Let Virtue rule the heart, then few
 Will lose their just reward:
 Not all the tribe her soul can bribe,
 She will all art defy.
 Then, maids, beware, &c.



S O N G C L.

T H E A P O L O G Y.

I'M sorry, dear brethren, I'm forc'd to comply,
 To sing, you might as well bid me to fly;
 'Tis true, I've a voice, so has the town crier,
 If I say mine's a better, I'm sure I'm a liar.

However, to please you, altho' I be hoarse,
 If you'll take it, like marriage, for better for worse.
 Now you've heard—nay, you've heard the best I can
 do, I
 And I'm sure you're convinc'd what I told you was
 true.



S O N G C L I.

T I M E E N O U G H Y E T.

A Term full as long as the siege of old Troy,
 To win a sweet girl I my time did employ;
 Oft urg'd her the day of our marriage to set,
 As often she answer'd, 'tis time enough yet.
 'Time enough yet, 'tis time enough yet,
 As often she answer'd, 'tis time enough yet.

I told her, at last, that her passions were wrong,
 And more, that I scorn'd to be fool'd with so long :
 She burst out a laughing at seeing me fret,
 And humming a tune, cry'd, 'tis time enough yet,
 Time enough yet, &c.

Determin'd by her to be laugh'd at no more,
 I flew from her presence, and bounc'd out of door,
 Resolved of her better usage to get,
 Or on her my eyes again never to set,
 Never to set, &c.

To me the next morning her maid came in haste,
 And begg'd, for God's sake, I'd forget what was past,
 Declar'd her young lady did nothing but fret ;
 I told her, I'd think on't, 'twas time enough yet,
 Time enough yet, &c.

She next, in a letter as long as my arm,
 Declar'd from her soul she intended no harm,
 And begg'd I the day of our marriage would set ;
 I wrote her for answer, 'tis time enough yet,
 Time enough yet, &c.

But that was scarce gone when a message I sent,
 To shew in my heart I began to relent :
 I begg'd I might see her ; together we met ;
 We kiss'd and were friends again, so are we yet,
 So are we yet, &c.



S O N G CLII.

Tune,—*Good-night and Joy be wi' you a'.*

HOW happy is he, whoe'er he be,
 That in his lifetime meets one true friend,
 Who cordially does sympathize
 In words, in action, heart, and mind :

My kind respects do not neglect,
 Altho' my wealth or state be small;
 With a melting heart, and a mournful eye,
 I beg the Lord be wi' you all.

My loving friends, I kiss your hands,
 For time invites me now to move;
 On your poor servant lay commands,
 Who is ambitious of your love.
 He—whose pow'r and might, both day and night,
 Governs the depths, makes rain to fall,
 To sun and moon gives course of light,
 Direct, protect, defend you all.

I do protest, within my breast,
 Your memory I'll not neglect;
 On that record I'll lay arrest,
 No change shall ever alter it.
 All I desire of earthly blifs,
 Is to be freed from guilt or thrall;
 I hope my God will grant me this:
 Good night, and God be wi' you all.



S O N G CLIII.

SOMETHING ELSE TO DO.

THE sun was sleeping in the main,
 Bright Cynthia silver'd all the plain,
 When Colin turn'd his team to rest,
 And fought the lass he lov'd the best.
 As tow'rd her cot he jogg'd along,
 Her name was frequent in his song;
 But when his errand Dolly knew,
 She vow'd she'd something else to do.

He swore he did esteem her more
 Than any maid he'd seen before,
 In tender sighs protesting, he
 Would constant as the turtle be;

Talk'd much of death, shou'd she refuse,
 And us'd such arts as lovers use:
 'Tis fine, says Doll, if 'tis but true,
 But now, I've something else to do.

Her pride then Colin thus address,
 Forgive me, Doll, I did but jest;
 To her that's kind I'll constant prove;
 But, trust me, I'll ne'er die for love.
 Tho' first she did his courtship scorn,
 Now Doll began to court in turn;
 Dear Colin, I was jesting too,
 Step in, I've nothing else to do.

S O N G CLIV.

SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

YE shepherds, who, blest in your loves,
 Live strangers to sorrow and care,
 O! pity a brother, that proves
 The heart-breaking pangs of despair.
 What boots it my heifers and ewes
 All thriving and pregnant I find?
 Poor blessings, poor comforts are these,
 Since Peggy is false and unkind.

Bear witness, each fountain and vale,
 Bear witness, each garden and grove,
 How oft she has heard my fond tale,
 And smil'd on the suit of my love.
 But, oh cruel change that I find,
 The gentle is now grown severe,
 More cold than the north's chilling wind,
 That blasts the young buds of the year.

Range wildly, my flocks and my herds;
 Begone from your master, poor Tray;
 My pipe shall no more wake the birds,
 I'll break it and fling it away.

Some desert all barren and blake,
Shall shield me from every eye ;
There, Peggy, I'll weep for thy sake,
I'll weep, cruel maid, and I'll die.



S O N G C L V .

H I G H L A N D M A R C H .

IN the garb of old Gaul, wi' the fire of old Rome,
From the heath-cover'd mountains of Scotia we come,
Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.
Such our love of liberty, our country, and our laws,
That, like our old ancestors, we stand by Freedom's
 cause ;
We'll bravely fight, like heroes bold, for honour and
 applause,
And defy the French, with all their art, to alter our
 laws.

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,
No luxurious tables enervate our race ;
Our loud-founding pipe bears the true martial strain,
So do we the old Scottish valour retain.
 Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
Are swift as the roe which the hind doth assail :
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.
 Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes ;
We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering strokes.
 Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
 In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;
 But when our claymores they saw us produce,
 Their courage did fail, and they su'd for a truce.
 Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
 May our councils be wise, and our commerce increase,
 And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
 That our friends still prove true, and our beauties prove
 kind,
 Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and our
 laws,
 And teach our late posterity to fight in Freedom's cause,
 That they, like our ancestors bold, for honour and ap-
 plause,
 May defy the French and Spaniards to alter our laws.



S O N G CLVI.

DE'IL TAK THE WARS.

DE'IL tak the wars that hurried Billy from me,
 Who to love me just had sworn;
 They made him captain sure to undo me;
 Woe's me! he'll ne'er return.
 A thousand loons abroad will fight him,
 He from thousands ne'er will run:
 Day and night I did invite him,
 To stay at home from sword and gun.

I us'd alluring graces,
 With muckle kind embraces,
 Now sighing, then crying, tears dropping fall;
 And had he my soft arms
 Preferr'd to war's alarms,
 By love grown mad, without the man of God,
 I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd, and patch'd, to make me look provoking;
 Snares that they told me would catch the men,
 And on my head a huge commode sat poking,
 Which made me shew as tall again;
 For a new gown too I paid muckle money,
 Which with golden flow'rs did shine;
 My love well might think me gay and bonny,
 No Scots lads was e'er so fine.

My petticoat I spotted,
 Fringe too with thread I knotted,
 Lace-shoes, and silk-hose garter'd full o'er knee;
 But, oh! the fatal thought,
 To Billy these are nought;
 Who rode to towns, and rifled with dragoons,
 When he, silly loon, might have plunder'd me.



S O N G C L V I I .

J A M I E G A Y .

AS Jamie gay gang'd blithe his way
 Along the river Tweed.
 A bonny lass, as e'er was seen,
 Came tripping o'er the mead.
 The hearty swain, untaught to feign,
 The buxom nymph survey'd,
 And, full of glee as lad could be,
 Bespoke the pretty maid.

Dear lassie tell, why by thine fell
 Thou hast'ly wand'rest here.
 My ewes, she cry'd, are straying wide,
 Canst tell me, laddie, where?
 To town I hy, he made reply,
 Some meikle sport to see;
 But thou'rt so sweet, so trim, and neat,
 I'll seek the ewes with thee.

She gave her hand, nor made a stand,
 But lik'd the youth's intent ;
 O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale
 Right merrily they went.
 The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,
 And flow'rs bloom'd all around ;
 And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
 And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
 The zenith of his power,
 When to a shade their steps they made,
 To pass the mid-day hour.
 The bonny lad row'd in his plaid
 The lass, who scorn'd to frown ;
 She soon forgot the ewes she fought,
 And he to gang to town.



S O N G CLVIII.

MY HEART'S MY AIN.

'TIS nae very lang finfyne,
 That I had a lad o' my ain,
 But now he's awa' to anither,
 And left me a' my lane.
 The lass he's courting has filler,
 And I hae nane at a' ;
 And it's nought but the love of the tocher
 That's ta'en my lad awa'.

But I'm blithe that my heart's my ain,
 And I'll keep it a' my life,
 Until that I meet wi' a lad
 Who has sence to wail a good wife.
 For though I say't myself,
 That shou'd na say't, 'tis true,
 The lad that gets me for a wife,
 He'll ne'er hae occasion to rue.

I gang ay fou clean and fou tosh,
As a' the neighbours can tell,
Tho' I've feldom a gown on my back
But sic as I spin myfell.
And when I'm clad in my curtsy,
I think myfell as braw
As Susie, wi' a her pearling,
That's ta'en my lad awa'.

But I wish they were buckl'd together,
And may they live happy for life ;
Tho' Willy does slight me, and's left me,
The chield he deserves a good wife.
But, O ! I'm blithe that I've mis'd him,
As blithe as I weel can be ;
For ane that's sae keen o' the filler
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

But, as the truth is, I'm hearty,
I hate to be scrimpit and scant;
The wee thing I ha'e I'll mak' use o't,
And nae ane about me shall want.
For I'm a good guide o' the warld,
I ken when to had and to gi'e;
For whinging and cringing for filler
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
An' he wha has that has enough;
The master is seldom fae happy
As Robin that drives the plough.
But if a young lad wou'd cast up
To make me his partner for life,
If the chield has the sense to be happy,
He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

S O N G C L I X .

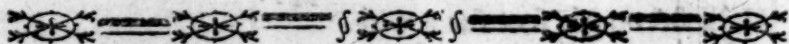
A Friend of mine came here yestreen,
And he wou'd ha'e me down

To drink a bottle of ale wi' him
 In the neist borrows-town.
 But, O! indeed it was, Sir,
 Sae far the war for me,
 For lang or e'er that I came hame
 My wife had ta'en the gee.

We sat sae late, and drank sae stout,
 The truth I tell to you,
 That lang or e'er midnight came,
 We were a' roaring fou.
 My wife sits at the fire-side,
 And the tear blinds ay her e'e,
 The ne'er a bed will she gae to,
 But sit and tak the gee.

In the morning soon, when I came down,
 The ne'er a word she spake;
 But mony a sad and sour look,
 and ay her head she'd shake.
 My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee
 To look sae sour on me?
 I'll never do the like again,
 If you'll ne'er tak' the gee.

When that she heard, she ran, she flang
 Her arms about my neck;
 And twenty kisses in a crack,
 And, poor wee thing, she grat.
 If you'll ne'er do the like again,
 But bide at hame wi' me,
 I'll lay my life I'll be the wife
 That's never tak' the gee.



S O N G C L X .

C H L O E ' S K I S S E S .

DEAR Chloe, come give me sweet kisses,
 For sweeter no girl ever gave;

But why, in the midst of my blisses,
 Do you ask me how many I'd have?
 I am not to be stinted in pleasure,
 Then prithee, dear Chloe, be kind!
 For since I love thee beyond measure,
 To numbers I'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
 Count the flow'rs that enamel the fields,
 Count the flocks that on Tempe are straying,
 Or the grain that rich Sicily yields:
 Count how many stars are in heaven,
 Go number the sands on the shore,
 And when so many kisses you've given,
 I still shall be asking for more.

To a heart full of love let me hold thee,
 A heart which, dear Chloe, is thine;
 In my arms I'd for ever enfold thee,
 And twist round thy neck like a vine.
 What joy can be greater than this is?
 My life on thy lips shall be spent:
 But the wretch who can number his kisses,
 Will always with few be content.



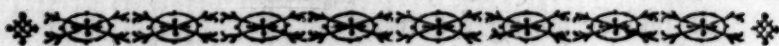
S O N G CLXI.

HOW little do the landfmen know
 Of what we sailors feel,
 When waves do mount, and winds do blow!
 but we have hearts of steel.
 No danger can affright us,
 No enemy shall flout;
 We'll make the monfieurs fight us,
 So tofs the cann about.

Stick stout to orders, messmates,
 We'll plunder, burn, and sink;
 Then France have at your first-rates,
 For Britons never shrink.

We'll rummage all we fancy,
 We'll bring them in by scores,
 And Moll, and Kate, and Nancy,
 Shall roll in Louis-d'ores.

While here at Deal we're lying,
 With our noble commodore,
 We'll spend our wages freely, boys,
 And then to sea for more.
 In peace we'll drink and sing, boys,
 In war we'll never fly :
 Here's a health to George our King, boys,
 And the Royal Family.



S O N G C L X I I .

A F A V O U R I T E S O N G .

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight and my pride,
 I always have boasted and seek not to hide ;
 I dwell on her praises wherever I go :
 They say, I'm in love, but I answer, No, no.

At ev'ning oft times, with what pleasure I see
 A note from her hand—" I'll be with you at tea !"
 My heart how it bounds when I hear her below,
 But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no.

She sings me a song, and I echo its strain,
 Again I cry Jenny, sweet Jenny again ;
 I kiss her sweet lips as if there I would grow,
 But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no.

She tells me her faults, as she sits on my knee,
 I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me :
 My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so :
 Who knows but she loves, tho' she answers, No, no.

From beauty, from wit, and good humour, how I,
 Shou'd prudence advise, and compel me to fly ;

Thy bounty, O Fortune! make haste to bestow,
And let me deserve her, or still I'll say No.



S O N G CLXIII.

F A I R S U S A N N A H.

ASK if yon damask rose be sweet
That scents the ambient air;
Then ask each shepherd that you meet
If dear Sufannah's fair.

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,
And warble thro' the grove?
Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,
Then doubt thy shepherd's love.

The spoils of war let heroes share;
Let pride in splendor shine;
Ye bards, unenvy'd laurels wear,
Be fair Sufannah mine.



S O N G CLXIV.

Sung by Miss Stevenson, at Vauxhall.

GAY Damon long study'd my heart to obtain,
The prettiest young shepherd that pipes on the plain;
I'd hear his soft tale, then declare 'twas amiss,
And I'd often say No, often say No, when I long'd to say Yes.

Last Valentine's day to our cottage he came,
And brought me two lambkins to witness his flame:
Oh! take these, he cry'd, thou, more fair than their fleece;
I could hardly say No, tho' ashamed to say Yes.

Soon after, one morning, we sat in the grove;
He press'd my hand hard, and in sighs breath'd his love;

Then tenderly ask'd, if I'd grant him a kiss?
I design'd to've said No, but mistook, and said Yes.

At this, with delight, his heart danc'd in his breast;
Ye gods, he cry'd, Chloe will now make me blest;
Come, let's to the church, and share conjugal blifs:
To prevent being teaz'd, I was forc'd to say Yes.

I ne'er was so pleas'd with a word in my life;
I ne'er was so happy as since I'm a wife:
Then take, ye young damsels, my counsel in this,
You must all die old maids, if you will not say Yes;
You must all die old maids, all die old maids, if you will
not say Yes.



S O N G C L X V .

W O M A N . A B A L L A D .

Sung by Mr Lowe, at Vauxhall.

Set by Mr Worgan.

NO longer let whimsical songsters compare
The merits of wine with the charms of the fair;
I appeal to the men to determine between
A tun-belly'd Bacchus and beauty's fair queen.

The pleasures of drinking henceforth I resign;
For tho' there is mirth, yet there's madness in wine:
Then let not false sparkles our senses beguile;
'Tis the mention of Chloe that makes the glass smile.

Her beauties with rapture my senses inspire,
And, the more I behold her, the more I admire!
But the charms of her temper and mind I adore;
These virtues shall bless me when beauty's no more.

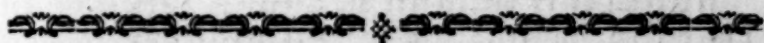
How happy our days when with love we engage!
'Tis the transports of youth, 'tis the comfort of age:

But what are the joys of the bottle, or bowl?
Wine tickles the taste, love enraptures the soul!

A sot, as he riots in liquor, will cry,
The longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.
From this fair confession, 'tis plain, my good friend,
You're a toper eternal, and drink to no end.

Your big-belly'd bottle may ravish your eye,
But how foolish you look when your bottle is dry!
From woman, dear woman, sweet pleasure must spring
Nay, the Stoics must own it—she is the best thing.

Yet some praises to wine we may justly afford;
For a time it will make one as great as a lord:
But woman, for ever, gives transport to man,
And I'll love the dear sex—aye, as long as I can.



S O N G CLXVI.

THE NON-PAREILLE. *Set by Dr Boyce.*

THE nymph that I lov'd was as chearful as day,
And as sweet as the blossoming hawthorn in May;
Her temper was smooth as the down on the dove;
And her face was as fair as the mother of love:
Tho' mild as the pleasantest zephyr that sheds
And receives gentle odours from flowery beds;
Yet warm in affection as Phœbus at noon,
And as chaste as the silver-white beams of the moon.

Her mind was unfully'd as new-fall'n snow,
And as lively as tints from young Iris his bow;
As clear as the streams, and as deep as the flood;
She, tho' witty, was wise, and tho' beautiful, good:
The sweets that each virtue, or grace, had in store,
She cull'd as the bee does the bloom of each flow'r,
Which, treasur'd for me, Oh! how happy was I!
For tho' her's to collect, it was mine to enjoy!

S O N G CLXVII.

AN ADDRESS TO THE LADIES

Sung at Ranelagh.

YE belles and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
Who trip in this frolicsome round.

Pray tell me from whence this indecency springs,
The sexes at once to confound?

What means the cock'd hat, and the masculine air,
With each motion design'd to perplex?

Bright eyes were intended to languish, not stare,
And softness the test of your sex—dear girls,
And softness the test of your sex.

The girl who on beauty depends for support
May call ev'ry art to her aid;

The bosom display'd, and the petticoat short,
Are samples she gives of her trade:

But you on whom fortune indulgently smiles,
And whom pride has preserv'd from the snare,
Shou'd slyly attack us with coyness and wiles,
Not with open and insolent air,—brave girls,
Not with, &c.

The Venus, whose statue delights all mankind,
Shrinks modestly back from the view,
And kindly wou'd seem, by the artist design'd,
To serve as a model for you.

Then learn, with her beauties, to copy her air;
Nor venture too much to reveal:

Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
And double each charm you conceal—sweet girls,
And double, &c.

The blushes of morn, and the mildness of May,
Are charms which no art can procure;

Oh! be but yourselves, and our homage we'll pay,
And your empire is solid, and sure:

But if, Amazon-like, you attack your gallants,
 And put us in fear of our lives,
 You may do very well for sisters and aunts;
 But believe me, you'll never be wives—poor girls,
 But believe me, you'll never be wives.

S O N G CLXVIII.

T H E M U L B E R R Y T R E E .

BEHOLD this fair goblet 'twas carv'd from the tree;
 Which, oh! my dear Shakespeare, was planted by
 thee;

As a relic I kiss it, and bow at thy shrine,
 What comes from thy hand must be ever divine.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree;

Bend to thee,

Bless'd mulberry;

Matchless was he

That planted thee,

And thou like him, immortal shall be.

Ye trees of the forest, so rampant and high,
 Whospread round your branches, whose heads sweep the sky;
 Ye curious exotics, whom taste has brought here,
 To root out the natives at prices so dear:

All shall yield, &c.

The Oak is held royal, is Briton's great boast,
 Preserv'd once our king, and will always our coast;
 Of the fir we make ships; there are thousands that fight,
 But one, only one, like our Shakespeare can write.

All shall yield, &c.

Let Venus delight in her gay myrtle bowers,
 Pomona in fruit trees, and Flora in flowers;
 The garden of Shakespeare all fancies will suit,
 With the sweetest of flowers, and the fairest of fruit.

All shall yield, &c.

With learning and knowledge the well-letter'd birch
 Supplies law and phyfic, and grace for the church;
 But law and the gospel in Shakespeare we find,
 He gives the best phyfic for body and mind.

All shall yield, &c.

The fame of the patron gives fame to the tree;
 From him and his merits this takes its degree;
 Give Phœbus and Bacchus their laurel and vine,
 The tree of our Shakespeare is still more divine.

All shall yield, &c.

As the genius of Shakespeare outshines the bright day
 More rapture than wine to the heart can convey;
 So the tree which he planted, by making his own,
 Has the laurel and bays, and the vine all in one.

All shall yield, &c.

Then each take a relie of this hollow tree,
 From folly and fashion a charm let it be;
 Let's fill, to the Planter, the cup to the brim,
 To honour your country, do honour to him.

All shall yield to the mulberry tree;

Bend to thee,

Bless'd mulberry;

Matchless was he,

That planted thee,

And thou, like him, immortal shall be.

S O N G CLXIX.

A HUNTING SONG.

DO you hear, brother sportsmen, the sound of the horn,
 And yet the sweet pleasure decline?
 For shame, rouse your senses, and, ere it is morn,
 With me the sweet melody join.

Thro' the wood and the valley the traitor we'll rally,
 Nor quit him till panting he lies;

He charm'd them while living the sweet Willy O,
He charm'd, &c.

And when Willy dy'd,
'Twas nature that figh'd,
To part with her all in her sweet Willy O.



S O N G CLXXI.

N O B O D Y.

Tune,—Ge-ho Dobbin.

TO sing you a song firs it is my intention,
Some folks I might laugh at, yet, Nobody mention,
Nobody you say sure that must be stuff,
At singing I'm Nobody that's the first proof.

C H O R U S.

No Nobody, No Nobody, Nobody, Nobody, Nobody No.

'Tis Nobody, Nobody fees the pranks play'd,
When Nobody's by, betwixt Master and Maid,
When she cries out be quiet, Somebody will hear us,
He softly replies, child, Nobody is near us.
No Nobody, &c.

But big with child proving, she's quickly discarded,
When favours are granted Nobody's rewarded,
When examined, she cries, ye mortals forbid it,
If I'm got with child 'twas Nobody did it.
No Nobody, &c.

When by stealth the gallant the wanton wife leaves,
His footsteps are heard, and her spouse cries 'tis thieves,
He starts in a fright, and cries loudly, Whose there?
His wife pats his cheek, and says, Nobody dear.
No Nobody, &c.

Nobody's a name every body will own,
When something they should be asham'd of is done,

'Tis a name very fit for old Maids and young Beaux,
For what they were made for, Nobody knows.
No Nobody, &c.

Of Nobody now enough has been sung,
If Nobody's angry, then Nobody's wrong,
I hope for free speaking I shall not be blam'd,
For who can be angry when Nobody's nam'd.
No Nobody, &c.



S O N G CLXXII.

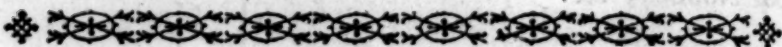
I A M N O T T W E N T Y .

AS thro' the grove the other day,
I gang'd so blythe and bonny,
Who should I meet upon the way
But my true lover Johnny;
With eager haste he clasp'd my waist,
And kisses gave me plenty,
Tho' I deny'd, and thus reply'd,
Dear lad, I am not twenty.

What's that to me, the shepherd cry'd,
You're old enough to marry,
Then come, sweet lass, and be my bride,
No longer let us tarry;
But let's begone, o'er yonder lawn,
Where lads and lasses plenty,
Are fill'd with joy, and kifs and toy,
Altho' they are not twenty.

I listen'd to his soothing tale,
And gang'd with him so rarely,
With song and pipe he did prevail,
He won my wishes fairly;
O! he's the lad, that makes me glad,
With kisses sweet and plenty,

So I declare, by all that's fair,
I'll wed tho' not quite twenty.



S O N G CLXXIII.

MIND, HUSSY, WHAT YOU DO!

WHEN I was of a tender age,
And in my youthful prime,
My mother oft wou'd in a rage,
Cry, girl, take care in time;
For you are now so forward grown,
The men will you pursue,
And all the day this was her tone,
Mind, hussy, what you do!

Regardless of her fond advice,
I hasten'd o'er the plain,
Where I was courted in a trice,
By each young Sylvan swain;
Yet, by the bye, I must declare,
I virtue had in view,
Altho' my mother cry'd beware,
Mind, hussy, what you do!

To Damon, gayest of the green,
I gave my youthful hand,
His blooming face, and comely mien,
I cou'd not well withstand;
But straight to church we tript away,
With hearts both firm and true,
Ah! then my mother ceas'd to say,
Mind, hussy, what you do!

Ye lasses all attend to me,
And hence this lesson learn,
When to your mind a man you see,
Ne'er look morose or stern;
But take him with a free good will,
Should he have love for you,

S O N G CLXXV.

T H E C U C K O O .

WHEN daisies py'd, and vi'lets blue,
 And Cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
 And lady-smocks of silver white,
 Do paint the meadows with delight ;

C H O R U S .

The cuckoo, then, on ev'ry tree,
 Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
 Cuckoo ! cuckoo ! O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws
 And merry larks are plowmen's clocks :
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks ;
 The Cuckoo, &c.



S O N G CLXXVI.

C H A R M I N G F E L L O W .

LORD, What care I for mam or dad !
 Why let them roar and bellow,
 For while I live, I'll love my lad,
 He's such a charming fellow.

At last fair-day upon the green,
 The lad he danc'd so well O ;
 So spruce a swain there was not seen,
 As my sweet charming fellow.

The fair was over, night was come,
 The lad was something mellow,
 My dear, says he, I'll see you home ;
 I thank'd the charming fellow.

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,
 Says he, if you'll not tell O,
 I'll kiss you now by this good light,
 O! what a charming fellow!

You rogue says I, you stop my breath,
 Ye bells sigh out my knell O;
 Again I'd die so sweet a death,
 With such a charming fellow.



SONG CLXXVII.

FLOWING BOWL.

WHEN once the gods, like us below,
 To keep it up design'd,
 Their goblets with fresh nectar flow,
 Which made it more divine.

Since drinking it refines the soul,
 Let's push about the flowing bowl.

The glittering star and ribbon blue,
 That deck the Courtier's breast,
 May hide a heart of blackest hue,
 Tho' by his King caress'd.
 Let him in pride and splendor roll,
 We're happier o'er a flowing bowl.

Let Mansfield Lord Chief Justice be,
 And Cornwall Speaker still,
 At home let Sandwich rule the sea,
 And Pitt the treasury fill.
 No place I want among the whole,
 But one that's near a flowing bowl.

Let Patriots for liberty rage,
 And curse the courtly crew,
 Because like them they want to have,
 The loaves and fishes too.

I care not who divides the coal,
So I can have a flowing bowl.

The Son wants square toes at old nick,
And Miss wants to be wed,
The Doctor wants us to be sick,
The Undertaker dead.

All have their wants from pole to pole,
And I want an ever flowing bowl.



S O N G CLXXVIII.

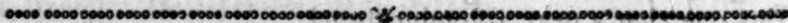
A N C H O R, Y E O, Y E A.

DOWN top gallant sails, stand by your lee braces,
For now we have weather'd the sea,
Would you, lads, see the girls' pretty faces,
Safe moor'd at an anchor, Yeo, Yea.

We fail'd in the good ship the Kitty,
With a fresh blowing breeze and rough sea;
There's your Nancy, whom they call so pretty,
Safe moor'd at an anchor, Yeo, Yea.

She utter'd soft words when she parted,
I'd have you be constant, said she;
Said I, my dear, don't be down-hearted,
Then up went our anchor, Yeo, Yea.

From that time no worse nor no better,
For nothing was thought of but she;
Could grog or gin make me forget her,
She's my cable and anchor, Yeo, Yea.



S O N G CLXXIX.

LOVELY nymph, assuage my anguish;
At your feet, a tender swain

Prays you will not let him languish ;
 One kind look would ease his pain.
 Did you know the lad that courts you,
 He not long need sue in vain ;
 Prince of song, of dance, and sports,
 You scarce will meet his like again.



S O N G CLXXX.

Same Tune.

L OVELY Damon, when thou'rt near me,
 Straight my vital spirits fly ;
 Nothing but thy smiles can cheer me,
 Turn, O turn thy killing eye :
 Hide, O hide those blooming graces
 That thy lovely face adorn :
 Who could shun thy sweet embraces
 When thou'rt blushing like the morn.

Lovely Damon, do not tease me
 With a sight I cannot bear ;
 Dearest Damon, if you'd ease me,
 Never on the plain appear :
 Desist, dear youth, nor strive to gain
 A heart, which is not mine to give ;
 Cease, O cease to give such pain ;
 Shun my sight, and let me live.

S.



S O N G CLXXXI.

THE ECHOING HORN.

T HE echoing horn calls the sportsman abroad,
 To horse, my brave boys, and away ;
 The morning is up, and the cry of the hound's
 Upbraids our too tedious delay.

What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox!
 O'er hill, and o'er valley he flies:
 Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, Huzza!
 The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
 Like Bacchanals, shouting and gay!
 How sweet with a bottle and lasses to refresh!
 And lose the fatigues of the day.
 With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy;
 Dull wisdom all happiness sours;
 Since life is no more than a passage, at best,
 Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.



S O N G CLXXXII.

W O M A N F O R M A N.

WINE, wine we allow the brisk fountain of mirth,
 It frights away care, and gives jollity birth;
 Yet, while we thus freely great Bacchus approve,
 Let's pay the glad tribute to Venus and Love;
 For do what you will, nay, or say what you can,
 Who loves not a woman, the wretch is no man.

To the charms of that sex, let us chearful resign
 Our youth, and our vigour, they're better than wine:
 There's merit, I own, in a gay sparkling glass,
 But, can it compare with a lovely kind lass?
 No, it cannot compare, you may say what you can,
 Who prefers not a woman, the wretch is no man.

The enchantments of Beauty what force can repel?
 The eye's pow'rful magic, the bosom's soft swell,
 The look so endearing, the kind melting kiss,
 The enjoyments of love, are all rapture and bliss.
 Then who woman refuses rejects Nature's plan,
 He may say what he will, but the wretch is no man.

May scandal, misfortune, and direful disgrace,
 Be the portion of all th' effeminate race;
 Like Britain, what nation on earth can they find,
 Whose nymphs are so fair, so inviting, and kind?
 Then, who woman refuses, rejects Nature's plan,
 May they suffer like brutes, nor be pity'd by man.

From a striking example, my moral shall spring;
 Who'd act like a man, let him copy his King:
 Like George in his youth, the gay spring-tide of life,
 Let every good fellow now take him a wife.
 When by Hymen you're blest'd, rest securely, for then
 You'll have nothing to do, but to prove yourselves men.



S O N G CLXXXIII.

THE QUEEN OF THE MEADOWS.

COME, Amanda, charming creature!
 Hear the woodland warblers sing,
 While each forward Nymph of Nature
 Now is pregnant with the spring.
 Haste to view the dawning blushes,
 On dame Flora's infants seen,
 All beneath the blooming bushes,
 Swaddled in their mantles green.

Rise, fair damsel, with Aurora,
 Rise and see their early pride;
 Visit Flora's offspring—Flora
 Will repay you when a bride;
 Will return it, by pourtraying
 On your children's faces fair,
 Such soft tinges, sweet displaying
 Ev'ry rose and lily there.

Let us lose the day in sporting
 O'er the verdant carpets gay,
 O

Till the nightingale fits courting
 Midnight list'ners to his lay :
 Homeward then, our steps befriending,
 Our kind stars will lend each ray,
 With the moon, or else attending
 Glow worms light the hedge-row way.

Ev'ry rural charm is wasted ;
 Dull is ev'ry landscape round ;
 Spring itself remains untasted,
 Till the Meadow's Queen is crown'd.
 Ev'ry grace attends about you ;
 All things sweet compose thy train :
 All is anarchy without you—
 Hasten, and bless us with thy reign.

T. S.



S O N G CLXXXIV.

GUARDIAN angels, now protect me !
 Send me to the youth I love !
 Cupid, with thy bow, direct me ;
 Help me, all ye powers above.
 Bear him my sighs, ye gentle breezes !
 Tell him I love and I despair ;
 Tell him, for him I grieve,
 Say 'tis for him I live,
 O ! may the shepherd be sincere !

Thro' the shady groves I'll wander,
 Silent as the bird of night ;
 Near the brink of yonder fountain,
 Where he oft has blest my sight ;
 Witness, ye groves, and falls of water,
 Echoes repeat the vows he swore :
 Can he forget me ?
 Will he neglect me ?
 Shall I never see him more ?

Does he love, and yet forsake me
 To admire a nymph more fair ?

If 'tis so I'll wear the willow,
 And esteem the happy pair.
 Some lonely cave I'll make my dwelling,
 Nor more the cares of life pursue,
 The lark and philomel
 Only shall hear me tell
 What makes me bid the world adieu.



S O N G CLXXXV.

THE LANGUISHING LOVER.

HOPELESS still, in silent anguish,
 Far from her whom I adore;
 Must I ever love and languish,
 Doom'd to view her face no more?
 Must I fly to scenes of wo?
 Must I ev'ry bliss forego?
 Why should Fate so cruel prove?
 Alas! that ever I did love!

Vain my purpose to forget her,
 Fancy gives her to my eyes—
 See! ten thousand charms beset her!
 See her dear idea rise!
 See, fair maid, my dying bloom!
 See a tender youth consume!
 Sad, for ever let me stray,
 To mourn and sigh my life away.

Far from human crouds retiring,
 Stranger to the voice of Fame,
 In some lonesome vale expiring,
 Of a constant—hapless flame;
 There, when worthless life is o'er,
 And the cares of love no more,
 Weeping nymphs my grave shall see,
 And passing lovers pity me.

W. M.

S O N G CLXXXVI.

THE SAILOR'S FAREWEL.

Written by Captain Thomson, and set by Mr Fisher.

THE topfail shivers in the wind,
 The ship she casts to sea :
 But yet my soul, my heart, my mind,
 Are, Mary, moor'd with thee :
 For, tho' thy sailor's bound afar,
 Still love shall be his leading star.

Should landmen flatter, when we're sail'd,
 O doubt their artful tales ;
 No gallant sailor ever fail'd
 If Cupid fill'd his sails :
 Thou art the compass of my soul,
 Which steers my heart from pole to pole.

Syrens in ev'ry port we meet,
 More fell than rocks and waves ;
 But sailors of the British fleet
 Are lovers, and not slaves :
 No foes our courage shall subdue,
 Altho' we've left our hearts with you.

These are our cares ; but if you're kind,
 We'll scorn the dashing main,
 The rocks, the billows, and the wind,
 The pow'rs of France and Spain.
 Now Britain's glory rests with you,
 Our sails are full—sweet girls, adieu !

S O N G CLXXXVII.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

BEHOLD, from many a hostile shore,
 And all the dangers of the main,

Where billows mount, and tempests roar,
 Your faithful Tom returns again ;
 Returns, and with him brings a heart
 That ne'er from Sally shall depart.

After long toils and troubles past,
 How sweet to tread our native soil,
 With conquest to return at last,
 And deck our sweethearts with the spoil !
 No one to beauty should pretend,
 But such as dare its rights defend.



S O N G CLXXXVIII.

D R A P O F C A P P I E—O.

THERE liv'd a wife in our gate-end,
 She lo'ed a drap of cappie—O,
 And a' the gear that e'er she gat,
 She slipt it in her gabbie—O.

Upon a frosty winter's night,
 The wife had got a drappie—O,
 And she had pifs'd her coats sae weel,
 She could not find the pattie—O.

But she awa' to her goodman,
 They ca'd him Tammie Lammie—O,
 Gae ben and fetch the cave to me,
 That I may get a drammie—O.

Tamie was an honest man,
 Himself he took a drappie—O,
 It was nae weel out o'er his craig,
 Till she was on his tappie—O.

She paid him weel, baith back and side,
 And fair she creish'd his backie—O,

And made his skin baith blue and black,
And gar'd his shou'ders crackie—O.

Then he's awa' to the malt barn,
And he has ta'en a pockie—O,
He put her in, baith head and tail,
And cast her o'er his backie—O.

The carling spurn'd wi' head and feet,
The carle he was fae aukie—O,
To ilka wa' that he came by
He gar'd her head play knackie—O.

Goodman I think you'll murder me,
My brains you out will knockie—O;
He gi'ed her ay the other hitch,
Lie still, you devil's buckie—O.

Goodman, I'm like to make my burn,
O let me out, good Tammie—O;
Then he set her upon a stane,
And bade her pish a dammie—O.

Then Tammie took her aff the stane,
And put her in the pockie—O,
And when she did begin to spurn,
He lent her ay a knockie—O.

Away he went to the mill-dam,
And there ga'e her a duckie—O,
And ilka chield that had a stick
Play'd thump upon her backie—O.

And when he took her hame again,
He did hing up the pockie—O
At her bed-side, as I heard fay,
Upon a little knaggie—O.

And ilka day that she up rose,
In naething but her smockie—O,
Sae soon as she look'd o'er the bed,
She might behold the pockie—O.

Now all ye men, baith far and near,
That have a drunken tutie—O,
Duck ye your wives in time of year,
And I'll lend you the pockie—O.

The wife did live for nineteen years,
And was fu' frank and couthie—O,
And ever since she got the duck
She never had the drouthie—O.

At last, the carlin chanc'd to die,
And Tammie did her bury—O,
And, for the public benefit,
He has gar'd print the curie—O.

And this he did her motto make;
“ Here lies an honest lucky—O,
“ Who never left the drinking trade
“ Until she got a duckie—O.”



S O N G CLXXXIX.

T H E P L O U G H M A N .

THE ploughman he's a bonny lad,
And a' his wark's at leifure,
And when that he comes hame at e'en,
He kisses me wi' pleasure.
Up wi't now, my ploughman lad,
Up wi't now, my ploughman;
Of a' the lads that I do see,
Commend me to the ploughman.

Now the blooming spring's come on,
He takes his yoaking early,
And whistling o'er the furrow'd land,
He goes to fallow chearly.
Up wi't now, &c.

When my ploughman comes hame at e'en,
 He's often wet and weary ;
 Cast aff the wet, put on the dry,
 And gae to bed my deary.
 Up wi't now, &c.

I will wash my ploughman's hofe,
 And I will wash his o'erlay,
 And I will make my ploughman's bed,
 And chear him late and early.
 Merry butt, and merry ben,
 Merry is my ploughman ;
 Of a' the trades that I do ken,
 Commend me to the ploughman.

Plough yon hill, and plough yon dale,
 Plough yon faugh and fallow,
 Who winna drink the ploughman's health,
 Is but a dirty fellow.
 Merry butt, &c.



S O N G CXC.

T H E T A I L O R .

THE tailor came to clout the claife,
 Sic a braw fellow !
 He fill'd the house a' fu' o' fleas,
 Daffin down, and daffin down,
 He fill'd the house a' fu' o' flaes,
 Daffin down and dilly.

The lassie slept ayont the fire,
 Sic a braw hiffey !
 Oh ! she was a' his heart's desire,
 Daffin down, and daffin down,
 Oh ! she was, &c.

The lassie she fell fast asleep,
 Sic a braw hiffey !

The tailor close to her did creep,
 Daffin down, and daffin down,
 The tailor, &c.

The lassie waken'd in a fright,
 Sic a braw hissey !
 Her maiden-head had ta'en the flight,
 Daffin down, and daffin down,
 Her maidenhead, &c.

She fought it butt, she fought it ben,
 Sic a braw hissey !
 And in beneath the clocking hen,
 Daffin down, and daffin down,
 And in beneath, &c.

She fought it in the owfen-staw,
 Sic a braw hissey !
 Na, faith, quo' she, it's quite awa' ;
 Daffin down, and daffin down,
 Na, faith, &c.

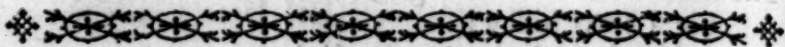
She fought it 'yont the knocking-stane,
 Sic a braw hissey !
 Some day, quo' she, 'twill gang its lane,
 Daffin down, and daffin down,
 Some day, quo' she, &c.

She ca'd the tailor to the court,
 Sic a braw hissey !
 And a' the young men round about,
 Daffin down, and daffin down,
 And a' the young men, &c.

She gar'd the tailor pay a fine,
 Sic a braw hissey !
 Gi'e me my maiden-head again,
 Daffin down, and daffin down,
 Gi'e me my maiden-head, &c.

O what way wad ye hac't again !
 Sic a braw hissey !

Oh! juft the way that it was ta'en,
 Daffin down, and daffin down,
 Oh! juft the way that it was ta'en,
 Daffin down, and dilly.



S O N G CXCI.

THE SURPRIZE.

I Had a horfe, I had nae mair,
 I gat him frae my daddy;
 My purfe was light, and my heart was fair,
 But my wit it was fu' ready.
 And fae I thought upon a wile,
 Outwittens of my daddy,
 To fee myfelf to a lowland laird,
 Who had a bonny lady.

I wrote a letter, and thus began,
 Madam, be not offended,
 I'm o'er the lugs in love wi' you,
 And care nae tho' ye kend it.
 For I get little frae the laird,
 And far lefs frae my daddy,
 And I would blithly be the man
 Would ftrive to pleafe my lady.

She read my letter and ſhe leugh,
 Ye needna been fae blate, man;
 You might ha'e come to me yourfelf,
 And tald me o' your ſtate, man:
 You might ha'e come to me yourfelf,
 Outwittens o' your daddy,
 And made John Goukſton o' the laird,
 And kiſs'd his bonny lady.

Then ſhe pat filler in my purfe,
 We drank wine in a cogie;
 She fee'd a man to rub my horſe,
 And wow but I was vogie:

But I gat ne'er fae fair a fleg
 Since I came frae my daddy,
 The laird came rap rap to the yate,
 When I was wi' his lady.

Then she pat me below a chair,
 And hap'd me wi' a plaidie ;
 But I was like to swarf wi' fear,
 And wish'd me wi' my daddy.
 The laird went out, he saw na me,
 I went when I was ready :
 I promis'd, but I ne'er gae'd back,
 To see his bonny lady.



S O N G CXCH.

THE MARINER'S WIFE.

BUT are you sure the news is true ?
 And are you sure he's weel ?
 Is this a time to think o' wark ?

Ye jades, fling by your wheel.
 There's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a' ;
 There's nae luck about the house,
 When our goodman's awa'.

Is this a time to think of wark
 When Colin's at the door ?
 Rax me my cloak, I'll down the quay,
 And see him come ashore.

Rise up, and make a clean fire-side,
 Put on the muckle pat ;
 Gi'e little Kate her cotton gown,
 And Jock his Sunday's coat.

Mak' their shoon as black as slaes,
 Their stockings white as snaw ;

For there was nae luck about my house,
 And little for my wame,
 There was nae luck about my house
 When Maggy gae'd frae hame.
 There's nae luck, &c.

For first the bairns raise frae their bed,
 And for a piece did ca',
 Then how could I attend my work,
 Who had to answer a' ?
 There's nae luck, &c.

Their hands and faces were to wash,
 And coaties to put on,
 When every dud lay here and there,
 Which vexed honest John.
 There's nae luck, &c.

He made the pottage wanting falt,
 The kail sing'd in the pot,
 The cutties lay under his feet,
 And cogs they seem'd to rot.
 There's nae luck, &c.

The hen and birds went to the fields,
 The glede she whipt up twa,
 The cow, wanting her chaff and straw,
 Stood routing thro' the wa'.
 There's nae luck, &c.

The bairns fought upon the floor,
 And on the fire did fa';
 Which vex'd the heart of honest John,
 When Maggy was awa'.
 There's nae luck, &c.

With bitten fingers and cutted thumbs,
 And screichs which pierc'd the skies,
 Which drove his patience to an end,
 Wish'd death to close their eyes.
 There's nae luck, &c.

Then went to please them with a scone,
And so he burnt it black,
Ran to the well with twa new canns,
But none of them came back.
There's nae luck, &c.

The hens went to their neighbour's house,
And there they laid their eggs,
When simple John reprov'd them for't,
He broke poor chuckies legs.
There's nae luck, &c.

He little thought of Maggy's toil,
As she was by the fire,
But when he got a trial o't,
He soon began to tire.
There's nae luck, &c.

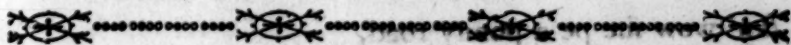
First when he got the task in hand,
He thought all would go right,
But O he little wages had,
On Saturday at night.
There's nae luck, &c.

He had no gain from wheel or reel,
Nor yarn had he to sell,
He wish'd for Maggy hame again,
Being out of money and meal.
There's nae luck, &c.

The de'il gaed o'er Jock Wabster,
His loss he could not tell,
But when he wanted Maggy's help,
He did nae good himsel.
There's nae luck, &c.

Another want I do not name,
All night he got no ease,
But tumbl'd grumbl'd in his bed,
A fighting wi' the flaes.
There's nae luck, &c.

Wishing for Maggy's muckle hips,
 Whereon the flaes might feast,
 And for to be goodwife again,
 He swore it was nae jest. There's nae luck, &c.



S O N G CXCIV.

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

HERSELL pe Highland shentleman,
 Pe auld as Pothwel prig, man;
 An' mony alterations seen
 Amang te Lawland Whig, man.
 Fal lal, &c.

First when her to the Lawlands came,
 Nainfell was driving cows, man:
 There was nae laws about him's nerse,
 about the preeks or trews, man.

Nainfell did wear the philabeg,
 The plaid prick't on her shoulder;
 The guid claymore hung pe her pelt,
 The pistol sharg'd wi' powder.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
 Wherewith her nerse be lockit,
 O hon! that e'er she saw the day!
 For a' her houghs be prokit.

Every t'ing in the Highlands now
 Pe turn't to alteration;
 The soger dwell at our door sheek,
 And tat's te great vexation.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
 An' laws pring on te cadger:
 Nainfell wad durk him for her deeds,
 But oh she fears te soger.

Anither law came after that,
 Me never saw te like, man;
 They mak' a lang road on te crund,
 And ca' him Turnimspike, man.

An' wow she pe a ponny road,
 Like Louden corn riggs, man;
 Where two carts may gang on her,
 An' no preak ithers legs, man.

They sharge a penny for ilka horse,
 In troth she'll no pe sheaper,
 For nought but ga'en upo' the grund,
 And they gi'e me a paper.

They tak' te horse t'en py te head,
 And t'ere they mak' him stand, man:
 I tell'd them that I seen te day
 He had nae sic command, man.

Nae doubts Nainsell maun tra' her purse,
 And pay him what hims like, man:
 I'll see a shugement on his toor,
 T'at filthy Turnimspike, man.

But I'll awa' to te Highland hills,
 Where te'il a ane dare turn her,
 And no come near her Turnimspike,
 Unless it pe to purn her.



S O N G C X C V .

WHILE penfive on the lonely plain,
 Far from the sight of her I love,
 To the clear stream I tell my pain,
 And sigh my passion to the grove.
 Echo, sweet Goddess of the wood,
 From all thy cells resound my care;
 And Forth, along thy silver flood,
 Convey my murmurs to the fair.

Tell her, O tell the charming maid,
 In vain the feather'd warblers sing;
 In vain the trees expand their shade,
 Or blooming Flora paints the spring:
 When absent from her dearer charms,
 Not all these beauties can invite;
 But did she bless her Jamie's arms,
 E'en barren deserts would delight.



S O N G CXCVI.
 THE USQUEBÆ.

DONALD'S a shentleman, an' evermore shall,
 For she's porn i' the Highlands, the pack o' Dunkel,
 But the King and his cadgers ha'e made me her prey,
 An' ta'en paith her pot, and her tear Usquebæ.

Nainfell now has naething of auld Highland hue,
 Put her turk, her claymore, and her ponnet o' blue;
 Her plait and her kilt, ohon! mair wae!
 She's reaved of them, and her tear Usquebæ.

I was not a ribel, tho' I faught for my chief,
 Nor am I a rogue, who was never a thief:
 Nainfell was a foger, and got te King's pay,
 An' yet I'm depriv'd of her tear Usquebæ.

On te morning our Shanet he wad gi'e me a tram,
 Then I'd fight like a Turk, and work like a man:
 If you see te King, tell her its no te right way,
 To tak' frae poor Donald his tear Usquebæ.

When our Shanet was sick, and pearing te pain,
 A trink of good whisky it cherish'd his pain:
 It made him to sing, and the houndie to pray;
 This was the fruits o' her goot Usquebæ.

The whisky's te life o' te Highland be sure,
 Now te King's ain tear fogers may die in te muir:
 When her feets will be fair, in a caul winter day,
 She'll miss Donald's kebbucks an' goot Usquebæ.

My curse on te cadger t'at e'er he was born;
 Poor Highlandman now maun pe Lallandman's scorn:
 Nainfell tho' pe hopes to see petter day,
 And te te'il get the cadger, and her Usquebæ.



S O N G CXC VII.

W A Y W A R D W I F E.

A LAS! my son, you little know
 The sorrows that from wedlock flow,
 Farewel to every day of ease,
 When you have got a wife to please.
 Sae bide you yet, and bide you yet,
 Ye little ken what's to betide you yet;
 The half of that will gain ye yet,
 If a wayward wife obtain ye yet.

You're experience is but small,
 As yet you've met with little thrall:
 The black cow on your feet ne'er trod,
 Which gars you sing along the road.
 Sae bide you yet, &c.

Sometimes the rock, sometimes the reel,
 Or some piece of the spinning wheel,
 She will drive at you with good will,
 And then she'll send you to the de'il.
 Sae bide you yet, &c.

When I, like you was young and free,
 I valu'd not the proudest she;
 Like you I vainly boasted then,
 That men alone were born to reign.
 But bide you yet, &c.

Great Hercules and Sampson too,
Were stronger men than I or you,
Yet they were baffled by their dears,
And felt the distaff and the sheers.

Sae bide ye yet, &c.

Stout gates of brass, and well-built walls,
Are proof 'gainst swords and cannon-balls,
But nought is found by sea or land,
That can a wayward wife withstand.

Sae bide you yet, and bide you yet,
Ye little ken what's to betide you yet;
The half of that will gain ye yet,
If a wayward wife obtain ye yet.



S O N G CXCVIII.

B I D E Y E Y E T.

GIN I had a wee house, and a canty wee fire,
A bonny wee wifie to praise and admire,
A bonny wee yardie aside a wee burn,
Farewel to the bodies that yammer and mourn.

And bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye little ken what may betide ye yet;
Some bonny wee body may be my lot,
And I'll ay be canty wi' thinking o't.

When I gang afield, and come hame at e'en,
I'll get my wee wife fou neat and fou clean,
And a bonny wee bairnie upon her knee,
That will cry papa or daddy to me.

And bide ye yet, &c.

And if there should happen ever to be
A diff'rence a'tween my wee wifie and me,
In hearty good humour, altho' she be teaz'd,
I'll kifs her, and clap her, until she be pleas'd.

And bide ye yet, &c.

S O N G CXIX.

THE WEDDING DAY.

ONE night, as poor Colin lay musing on bed,
 With a heart full of love, and a vaporous head,
 To wing the dull hours, and his sorrows allay,
 How sweetly he sung of his wedding day.

O what would I give for a wedding day!

O what would I give for a wedding day!

Wealth and ambition I'd lose you away,

With all you can boast for a wedding day.

Should the Heavens bid me ask, and with freedom im-
 plore,

One bliss for the anguish I suffer'd before,

For Jeffy, dear Jeffy, alone would I pray,

And grasp my whole wish on my wedding day.

Blest be the approach of my wedding day!

I'll hail my dear nymph on my wedding day;

Earth smiles more charming, and heaven more gay,

And happiness dawns on my wedding day.

But Luna, who equally sov'reign presides,

O'er hearts of the ladies, and flow of the tides,

Unhappily changes—has changed her mind!

O Fate! cou'd a wife prove e'er constant or kind?

Why was I born to a wedding day.

Curst, ever curst be my wedding day.

Colin, poor Colin, has changed his lay,

And dates all his plagues from his wedding day.

Batchelors, be warn'd by the shepherd's distress,

Be taught by your freedom to measure your bliss;

Nor fall to the witchcraft of beauty a prey,

And blast all your hopes on a wedding day.

Horns is the gift of a wedding day!

Want and a scold crowns a wedding day!

Happy's the gallant has a wife while he may,

And prefers a stiff rope to a wedding day.

S O N G C C.

THE BONNY LAD.

I'LL sing of my lover all night and all day,
He's ever good-natur'd, and frolic, and gay;
His voice is as sweet as the nightingale's lay,
And well on his bagpipe my shepherd can play.
And a bonny young lad is my Jocky,
And a bonny young lad is my Jocky.

He says that he loves me, I'm witty and fair,
And praises my eyes, my lips, and my hair;
Rose, violet, nor lily, with me can't compare:
If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty, I swear.
And a bonny, &c.

He kneels at my feet, and with many a sigh,
He cry'd, O my dear, will you never comply;
If you mean to destroy me, why do it, I'll die,
I trembled all over, and answer'd, Not I.
And a bonny, &c.

Around the tall May pole he dances so neat,
And sonnets of love the dear boy can repeat:
He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise, and discreet,
His looks are so kind, and his kisses so sweet.
And a bonny, &c.

At eve', when the sun sinks repos'd in the west,
And May's tuneful chorists all skim to their nest,
When I meet on the green the man I love best,
My heart is just ready to burst in my breast.
And a bonny, &c.

But see how the meadows are moisten'd with dew,
Then come, my dear shepherd, I wait but for you;
Let us live for each other, both constant and true,
And taste the sweet raptures no monarch e'er knew.
And a bonny young lad is my Jocky,
And a bonny young lad is my Jocky.

S O N G CCI.

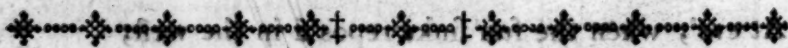
THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

I'LL sing of my Jenny all day and all night,
 She's always good natur'd, and full of delight;
 Her looks are so pleasant, her eyes are so bright,
 That I always am happy when she's in my sight.
 And a beautiful girl is my Jenny, &c.

To me Jenny's love is oft-times express'd,
 Of all her young gallants she loves me the best;
 Her lips I have kiss'd, and her bosom I've press'd,
 She's sweeter than roses in June, I protest.
 And a beautiful girl, &c.

Of all the gay lasses that dance on the green,
 'Tis Jenny excels with an air and a mien;
 She sings like a syren, she looks like a queen,
 She's the sweetest young beauty my eyes e'er have seen,
 And a beautiful girl, &c.

Come hither, sweet Jenny, no longer delay,
 Join hands with your Jocky, to church let's away;
 Don't trust till to morrow, be happy to day,
 And gladly the summons of Cupid obey,
 Then love shall bless Jenny and Jocky,
 Then love shall bless Jenny and Jocky.



S O N G CCII.

GALLA - WATER.

BRAW, braw lads of Galla-water,
 O braw lads of Galla-water,
 I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
 And follow my love thro' the water.
 Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
 Sae bonny blue her een', my deary,

Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
I aften kifs her till I'm weary.

O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon moss among the hether,
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.

Down among the broom, the broom,
Down among the broom, my deary;
The lassie lost her silken snood,
That gar'd her greet till she was weary.

S O N G CCIII.

Sung in the Mask of Alfred.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung the strain;
Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves;
For Britons never will be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must in their turn to tyrants fall;
Whilst thou shalt flourish; shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke,
As the loud blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
All their attempts to bend thee down;
Will but arouse, but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.
Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
 All thine shall be, shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles thine.
 Rule Britannia, &c.

The muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair:
 Blest isle! with beauties, with matchless beauties crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the Fair.
 Rule Britannia, &c.



S O N G CCIV.

RALPH OF THE MILL.

A Pastoral Ballad. By Mr Hawkins.

AS Hebe was tending her sheep t'other day,
 Where the warblers whistle and sing,
 A rural young swain came tripping that way,
 As brisk and as blithe as a king.
 The youth was a stranger to trouble and care,
 Contentment e'er guided his will;
 Yet ever regarded the smiles of the fair,
 Tho' always bred up in a mill.

Love stole in his breast at the sight of the maid,
 For he could not her charms but adore,
 "And if thou art cruel, dear Hebe," he said,
 "I surely shall love you the more."
 Such tenderness melted her into surprise
 (For Hebe was never unkind),
 And all of a sudden love glow'd in her eyes,
 Which spoke the dictates of her mind.

They sat themselves down at the foot of a hill,
 And chatted together so free,
 Till Ralph, the young swain, made signs to the mill,
 Whilst clasping the nymph on his knee;

And this in a transport the miller replied,
 "Thy charms, dearest girl, are divine;"
 Then press'd her sweet lips, and with rapture he cry'd,
 "O Hebe! consent to be mine!"

She listen'd attentive to all his request,
 And freely comply'd to his will;
 And now, to her solace, she's married and blest
 With honest young Ralph of the mill.
 Peace follows their footsteps wherever they go,
 In bliss all their hours they are spent:
 But, leaders of fashion, I'd have you to know
 Their "happiness flows from content."



S O N G CCV.

THE FLOWER OF YARROW.

IN ancient times, as songs rehearse,
 One charming nymph employ'd each verse,
 She reign'd alone, without a marrow,
 Mary Scott the flower of Yarrow.

Our fathers, with such beauty fir'd,
 This matchless fair in crouds admir'd;
 Tho' matchless then, yet here's her marrow,
 Mary Scott's the flower of Yarrow.

Whose beauty, unadorn'd by art,
 With virtue join'd, attracts each heart;
 Her negligence itself would charm you,
 She scarcely knows her pow'r to warm you.

For ever cease Italian noise;
 Let every string and every voice,
 Sing Mary Scott, without a marrow,
 Mary Scott the flower of Yarrow.

S O N G CCVI.

A PASTORAL SONG.

SOPHIA is bright as the morn,
And sweet as the fragrance of May,
When flow'rets the meadows adorn,
And nature is ev'ry where gay.

But not the delightful perfume,
Exhal'd from the breath of the fair,
Nor her beautiful cheeks' rosy bloom,
With the charms of her mind can compare.

Whene'er she appears on the plain,
Enraptur'd we gaze and admire ;
New transports enliven each swain,
And fill ev'ry heart with desire.

When she gracefully swims in the dance,
O beware ! ye fond youths ! or ye die !
How melting ! how keen is the glance
Of her modest, her heavenly eye !

The songsters that range thro' the trees,
Harmoniously sing as they rove ;
Her voice is more tuneful than these,
And excels the sweet notes of the grove.

Ye swains do not envy my bliss,
Nor repine at my thrice happy lot ;
Our contract is seal'd with a kiss,
Sophia will dwell in my cot.

PHILO.



S O N G CCVII.

TIS wine that clears the understanding,
Makes men learned without books ;

It fits the gen'ral for commanding,
And gives soldiers fiercer looks.

'Tis wine that gives a life to lovers,
Heightens beauties of the fair;
Truth from falsehood it discovers,
Quickens joys, and conquers care.

Wine will set our souls on fire,
Fit us for all glorious things,
When rais'd by Bacchus we aspire
At flights above the reach of Kings.

Bring in *bona magnams* plenty,
Be each glass a bumper crown'd;
None to flinch till they be empty,
And full fifty toasts gone round.



S O N G CCVIII.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY. *A New Song.*

HOW pleasing glides our morn of youth,
E'er beauty strikes the breast;
A parent's tender hush can sooth
The flutt'ring soul to rest:
But love's sweet passion, riper grown,
Exerts a tyrant part;
And painful blifs, before unknown,
Surrounds the guardless heart.

The vermil lip, love darting eye,
Fair cheek of rosy hue;
The virgin breast, by gentle sigh,
That parting swells to view,
May bid the heart with rapture glow,
To love attune the mind,
But ah! sad change! what sorrows flow,
If Stella proves unkind!

Then to the unfrequented grove,
 Or by the languid stream,
 The pensive swain will sighing rove,
 And breathe his plaintive theme :
 The tender notes along the vale
 In gentle murmurs die,
 And Echo, from her secret cell,
 Returns him sigh for sigh.



S O N G CCIX.

A FAVOURITE RONDEAU.

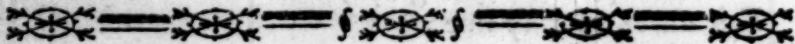
Sung by Mrs Weichsell at Vauxhall.

The words by Mr Hawkins, Set to Music by Mr Hook.

WAFT, O Cupid ! to Leander,
 Sighs that rend my tender breast ;
 Whilst I stray in groves meander,
 Bid him fly to make me blest.

Purling rills be gently flowing,
 Op'ning glades your sweets distil :
 Soothe a heart's incessant glowing,
 With content my fancy fill.

Haste, ah ! haste my lover to me !
 Fear not now my cold disdain ;
 While, sweet shepherd, you pursue me,
 To keep my heart I strive in vain.



S O N G CCX.

IN wine there is all in life you can name,
 It strengthens our friendship, and love aids the same ;
 Since life, my dear boy, is at most but a span,
 Let's live all our days, and let this be the plan :

C H O R U S.

To drink, my brave boys,
And drive away sorrow;
If the cash but hold out,
We'll ne'er ask to borrow.

If the cash, &c.
Tho' poor rogues to-day,
We'll be rich rogues to-morrow.

May we live in a village, not far from a town,
With a bed for a friend whene'er he comes down;
With a pack of good hounds in the morn when we wake
To mount the brisk courser, and take the next brake.
Then drink, &c.

May our victuals be good, not nice of their fort,
And our cellars well stor'd with old claret and port;
With a few bumper glasses to toast to old glories,
As our fathers and grandfathers have oft done before us.
Then drink, &c.

With an honest buck chaplain to grace the round table,
Who will drink what he can, and no longer than able;
Who will drink till his face, like the claret, is red,
Or, like old Arch the parson, God rest him, he's dead.
Then drink, &c.

Every lad have his lass, that constant will prove,
Quite true to his bed, and sincere in her love:
For marriage I hate, and despise common whores,
Coquettes I detest, but I like your amours.
Then drink, &c.

And as we have liv'd let's close the last scene,
Quite free from all hardships, and free from all pain;
That the old ones may wonder, the young ones may
stare,
And amazedly cry, O what friendship was there!
Then drink, &c.

S O N G CCXI.

The SHEPHERD and SHEPHERDESS. *A Cantata.*

Shepherd.

RECITATIVE.

THE morning's freshness calls me forth,
To view creation crown the earth.

AIR.

Come, my Lucy, come away,
Share with me this sun-shine day,
Sweets of May make nature gay,
Come, my Lucy, come away.

Shepherdes.

RECITATIVE.

Ah! help me, shepherd, do but see,
I'm stung this moment by a bee.

Shepherd.

AIR.

If you from a wound that's so small feel a pain,
Then think what you give to a true loving swain,
When scornful you fly from his pray'rs:
A bee's single sting but a little while smarts,
But wounds for years fester in fond shepherds' hearts,
When lasses will give themselves airs.

Shepherdes.

Ah! shepherd, ah! shepherd, mankind, like the bee,
Fly buzzing about ev'ry beauty they see,
And when the believing fool'd maid,
O'ercome by their arts, feels the force of love's sting,
At once like the bee, the shepherd takes wing,
And laughing he leaves her betray'd.

Shepherd.

RECITATIVE.

Then fix me at once for the rest of my life,
And from shepherd and lass, let us be man and wife.

Shepherdes.

AIR.

Maids well should beware ere to that they consent,
Those in haste to be marry'd, at leisure repent;

We should look ere we leap, 'tis a lottery for life,
Where the blanks are all drawn by a man and his wife.

Shepherd.

Those who wed for mere wealth such misfortunes may prove,
But we buy wedlock's tickets with true love for love,
And since friendship's the prize in the lott'ry for life,
We shall stand the best chance when we're made man and wife.

Shepherdes.

Shall I liberty leave, and submit to be rul'd;
To my children a slave, by my husband be fool'd;
The day spent in trouble, the night waste in strife!
This is often the change from a maid to a wife,

Shepherd.

We a wife take, 'tis said, e'er for better or worse;
Marriage, therefore, is either a blessing or curse;
Let us shew, by example, the blessings of life
Can only be found in a man and his wife.

Shepherdes.

But see the sun setting the clouds skirt with gold,
And the lambs nibbling rising, repair to their fold;
Let us homeward repair——

BOTH.

———And end us the strife;
And to-morrow, my dear, we'll be made man and wife.



S O N G. CCXII.

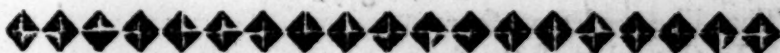
THE SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

ALEXIS shun'd his fellow swains,
Their rural sports and jocund strains;
Heaven shield us all from Cupid's bow!
He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
And wand'ring thro' the lonely rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.

And while they warble on each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay;
 Let us, Amanda, timely wife,
 Like them, improve the hour that flies,
 And in soft raptures waste the day
 Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear;
 At this thy lively bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade:
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters please no more;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu! the birks of Invermay.

Behold, the hills and vales around
 With lowing herds and flocks abound;
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs
 Gambol and dance about their dams;
 The busy bee with humming noise,
 And all the reptile kind rejoice:
 Let us, like them, then sing and play
 About the birks of Invermay.



S O N G CCXIV.

H O P E. *A Pastoral. Set by Mr Arne.*

MY banks they are furnish'd with bees,
 Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
 My grottos are shaded with trees,
 And my hills are white over with sheep:
 I seldom have met with a loss,
 Such health do my fountains bestow;
 My fountains all border'd with moss,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow,
 Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

I have found out a gift for my fair,
 I have found where the wood pigeons breed;
 But let me that plunder forbear;
 She'll say 'twas a barbarous deed;
 For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,
 Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
 I lov'd her the more when I heard
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue,
 Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

But where does my Phillida stray?
 And where are her grots and her bow'rs?
 Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
 And the shepherds as gentle as ours?
 The groves may perhaps be as fair,
 And the face of the valleys as fine;
 The swains may in manners compare,
 But their love is not equal to mine,
 But their love is not equal to mine.



S O N G CCXV.

WINE, wine in the morning,
 Makes us frolic and gay,
 That like eagles we soar
 In the pride of the day;
 Gouty fots of the night
 Only find a decay.

'Tis the sun ripens the grape,
 And to drinking gives light;
 So we imitate him
 When by noon we're at height;
 They steal wine who take it
 When he's out of sight.

Boy, fill all the glasses,
 Fill them up now he shines;
 The higher he rises
 The more he refines,

For wine and wit fall
As their maker declines.



S O N G CCXVI.

THE EWI EWI' THE CROOKED HORN.

O Were I able to rehearse
My ewie's praise in proper verse,
I'd found it out as loud and fierce
As ever piper's drone cou'd blaw.
The ewie wi' the crooked horn,
Well deserv'd baith garfe and corn,
Sic a ewie ne'er was born,
Hereabout or far awa'.

I neither needed tar nor keel
To mark her upo' hip or heel,
Her crooked horn it did as weel,
To ken her by amo' them a'.
The ewie, &c.

She never threaten'd scab nor rot,
But keeped ay her ain jog trot,
Baith to the fauld and to the cot,
Was never sweer to lead or ca'.
The ewie, &c.

Nae cauld nor hunger e'er her dang,
Nor win' nor rain cou'd e'er her wrang,
For anes she lay a hale week lang
Aneath a dreary wreath of snaw.
The ewie, &c.

When other ewes they lap the dyke,
And ate the kail for a' the tyke,
My ewie never play'd the like,
But tees'd about the barn-yard wa'.
The ewie, &c.

A better nor a thriftier beast
Nae honest man cou'd weel ha' wist,
For, bonny thing, she never mist
To hae ilk year a lamb or twa'.
The ewie, &c.

The first she had I ga'e to Jock,
To be to him a kind o' stock,
And now the laddie has a flock
Of mair nor thirty head to ca'.
The ewie, &c.

The neist I ga'e to Jean, and now,
The bairn's fae bra', her fauld fae fu',
That lads fae thick come here to woove,
They're fain to sleep on hay or straw.
The ewie, &c.

I looked ay at e'en for her,
For fear the fumart might devour her,
Or some mishanter had come o'er her
If the beastie bade awa'.
The ewie, &c.

Yet Monday last, for a' my keeping,
I canna speak it without greeting,
A villain came when I was sleeping
And staw my ewie, horn and a'.
The ewie, &c.

I sought her fair upon the morn,
And down beneath a bus of thorn
I got my ewie's crooked horn,
But, ah! my ewie was awa'.
The ewie, &c.

But an' I had the lown that did it,
I've sworn and bann'd, as well as said it,
Tho' a' the world shou'd forbid it,
I shou'd gi'e his neck a thraw.
The ewie, &c.

I never met wi' sic a turn
 As this, since ever I was born,
 My ewie wi' the crooked horn,
 Peur filly ewie, stown awa'.
 The ewie, &c.

O had she died of crook or cauld,
 As ewies die when they grow auld,
 It wadnae been, by mony fauld,
 Sae fair a heart to ane o's a'.
 The ewie, &c.

For a' the claith that we ha'e worn,
 Frae her and hers sae aften shorn,
 The los of her we cou'd ha'e born
 Had fair strae death ta'en her awa'.
 The ewie, &c.

But this poor thing to lose her life
 Aneath a greedy villain's knife,
 I'm really fear'd that our goodwife
 Will never win aboon't ava'.
 The ewie, &c.

O all ye bards aneath Kinghorn,
 Call up your muses, let them mourn,
 Our ewie wi' the crooked horn
 Is stown frae us, and fell'd and a'.
 The ewie, &c.



S O N G CCXVII.

WHAT'S THAT TO YOU

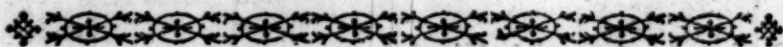
MY Jeany and I have toil'd
 The live long summer's day,
 Till we were almost spoil'd
 At making of the hay.

R

Her kerchy was of Holland clear,
 Ty'd on her bonny brow,
 I whisper'd something in her ear,
 But what is that to you.

Her stockings were of kerfy green,
 As tight as ony silk,
 O sic a leg was never seen,
 Her skin was white as milk;
 Her hair was black as ane cou'd wish,
 And sweet sweet was her mou',
 Oh Jeany daintily can kifs,
 But what is that to you?

The rose and lily baith combine
 To make my Jeany fair,
 There is nae bennison like mine,
 I have amais't nae care;
 But when another swain, my dear,
 Shall say you're fair to view,
 Let Jeany whisper in his ear,
 Pray, what is that to you?



S O N G CCXVIII.

WARS ALARMS ENTIC'D MY WILLY.

WHEN wars alarms entic'd my Willy from me,
 My poor heart with grief did sigh,
 Each soft remembrance brought fresh sorrow on me,
 I 'woke ere yet the morn was nigh.
 No other could delight him,
 Ah! why did I e'er slight him?
 Coldly answering his fond tale,
 Which drove him far
 Amid the rage of war,
 And left silly me thus to bewail.

But I no longer, tho' a maid forsaken,
 Thus will mourn like yonder dove,

For, 'ere the lark to-morrow shall awaken,
 I will seek my absent love;
 The hostile country over
 I'll fly to seek my lover,
 Scorning ev'ry threat'ning fear;
 No distant shore,
 Nor cannon's roar,
 Shall longer keep me from my dear.



S O N G CCXIX.

JOHNNY AND MARY.

Sung by Miss Catley.

DOWN the burn and thro' the mead,
 His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,
 Johnny lilting tun'd his reed,

And Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.
 Dear she lo'ed the well known song,

While her Johnny, blithe and bonny,
 Sung her praise the whole day long.

Down the burn and thro' the mead,
 His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow,

Johnny lilting tun'd his reed,

And Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.

Costly claiths she had but few;

Of rings and jewels nae great store,

Her face was fair, her love was true,

And Johnny wisely wish'd nae mair:

Love's the pearl the shepherds prize,

O'er the mountain, near the fountain,

Love delights the shepherds eyes.

Down the burn, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,

And Johnny cou'd nae these impart;

Youthfu' Mary's greatest wealth
 Was still her faithfu' Johnny's heart ;
 Sweet the joys the lovers find,
 Great the treasure, sweet the pleasure,
 Where the heart is always kind,
 Down the burn, &c.



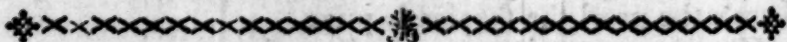
S O N G CCXX.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

THE sun just glancing thro' the trees
 Gave light and joy to ilka grove,
 And pleasure in each southern breeze
 Awaken'd hope and slumbring love ;
 When Jeany sung with hearty glee,
 To charm her winsome marrow,
 My bonny laddie gang wi' me,
 We'll o'er the braes of Yarrow.

Young Sandy was the blytheft swain
 That ever pip'd on broomy brae ;
 No las cou'd ken him free frae pain,
 So graceful, kind, so fair and gay.
 And Jeany sung, &c.

He kifs'd and lov'd the bonny maid,
 Her sparkling e'en had won his heart,
 No las the youth had e'er betray'd,
 No fears had she, the lad no art.
 And still she sung, &c.



S O N G CCXXI.

A FAVOURITE SONG. *Sung at Ranelagh.*

MY Colin leaves fair London town,
 Its pomp and pride and noise,

With eager haste he hies him down
To taste of rural joys.
Soon as my blithesome swain's in sight,
My heart is mad with glee,
I never know such true delight
As when he comes to me.

How sweet with him all day to rove,
And range the meadows wide ;
Nor yet less sweet the moon light grove,
All by the river's side :
The gaudy seasons pass away,
How swift when Colin's by !
How quickly glides the flow'ry May !
How fast the summers fly !

When Colin comes to grace the plains
An humble crook he bears,
He tends the flock like other swains,
A shepherd quite appears.
All in the verdant month of May,
A rustic rake his pride,
He helps to make the new-mown hay
With Maggy by his side.

'Gainst yellow autumn's milder reign
His fickle he prepares,
He reaps the harvest on the plain,
All pleas'd with rural cares :
With jocund dance the night is crown'd,
When all the toil is o'er,
With him I trip it on the ground,
With bonny swains a score.

When winter's gloomy months prevail,
If Colin is but here,
His jovial laugh and merry tale
For me are muckle cheer.
The folks who chuse in towns to dwell
Are from my envy free,

For Maggy loves the plains too well,
And Colin's all to me.



S O N G CCXXII.

THE PARTING KISS.

ONE kind kifs before we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu,
Tho' we severe, my fond heart,
Till we meet, shall pant for you.

Yet, yet weep not so my love,
Let me kifs that falling tear,
Tho' my body must remove,
All my soul shall still be here.

All my soul and all my heart,
Ev'ry wish shall pant for you,
One kind kifs, then, e'er we part,
Drop a tear and bid adieu.



S O N G CCXXIII.

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE.

OUR cares are all vanish'd, our fears are all o'er,
The Devil and Faustus shall plague us no more,
Thus freed from his magic, our pastimes renew,
And ever, as now, give the Devil his due.

Our labours shall prosper and add to our stores,
Since Faustus is gone to pay off his old scores;
Who deals with the Devil such dealings must rue,
And (Doctor or Duke) give the Devil his due.

Now Ralph and his dame ev'ry vow shall fulfil,
His mill shall go round, and her clack shall lie still,

Each lass to her lad shall be loving and true,
Remembering still—give the Devil his due.

The heart once corrupted can know no delight,
For goodness and chearfulness ever unite;
Whilst mischief, once rooted, will mischief pursue,
And must in the end—give the Devil his due.



S O N G CCXXIV.

LASS GIN YE LO'E ME TELL ME NOW.

I Ha'e laid a herring in sa't,
Lass gin ye lo'e me, tell me now,
I ha'e brew'd a forpet o' ma't,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a ca'f will soon be a cow,
Lass gin ye lo'e me, tell me now,
I ha'e a pig will soon be a fow,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I've a house on yonder muir,
Lass gin ye lo'e me, tell me now,
Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,
And I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a butt, and I ha'e a ben,
Lass gin ye lo'e me, tell me now,
I ha'e three chickens and a fat hen,
An' I canna come ony mair to woo.

I've a hen wi' a happity leg,
Lass gin ye lo'e me, tak' me now,
Which ilka day lays me an egg,
And I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a kebbuck upon my shelf,
Lass gin ye lo'e me, tak' me now,
I downa eat it a' myself,
And I winna come ony mair to woo.

S O N G CCXXV.

ANSWER TO THE FOREGOING SONG.

WHAT care I for your herring in fa't,
 Laddie, I like to tell what's true;
 I carena a fig for your forget o' ma't,
 Sae ye needna come here that way to woo.
 As little care I for your house i' the muir,
 E'en that, my lad, winna bribe me now;
 Tho' fifty fouk cou'd dance i' the floor,
 Foul fa' me gin that wad bring me to.

Sae brag nae mair o' your butts and your bens,
 Laddie, that's no the gate to woo;
 Tho' ye had a hundred cocks and hens,
 They never wad gar me tak' ye now:
 As for your hen wi' the happity leg,
 Laddie, ye're surely daft or fu'!
 D'ye think that I can dine on ae egg?
 'Deed, friend, ye're makin' game o' me now.

Ye say, ye've a pig that will soon be a sow,
 Laddie, I like the truth to tell,
 When ye brag o' your ca'f that will soon be a cow,
 I'm fley'd that ye're but a ca'f yourfell:
 An' as for your kebbuck up i' the shelf,
 Lad, gin I thought you in earnest now,
 I wou'd tak' you to be but a greedy guts'd elf,
 That wou'd come wi' sic offers a lafs to woo.

But, lad, gin ye want my heart to move,
 Hark, and I'll learn you how to do;
 Ye maun tauk o' naething but love for love,
 For that's the gate a young lafs to woo:
 For gin I cou'd think ye liket me weel,
 Laddie, I tell you truly now,
 I wou'd leave my daddy an' minny, atweel,
 An' blythly, this night, gang aff wi' you.

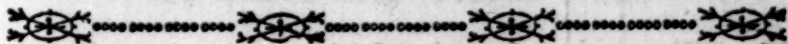
S O N G CCXXVI.

T A L L Y H O.

YE sportsmen draw near, and ye sportswomen too,
 Who delight in the joys of the field,
 Mankind, tho' they blame, are all eager as you,
 And no one the contest will yield;
 His Lordship, his Worship, his Honour, his Grace,
 A hunting continually go,
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
 With hark forward, huzza, tallyho.

The lawyer will rise with the first of the morn
 To hunt for a mortgage or deed;
 The huntsmen gets up at the sound of the horn,
 And rides to the commons full speed.
 The patriot is thrown in pursuit of his game,
 The poet too often lies low,
 Who, mounted on Pegasus, flies after fame,
 With hark forward, huzza, tallyho.

While fearless o'er hills and o'er woodlands we sweep,
 Tho' prudes on our pastime may frown,
 How oft do they decency's bounds overleap,
 And the fences of virtue break down.
 Thus public, or private, for pension, for place,
 For amusement, for passion, for show,
 All ranks and degrees are engag'd in the chace,
 With hark forward, huzza, tallyho.



S O N G CCXXVII.

COME GENTLE GOD OF SOFT REPOSE.

COME gentle God of soft repose
 And lull my tortur'd soul to rest,
 In thy embraces me inclose,
 And let me once again be blest.

Come gentle slumbers, yet be kind,
 Nor let me ever sigh in vain,
 Relieve my care, and ease my mind,
 Restore my health, and banish pain.

For thee each night in vain I sigh,
 And daily I thy loss deplore,
 Thy friendly aid no more deny,
 Nor let me mourn thy absence more.

S O N G CCXXVIII.

LOTHARIO. *By Mr. Arne.*

VAINLY now ye strive to charm me,
 All ye sweets of blooming May,
 How should empty sunshine warm me
 While Lothario keeps away.

Go, ye warbling birds, go leave me,
 Shade, ye clouds, the smiling sky,
 Sweeter notes her voice can give me,
 Softer sunshine fills her eye.

S O N G CCXXIX.

ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

LET an empty flattering spirit
 Easy foolish hearts beguile,
 Know, judicious fair, that merit
 Only can deserve your smile.

Scorn the wretch, whatever his station,
 Who, with wealth or titles bold,
 Dead to each soft inclination,
 Hopes to win your heart with gold.

With the youth each worth possessing,
 Deign the nuptial joys to prove,
 Ne'er despise so great a blessing,
 But repay him love for love.



S O N G CCXXX.

HOW IMPERFECT IS EXPRESSION.

HOW imperfect is expression
 Some emotions to impart,
 When we mean a soft confession,
 And yet seek to hide the heart.

When our bosoms, all complying,
 With delicious tumults swell,
 And beat—what broken, fault'ring, dying,
 Language wou'd, but cannot tell.

Deep confusion's rosy terror
 Quite expressive paints my cheek;
 Ask no more, behold your error,
 Blushes eloquently speak:

What tho' silent is my anguish!
 Or breath'd only to the air;
 Mark my eyes, and as they languish,
 Read what yours have written there.

O that you could once conceive me,
 Once my soul's strong feelings view;
 Love has nought more fond, believe me,
 Friendship nothing half so true.

From you, I am wild, despairing,
 With you speechless as I touch,
 This is all that bears declaring,
 And perhaps declares too much.

S O N G CCXXXI.

HOW sweet is the woodland with fleet hound and
horn,
To waken shrill echo and taste the fresh morn;
But hard is the chace my fond heart must pursue,
For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view.

Assist me, chaste Diana, the nymph to regain,
More wild than the roebuck, and wing'd with disdain,
In pity o'ertake her who wounds as she flies,
Tho' Daphne's pursu'd, 'tis Myrilla that dies.



S O N G CCXXXII.

T H E R O S E.

NO flow'r that blows is like this rose,
Or scatters such perfume,
Upon my breast, oh! gently rest,
And ever, ever bloom.

Dear pledge to prove a parent's love,
A pleasing gift thou art,
Come sweetest flow'r, and, from this hour,
Live henceforth in my heart.



S O N G CCXXXIII.

T H E B A N K S O F T H E T W E E D.

RECITATIVE.

AS on the banks of Tweed I lay reclin'd
Beneath a verdant shade,
I heard a sound more sweet than pipe or flute,
Sure more enchanting was not Orpheus' lute

While list'ning and amaz'd, I turn'd my eyes,
 The more I heard the greater my surprise,
 I rose and follow'd, guided by my ear,
 And in a thick set grove I saw my dear;
 Unseen, unheard, she thought, thus sung the maid:

AIR.

To the soft murm'ring stream I will sing of my love,
 Delighted am I when abroad I can rove,
 To indulge a fond passion for Jockey my dear,
 When he's absent I sigh, but how blithe when he's near,
 'Tis these rural amusements delight my sad heart,
 Come away to my arms love and never depart,
 To his pipe I could sing, for he's bonny and gay,
 Did he know how I lov'd him no longer he'd stay.

Neither linnet nor nightingale sing half so sweet,
 And the soft melting strain did kind echo repeat,
 It so ravish'd my heart and delighted my ear,
 Swift as light'ning I flew to the arms of my dear;
 She, surpris'd and detected, some moments did stand,
 Like the rose was her cheek, and the lily her hand,
 Which she plac'd on her breast, and said, Jocky, I fear
 I have been too imprudent, pray, how came you here?

For to visit my ewes, and to see my lambs play,
 By the banks of the Tweed, and the groves, I did stray,
 But my Jeany, dear Jeany, how oft have I sigh'd,
 And have vow'd endless love if you would be my bride,
 To the altar of Hymen, my fair one, repair,
 Where the knot of affection shall tie the fond pair;
 To the pipe's sprightly notes the gay dance we will lead
 And will bless the dear grove by the banks of the Tweed.



S O N G CCXXXIV.

WHEN first by fond Damon Flavilla was seen,
 He slightly regarded her air and her mien,

S

The charms of her mind he alone did commend,
 Not warm'd as a lover, but cool as a friend;
 From friendship, not passion, his raptures did move,
 And the swain bragg'd his heart was a stranger to love.

New charms he discover'd, as more he was known,
 Her face grew a wonder, her taste was his own;
 Her manners were gentle, her sense was refin'd,
 And oh! what dear virtues beam'd forth in her mind;
 Yet still for the sanction of friendship he strove,
 Till a sigh gave the omen, and shew'd it was love.

Now proud to be conquer'd, he fights for the fair,
 Grows dull to all pleasure but being with her,
 He's mute, while his heart-strings are ready to break,
 For the fear of offending forbids him to speak,
 And wanders a willing example to prove,
 That friendship with women is sister to love.

A lover thus conquer'd can ne'er give offence,
 Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense;
 His passion, nor wrinkles, nor age can allay,
 Since founded on that which can never decay;
 And time, that will beauty's short empire remove,
 Increasing her reason, increases his love.



S O N G CCXXXV.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

Tune,—*Shepherds I have lost my love.*

HERE each morn and ev'ry eve,
 In dewy ray returning,
 Shall share the sorrows that I breathe,
 Shall witness to my mourning.

Echo catch the plaintive lay,
 To her heart discover,

How for her forlorn I stray,
How well, how true I love her.

If forbidden to renew
The vows which once we plighted,
My Lydia's fate I will pursue,
In death, at least, united.

The latest breath that warms this clay,
At parting shall discover
How I sigh my soul away,
How dear, how well I love her.



S O N G CCXXXVI.

THE SURPRIZE. *By a Scots Gentleman.*

THE tither morn,
When I forlorn,
Aneath an aik sat moaning,
I did na trow
I'd see my jo
Beside me 'gain the glowming;
Bet he, fu' trig,
Lap o'er the rig,
And dawtingly did chear me,
When I, whatreck,
Did least expect
To see my laddie near me.

His bonnet he
A thought ajee
Cock'd spruik when first he clasp'd me,
And I, I wat,
Wi' fainness grat
While in his grips he press'd me.
De'il tak' the war
I late and air
Ha'e wish'd since Jock departed,

But now as glad
I'm wi' my lad
As shortsyne broken hearted.

Fu' aft at e'en,
Wi' dancing keen,
When a' were blithe and merry,
I car'dna by,
Sae sad was I,
In absence o' my deary;
But praise be blest,
My mind's at rest,
I'm happy wi' my Johnny,
At kirk and fair,
I'll ay be there,
And be as canty's ony.



S O N G CCXXXVII.

HARK THE JOY INSPIRING HORN.

Sung by Miss Catley.

HARK, hark the joy inspiring horn
Salutes the rosy rising morn,
And echoes thro' the dale;
With clam'rous peals the hills resound,
The hounds quick scented scour the ground,
And snuff the fragrant gale.

Nor gates nor hedges can impede
The brisk, high-mettled, starting steed,
The jovial pack pursue;
Like light'ning darting o'er the plains,
The distant hills with speed he gains,
And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
And to the copse for shelter makes,
There pants a while for breath;

When now the noise alarms her ear,
Her haunt's descry'd, her fate is near,
She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well known breeze,
The hounds their trembling victim seize,
She faints, she falls, she dies;
The distant coursers now come in,
And join the loud triumphant din,
Till echoes rend the skies.



S O N G CCXXXVIII.

WITH a chearful old friend, and a merry old song,
And a tankard of porter, I could sit the night
long,
And laugh at the follies of those that repine,
Tho' I must drink porter, while they can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, be he ever so great,
Nor scorn I the wretch for his lowly estate;
But what I abhor, and deem as a curse,
Is meanness, of spirit, not poorness of purse.

Then let us, companions, be chearful and gay,
And chearfully spend life's remainder away;
Upheld by a friend, our foes we'll despise,
For the more we are envy'd the higher we rise.



S O N G CCXXXIX.

THERE was a jolly miller once liv'd on the river
Dee,
He danc'd and he sang from morn to night, no lark so
blithe as he,
And thus the burthen of his song for ever us'd to be,
I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares me.

I live by my mill, God blefs her! she's kindred, child,
and wife,
I would not change my ftation for any other in life;
No lawyer, furgeon, or doctor, e'er had a groat from me,
I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me.

When fpring begins its merry career, oh! how his
heart grows gay;
No fummer's drought alarms his fears, nor winter's cold
decay;
No forefight mars the miller's joy, who's wont to fmg
and fay,
Let others toil from year to year, I live from day to
day.

Thus, like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice
and fmg,
The days of youth are made for glee, and time is on the
wing;
This fong fhall pafs from me to thee, along the jovial
ring,
Let heart and voice and all agree, to fay, long live the
King.



S O N G CCXL.

WHEREVER I'm going, and all the day long,
At home and abroad, or alone in a throng,
I find that my paffion's fo lively and ftrong,
That your name, when I'm filent, ftill runs in my fong.
Sing balin a mone ora, &c.
A kifs of your fweet lips for me.

Since the frft time I faw you I take no repofe,
I fleep all the day to forget half my woes,
So hot is the flame in my ftomach that glows,
By St. Patrick I fear I am burn thro' my cloaths.
Sing balin a mone ora, &c.
Your pretty black hair for me.

In my conscience I fear I shall die in my grave,
 Unless you comply, and poor Phelim will save,
 And grant the petition your lover does crave,
 Who never was free till you made him your slave,

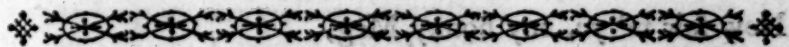
Sing balin a mone ora, &c.

Your pretty black eyes for me.

On that happy day when I make you my bride,
 With a swinging long sword how I'll strut and I'll stride,
 With a coach and fix horses with honey I'll ride,
 As before you I walk to the church by your side.

Sing balin a mone ora, &c.

Your lily white fist for me.



S O N G CCXLI.

P A T I E ' S W E D D I N G.

AS Patie came up frae the glen,
 Drivin' his wedders before him,
 He met bonny Meg ganging hame,

Her beauty was like for to smore him.
 O dinna you ken, bonny Meg,

That you and I's ga'en to be marry'd?
 I rather had broken my leg
 Before sic a bargain miscarry'd.

Na Patie—O wha's tell'd you that?

I think that of news they've been scanty,
 That I should be married sae soon,

Or yet should ha'e been sae flantly:
 I winna be married the year,

Suppose I were courted by twenty;
 Sae Patie, ye need nae mair spear,

For weel a wat I dinna want ye.

Now Maggie, what maks ye sae sweer?

Is't 'cause that I hinna a maillin?

The lad that has plenty o' gear

Need ne'er want a half or a hail ane:

My dad has a good gray mare,
 And yours has twa cows and a filly,
 And that will be plenty o' gear,
 Sae Maggie be no fae ill-willy.

Indeed Patie, I dinna ken,
 But first ye maun speir at my daddy,
 You're as weel born as Ben,
 And I canna say but I'm ready.
 There's plenty o' yarn in clues,
 To make me a coat and a jimpy,
 And plaiden enough to be trews,
 Gif ye get it I shanna scrimp ye.

Now fair fa' ye, my bonny Meg,
 I'fe let a wee smacky fa' on you,
 May my neck be as lang as my leg
 If I be an ill husband unto you.
 Sae gang your way hame enow,
 Make ready 'gain this day fifteen days,
 And tell your father the news,
 That I'll be his son in great kindness.

It was na lang after that,
 Wha' cam' to our bigging but Patie?
 Weel drest in a braw new coat,
 And wow but he thought himself pretty.
 His bonnet was little frae new,
 In it was a loop and a slitty,
 To tie in a ribbon sae blue,
 To bab at the neck of his coaty.

Then Patie cam' in wi' a stend,
 Said, peace be here to the bigging,
 You're welcome, quo' William, come ben,
 Or I wish it may rive to the rigging.
 Now draw in your seat and sit down,
 And tell's a your news in a hurry,
 And haste ye Meg, and be down,
 And hing on the pan wi' the berry.

Quoth Patie, my news is nae thrang;
 Yestreen I was wi' his honour;
 I've ta'en three rigs of braw land,
 And ha'e bound mysell under a bonour:
 And now my errand to you
 Is for Meggy to help me to labour,
 I think you maun gie's the best cow,
 Because that our haddin's but sober.

Well, now for to help you through,
 I'll be at the cost of the bridal,
 I've cut the craig of the ewe
 That had amais't died of the fide ill,
 And that'll be plenty o' bree,
 Sae lang as our well is nae reisted,
 To all our good neighbours and we,
 And I think we'll no be ill feasted.

Quoth Patie, O that'll do weel,
 And I'll gi'e you brose in the morning,
 O' kail that was made yestreen,
 For I like them best in the forenoon.
 Sae Tam the piper did play,
 And ilka ane danc'd that was willing,
 And a' the lave they ranked through,
 And they held the stoupy ay filling.

The auld wives sat and they chew'd,
 And when that the carles grew nappy,
 They danc'd as weel as they dow'd,
 Wi' a crack o' their thumbs and a kappie.
 The lad that wore the white band,
 I think they ca'd Jamie Mather,
 And he took the bride by the hand,
 And cry'd to play up Maggy Lauder.

S O N G CCXLII.

TO ease my heart I own'd my flame,
 And much I fear I was to blame;

For tho' love's force we're doom'd to feel,
The heart its weakness should conceal.

The blush that speaks the soften'd breast,
The sigh that will not be suppress'd,
The tear which down the cheek will steal,
With cautious art we shou'd conceal.

And yet, if honour guides the youth,
And welcome Love is led by Truth,
With joy at Hymen's porch we kneel,
Nor strive our weakness to conceal.



S O N G CCXLIII.

MARY SCOTT.

HAPPY'S the love which meets return,
When in soft flames souls equal burn;
But words are wanting to discover
The torments of a hopeless lover.
Ye registers of Heaven relate,
If, looking o'er the rolls of Fate,
Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scott, the flower of Yarrow?

Ah no ! her form's too heav'nly fair,
Her love the Gods above must share ;
While mortals with despair explore her,
And, at distance due, adore her.
O lovely maid ! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bless me with a smile ;
Alas ! if not, you'll soon debar a
Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
My Mary's tender as she's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all my anguish,
She is too good to let me languish:

With success crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the sky;
When Mary Scott's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradise in Yarrow.



S O N G CCXLIV.

Same Tune.

'TWAS summer and the day was fair,
 Resolv'd a while to fly from care,
 Beguiling thought, forgetting sorrow,
 I wander o'er the braes of Yarrow;
 Till then despising beauty's power,
 I kept my heart my own secure,
 But Cupid's art did there deceive me,
 And Mary's charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive?
No ransom take for Mary's slave?
Her frowns of rest and hope deprive me,
Her lovely smiles like light revive me.
No bondage may with mine compare
Since first I saw this charming fair,
This beauteous flower, this rose of Yarrow
In nature's garden has no marrow.

Had I of Heaven but one request,
I'd ask to lie in Mary's breast;
There would I live or die with pleasure,
Nor spare this world one moment's leisure:
Despising Kings and all that's great,
I'd smile at courts and courtiers' fate;
My joy complete on such a marrow,
I'd dwell with her, and live on Yarrow.

But tho' such bliss I ne'er should gain,
Contented still I'll wear my chain,
In hopes my faithful heart may move her,
For, leaving life, I'll always love her.

What doubts distract a lover's mind?
That breast, all softness, must prove kind;
And she shall yet become my marrow,
The lovely beauteous rose of Yarrow.



S O N G CCXLV.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug that now foams with
mild ale,
In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale,
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;
In bouzing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd that in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flower-woven arbour, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old flingo was soaking his clay,
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had resolv'd it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug,
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.



S O N G CCXLVI.

HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.

BY smooth winding Tay a swain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, oh hey! maun I still live pining
Myself thus awa', and darena discover
To my bonny Hay that I am her lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stronger;
 If she's not my bride, my days are no longer;
 Then I'll take a heart, and try at a venture,
 May be, 'ere we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the spring, and sweet as Aurora,
 When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good morrow;
 The swaird of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,
 Looks wither'd and dead when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appears where verdure invites her,
 The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the sweeter;
 'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a flowing,
 Her smiles and sweet eye set my spirits a glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
 Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded,
 I'm all in a fire, dear maid, to carefs ye,
 For a' my desire is Hay's bonny lassie.



S O N G CCXLVII.

BONNY LASS LIE IN A BARRACK.

O Bonny lass will you lie in a barrack,
 And marry a foger and carry his wallet?
 Yes I will go, and think no more on it,
 I'll marry my Harry and carry his wallet;
 I'll neither ask leave of my minnie nor daddie,
 But off and away with my foger laddie.

O bonny lass will you go a campaigning?
 Will you suffer the hardships of battle and famine?
 When fainting and bleeding, O cou'd you draw near me?
 And kindly support me, and tenderly chear me?

O yes I will go, tho' these evils you mention,
 And twenty times more if you had the invention;

Neither hunger, nor cold, nor dangers alarm me,
While I have my soldier, my dearest, to charm me.

S O N G CCXLVIII.

LAST TIME I CAME O'ER THE MUIR.

THE last time I came o'er the muir,
I left my love behind me :
Ye powers ! what pain do I endure,
When soft ideas mind me ?
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chafely sporting ;
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Even Kings, when she was nigh me ;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which cou'd but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me ;
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me ;
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my care at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter ;
Since she excels in every grace,
In her my love shall center.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover ;

On Greenland-ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
She shall a lover find me ;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Tho' I left her behind me :
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom ;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.



S O N G CCXLIX.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

IN April when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain ;
The yellow-hair'd laddie would often times go
To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn trees grow.

There, under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his love ev'ning and morn ;
He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,
That sylvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Maya be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air ;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly cou'd sing ;
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was inconstant, and never spoke truth ;
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd and free,
And fair as the goddesses that sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour ;

Then, sighing, he wish'd, wou'd parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.



S O N G CCL.

THE AGREEABLE SURPRIZE.

HER sheep had in clusters kept close to a grove,
To hide from the rigours of day;
And Phillis herself, in a woodbine alcove,
Among the sweet violets lay:
A youngling, it seems, had been stole from its dam,
'Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot,
That Corydon might, as he search'd for his lamb,
Arrive at the critical spot.

As thro' the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
He saw the sweet maid with surprise;
"Ye gods! if so killing," he cry'd, "when she sleeps,
"I'm lost when she opens her eyes!
"To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
"I'll onwards my lambkin to trace:"
In vain honest Corydon strove to depart,
For love held him nail'd to the place.

"Hush, hush'd be these birds, what a bawling they keep
" (He cry'd) you're too loud on the spray;
"Don't you see, foolish lark, that the charmer's asleep!
"You'll awake her as sure as 'tis day:
"How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet maid!
"Her cheek he mistakes for a rose;
"I'd put him to death, if I was not afraid
"My boldness would break her repose."

Young Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile:

"Kind shepherd," she said, "you mistake;
"I laid myself down just to rest me a while;
"But trust me I've still been awake."

The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,
He plac'd himself close by her side;

And manag'd the matter I cannot tell how,
But yesterday made her his bride.



S O N G CCLI.

E T R I C K B A N K S.

ON Etrick Banks, in a summer's night,
At glowman when the sheep drive hame,
I met my lassie braw and tight,
Come wading barefoot a' her lane:
My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
My arms about her lily neck,
And kifs'd and clapp'd there fu' lang,
My words they were na mony feck.

I said, my lassie, will you go,
To the Highland hills the Earfe to learn?
I'll baith gi'e thee a cow and ewe,
When ye come to the brig of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the Broomie law;
Chear up your heart, my bonny las,
There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter frosts and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gets west the loch,
At night when you sit down to spin,
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring;
And thus the weary night we'll end,
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lassie amang the broom,
And lead you to my summer shield.

Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
 That make the kindly hearts their sport,
 We'll laugh, and kifs, and dance, and sing,
 And gar the langest day seem short.



S O N G CCLII.

THE PADLOCK TO KEEP A WIFE TRUE.

SINCE artists, who sue for the trophies of fame,
 Their wit, and their taste, and their genius proclaim,
 Attend to my song, where you'll certainly find
 A secret disclos'd for the good of mankind;
 And deny it who can, sure the laurel's my due—
 I've found out a padlock to keep a wife true.

Should the amorous goddess preside o'er your dame,
 With the ardours of youth all her passions inflame;
 Should her beauty lead captive each softer desire,
 And languishing lovers still sigh and admire;
 Yet fearless you'd trust her, tho' thousands may sue,
 When I tell you my padlock to keep a wife true.

Tho' the husband may think that he wisely restrains
 With his bars and his bolts, his confinement and chains;
 How artfully weak must his artifice prove!
 Can fetters of steel bind like fetters of love?
 Throw jealousy hence, bid suspicion adieu;
 Restraint's not the padlock to keep a wife true.

Should her fancy invite to the park or the play,
 All-complying and kind you must give her her way;
 While her taste and her judgement you fondly approve,
 'Tis reason secures you the treasures of love:
 And, believe me, no coxcomb admission can find,
 For the fair one is safe, if you padlock her mind.

Tho' her virtues with foibles should frequently blend,
 Let the husband be lost in the lover and friend;

Let doubts and surmises no longer perplex,
'Tis the charms of indulgence that bind the soft sex;
They ne'er can prove false while this maxim's in view;
Good-humour's the padlock to keep a wife true.



S O N G CCLIII.

THE CONTENTED MAID.

LET me live remov'd from noise,
Remov'd from scenes of pride and strife,
And only taste these tranquil joys
Which Heaven bestows on rural life!
Innocence shall guide my youth,
Whilst nature's path I still pursue;
Each step I take be mark'd with truth,
And virtue ever be my view.

Adieu, ye gay, adieu ye great,
I see you all without a sigh;
Contented with my happier fate,
In silence let me live and die!
Sweet peace I'll court to follow me,
And woo the graces to my cell,
For all the graces love to be
Where innocence and virtue dwell.



S O N G CCLIV.

SHEPHERD ADONIS.

THE Shepherd Adonis being weary'd with sport,
He for a retirement to the woods did resort,
He threw by his club, and he laid himself down;
He envy'd no monarch, nor wish'd for a crown.

He drank of the burn, and he ate frae the tree;
Himself he enjoy'd, and frae trouble was free.

He wish'd for no nymph, though never fae fair,
Had nae love or ambition, and therefore nae care.

But as he lay thus, in an ev'ning fae clear,
A heav'nly sweet voice sounded fast in his ear,
Which came frae a shady green neighbouring grove,
Where bonny Amynta sat fingering of love.

The nymph she beheld him with a kind modest grace,
Seeing something that pleas'd her appear in his face;
With blushing a little she unto him did say,
O shepherd! what want ye? how came you this way.

His spirits reviving, he to her reply'd,
I was ne'er fae surpris'd at the sight of a maid.
Until I beheld thee, from love I was free;
But now I'm ta'en captive, my fairest, by thee.



S O N G CCLV.

T W E E D S I D E.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose?
How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed?
Yet Mary's still sweeter than those;
Both nature and fancy exceed.
Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,
Such beauty, such pleasure doth yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing.

How does my love pass the lang day?
 Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
 Do they never carelessly stray,
 While happily she lies asleep?
 Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
 Kind nature indulging my bliss,
 To relieve the fast pains of my breast,
 I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
 No beauty with her may compare;
 Love's graces around her do dwell;
 She's fairest where thousands are fair.
 Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray,
 Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
 Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
 Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed.



S O N G CCLVI.

Y O U N G S T R E P H O N.

LET others Damon's praise rehearse,
 Or Colin's at their will;
 I mean to sing in rustic verse,
 Young Strephon of the hill.

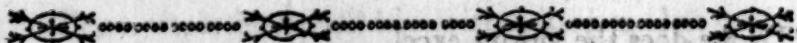
As once I sat beneath a shade,
 Beside a purling rill,
 Who should my solitude invade
 But Strephon of the hill.

He tapp'd my shoulder, snatch'd a kiss,
 I could not take it ill;
 For nothing sure is done amiss
 By Strephon of the hill.

Observe the doves on yonder spray,
 See how they fit and bill;

So sweet your time shall pass away
With Strephon of the hill.

We went to church with hearty glee,
O love, propitious still!
May every nymph be blest like me
With Strephon of the hill.



S O N G CCLVII.

A H U N T I N G S O N G.

WHEN Sol from the east has illumin'd the sphere,
And gilded the lawns and the riv'lets so clear,
I rose from my tent, and, like Richard, I call'd
For my horse and my hounds too loudly I bawl'd.
Hark, forward, my boys! Billy Meadows he cry'd,
No sooner he spoke but old Reynard he spy'd;
Over-joy'd at the sight we began for to skip,
Ton-ta-ron went the horn, and crack went the whip.

Tom Bramble scour'd forth, when almost to the chin,
O'er-leaping a ditch—by the Lord, he leap'd in;
When just as it hap'd, but the sly master ren'
Was sneakingly hast'ning to make to his den;
Then away we pursu'd, broke covert and wood,
Not a quickset nor thickset our pleasures withstood:
So ho! master Reynard, Jack Rivers he cry'd,
Old ren' you shall die, Daddie Hawthorn reply'd.

All gay as the lark the green woodlands we trac'd,
While the merry ton'd horn inspir'd as we chac'd;
No longer poor Reynard his strength could he boast,
To the hounds he knock'd under, and gave up the ghost.
The sports of the field when concluded and o'er,
We found the horn back again over the moor:
At night take the glass, and most cheerfully sing
The fox-hunters round, not forgetting the King.

S O N G CCLVIII.

J E M M Y A N D N A N N Y.

Sung by Mrs Arne at Ranelagh. Set by Dr Arne.

WHEN innocent pastimes our pleasures did crown,
 Upon a green meadow or under a tree,
 E'er Nanny became a fine lady in town,
 How lovely, and loving, and bonny was she?
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,
 Let no new whim take thy fancy from me;
 Oh! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,
 Favour thy Jemmy, who doats upon thee.

Can the death of a linnet give Nanny the spleen?
 Can losing of trifles a heart-aching be?
 Can lap-dogs or monkeys draw tears from those een,
 That look with disdain on unfortunate me?
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,
 Scorn to prefer a vile parrot to me:
 Oh! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,
 Think on thy Jemmy, who doats upon thee.

O think, my dear charmer, on ev'ry sweet hour,
 That slides away softly between thee and me;
 E'er squirrels and beaux and their fopp'ry had pow'r,
 To rival my love and impose upon thee.
 Rouse up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,
 Let thy desires be all center'd in me:
 Oh! as thou art bonny, be prudent as any,
 Love thy own Jemmy, who doats upon thee.



S O N G CCLIX.

B E A U T Y A N D M U S I C.

YE swains, when radiant beauty moves,
 Or music's art with power divine,

Think how the rap'trous charm improves,
Where two such gifts celestial join.

Where Cupid's bow and Phœbus' lyre,
In the same powerful hand are found;
Where lovely eyes inflame desire,
Where trembling notes are taught to wound.

Inquire not who's the matchless fair
That can this double death bestow;
If young Harmonia's strains you hear,
Or view her eyes, too soon you'll know.



S O N G CCLX.

MY HEART WENT TO THE FAIR.

Sung at Vauxhall. Written by Mr Berwick.

AS down the cowslip dale I stray'd,
One morning with the dawn,
Young Damon for the fair array'd,
Came tripping o'er the lawn.
His auburn locks with manly grace,
In flowing ringlets hung;
The bloom of health glow'd in his face,
And blythe the shepherd fung.

Then onward drew, and, as he pass'd,
He smiling bade good day:
Entranc'd I gaz'd, till, oh! at last,
I gaz'd my heart away.
That moment all to love resign'd,
Each sense seem'd to declare;
Tho' hapless I was left behind,
My heart went to the fair.

In vain my anguish to remove,
To once-lov'd scenes I fly

The rose-deck'd bow'r, the pine-topp'd grove,
 Seem fading to my eye.
 Thou gentle youth, by nature kind,
 A maiden's blushes spare;
 Perceive, tho' she was left behind,
 My heart went to the fair.



S O N G CCLXI.

THE LOVERS PARTING.

SHE.

HARK! the trumpet sounds to arms;
 O fatal noise!

Hark! the trumpet sounds to arms;
 Adieu my joys!

Ah! the thousand fears I prove,
 For thy life, and for thy love.

HE.

Cease thy plaints, and dry thy tears,
 My charming maid!

Cease thy plaints, and dry thy tears,
 Nor fate upbraid.

Heaven, that makes mankind its care,
 Guards the brave, to serve the fair.



S O N G CCLXII.

THE GOLDFINCH TO CHLOE.

RECITATIVE.

TO Handel's pleasing notes as Chloe sung
 The charms of heav'nly liberty,
 A gentle bird, till then with bondage pleas'd,
 With ardour panted to be free;

U

His prison broke, he seeks the distant plain ;
Yet e'er he flies, tunes forth this parting strain.

AIR.

Whilst to the distant vale I wing,
Nor wait the slow return of spring,
Rather in leafless groves to dwell,
Than in my Chloe's warmer cell.
Forgive me, mistress, since by thee
I first was taught sweet liberty.

Soon as the welcome spring shall cheer
With genial warmth the drooping year,
I'll tell upon the topmost spray,
Thy sweeter notes improv'd my lay,
And in my prison learn'd from thee
To warble forth sweet liberty.

Waste not on me an useless care,
That kind concern let Strephon share ;
Slight are my sorrows, slight my ills,
To those which he poor captive feels,
Who kept in hopeless bonds by thee,
Yet strives not for his liberty.



S O N G CCLXIII.

C U P I D T R I U M P H A N T.

NOW'S the time for mirth and glee,
Sing and love, and laugh with me ;
Cupid is my theme of story,
'Tis his godship's praise and glory,
How all yield into his law.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

O'er the grave, and o'er the gay,
Cupi takes his share of play :

He makes heroes quit their glory,
He's the god most fam'd in story;
Bending them into his law.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

Sly the urchin deals his darts,
Without pity piercing hearts:
Cupid triumphs over passions,
Not regarding modes or fashions,
Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.

You may doubt these things are true;
But they're facts 'twixt me and you:
Then ye men and maids be wary
How ye meet before you marry.
Cupid's will is solely law.

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.



S O N G CCLXIV.

LOVE IN LOW LIFE.

YOUNG Jockey he courted sweet Maggy so fair;
The lass she was lovely, the swain debonair:
They hugg'd, and they cuddled, and talk'd with their eyes,
And look'd, as all lovers do, wonderful wise.

A fortnight was spent 'ere dear Maggy came too;
For maidens a decency keep when they woo:
At length she consented, and made him a vow,
And Jockey he gave, for her jointure, his cow.

They pannell'd their dobbins, and rode to the fair,
Still kissing and fondling until they came there:
They call'd on the Parson, and by him were wed,
And Maggy she took her dear Jockey to bed.

They staid there a week, as the neighbours all say;
 And none was so happy and gamesome as they:
 Then home they return'd, but return'd most unkind;
 For Jockey rode on, and left Maggy behind.

Surpris'd at this treatment, she cry'd, Gaffer Jock,
 Pray what is the reason that Maggy you mock'd;
 Quoth he, Goose, come on! why you now are my bride;
 And when volk are wed, they set fooling aside.

He took home his Maggy good conduct to learn,
 Who brush'd up the house, while he thatch'd the old barn:
 They laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,
 And now live as man and wife usually do.



S O N G CCLXV.

THE WANDERING SAILOR.

THE wand'ring sailer plows the main,
 A competence in life to gain,
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find at last content and ease.
 In hopes, when toil and danger's o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.
 In hopes, &c.

When winds blow hard, and mountains roll,
 And thunder shakes from pole to pole,
 When dreadful waves surrounding foam,
 Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home;
 In hopes, when toil, &c.

When round the bowl the jovial crew,
 The early scenes of youth renew,
 Tho' each his fav'rite fair will boast,
 This is their universal toast:
 May we, when toil and danger's o'er,
 Cast anchor on our native shore.
 May we, &c.

S O N G CCLXVI.

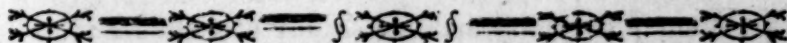
SPARKLING CHAMPAIGNE.

Sung by Mrs Lowe at Marybone Gardens.

YE dull thinking souls, who by troubles are prest,
 That are strangers alike both to joy and to rest,
 Adhere to my maxims, I'll teach you the way
 To be ever contented, good-humour'd, and gay;
 No remedy's surer to drive away pain,
 Than a bumper of claret, or sparkling champaigne;
 Or sparkling champaigne;
 Than a bumper of claret, or sparkling, &c.

Ye lovers, who live by the smiles of the fair,
 Whom a frown from your mistress can drive to despair,
 Should she chance to prove peevish, ill natur'd, or shy,
 Why, leave her alone, and ne'er flatter or sigh;
 Despise all her arts, and forget her disdain
 In a bumper of claret, or sparkling champaigne;
 Or sparkling champaigne,
 In a bumper of claret, &c.

When the husband is jealous, or dull, or unkind,
 Let his spouse give him this, and she'll speedily find,
 His mind 'twill enliven, his care 'twill remove,
 And awake in his bosom the transports of love;
 At a change so inviting, what wife can repine?
 From blessings, the virtue of sparkling champaigne;
 Of sparkling champaigne,
 From blessings, the virtue, &c.



S O N G CCLXVII.

BLITHE SANDY. By Mr Hawkins.

MY Sandy is the sweetest swain
 That ever pip'd on Tay;
 U 3

He tends his sheep on verdant plain,
 And chears me all the day :
 For, oh ! he is so blithe a lad,
 A blither canna be,
 Whene'er he's nigh, my heart is glad,
 For dearly he loves me.

As on a mossy bank we sat,
 Beneath a fragrant shade,
 The youth he charm'd me with his chat,
 And on his bagpipes play'd :
 For, oh ! he is so blithe, &c.

He calls me his dear life and care,
 And his own Maggy too ;
 He vows, by all that's good and fair,
 To me he will prove true :
 For, oh ! he is so blithe, &c.

Then I will prize my loving swain,
 And yield to be his wife ;
 Then bid adieu to care and pain,
 And so be blest for life :
 For, oh ! he is so blithe, &c.

S O N G CCLXVIII.

S A N D Y O ' E R T H E L E E .

Sung by Mrs Wrighten at Vauxhall.

I Winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee ;
I I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee ;
 I winna ha'e the dominie, for geud he canna be ;
 But I will ha'e my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the lee :
 For he's aye a kissing, kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me,
 He's aye a kissing, kissing, kissing, aye a kissing me.

I winna ha'e the minister, for a' his godly looks,
 Nor yet will I the lawyer ha'e, for a' his wily crooks ;

I winna ha'e the plowman lad, nor yet will I the miller,
But I will ha'e my Sandy lad, without a penny filler.

For he's aye a kissing, &c.

I winna ha'e the fodger lad, for he gangs to the war,
I winna ha'e the failor lad, because he smells o' tar;
I winna ha'e the Lord nor Laird, for a' their meikle
gear,

But I will ha'e my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the meir;
For he's aye a kissing, &c.



S O N G CCLXIX.

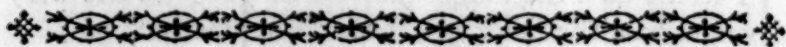
By Mr Richardson. Tune,—Banks of the Dee.

ON Teefe' sweet banks I sat with my Molly,
So chearful, so charming, so frolic and free;
Away, gloomy care, said I, hence melancholy,
Nor think of attending on Molly and me.
The sun to old ocean was slowly descending,
The shepherd his flocks on the wild heath attending,
The plowman, sweet whistling, his way homeward bend-
ing,
And carelessly gazing on Molly and me.

The innocent milk maid was tripping so neatly,
And calling her kine o'er the sweet-scented lee;
The thrush and the black-bird were singing full sweetly,
And chanting their carols to Molly and me.
The daisy, the pink, and the vi'let sweet blooming,
The hawthorn and woodbine the thicket perfuming,
Sweet Philomel sadly her wild notes refuming,
Blest scene of retirement for Molly and me.

Posselt of my Molly, false fortune defying,
From sorrow, from care, and anxiety free;
The darts of old Time o'er our heads widely flying,
What pair are so happy as Molly and me?

Dear scenes of contentment, for ever inviting,
 New pleasures, new beauties, for ever delighting,
 With mutual affection each other requiting,
 Say, who are so happy as Molly and me?



S O N G CCLXX.

P A T I E ' S M I L L.

THE las of Patie's mill,
 So bonny, blithe, and gay,
 In spite of all my skill,
 Hath stole my heart away.
 When tedding of the hay,
 Bare headed on the green,
 Love 'midst her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms white, round, and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their dawn,
 To age it would give youth
 To press 'em with his hand:
 Through all my spirits ran
 An extacy of blifs,
 When I such sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers which grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spoke or smil'd:
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all the wealth
 Hopeton's high mountains fill,
 Infur'd long life and health,
 And pleasures at my will.

I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny she,
 The lass of Patie's mill,
 Shou'd share the same with me.



S O N G CCLXXI.

THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERDESS.

Tune,—*If Love's a sweet passion, &c.*

ON a bank's flow'ry verge, beside a clear brook,
 A fair shepherdess sat, in her hand was a crook,
 Her dog, by her side, lay at ease on the ground,
 And her flocks overspread the green pastures around;
 But the tears from her eyes in pure riv'lets they flow'd,
 While her breast with these accents rapt'rously glow'd:

O! why, cruel fate, from my arms did you tear
 My faithful young shepherd, ever constant and dear?
 And force him away to a distance so far,
 'Midst the direful alarms of outrageous war!
 There he'll basely be mangl'd, or inhumanly slain,
 And my shepherd, dear shepherd! I'll ne'er see again.

Ye woods, and ye groves, where often we've stray'd,
 Whilst our lambs frisk'd their gambols, and sportively
 play'd,

Where first my young swain made to me known his love,
 And swore ever constant and true he would prove:
 Now in vain your trees bud, they all flourish in vain,
 Since my shepherd, dear shepherd! I'll ne'er see again.

Ye cool shady bow'rs, and sweet scented alcoves,
 And ye songsters, who chant your gay notes in the groves,
 Ye high water falls, and smooth serpentine streams,
 Rural subjects for lovers, for them pleasing themes:
 All your beauties displease me, your music gives pain,
 Since my shepherd, dear shepherd! I'll ne'er see again.

No more will my fwain gladden yon lonely vale,
Nor no more will his mufic dance on the fresh gale ;
His pipe was fo pleafing, and foft in the grots,
That linnets, to liften, oft dropt their fweet notes ;
But I'm left with the turtle to mourn and complain,
For my fhepherd, dear fhepherd ! I'll ne'er fee again.



S O N G CCLXXII.

DELIA.

YE watchful guardians of the fair,
Who skiff on wings of ambient air,
Of my Delia take a care,
And represent a lover,
With all the gaiety of youth,
With honour, justice, love, and truth;
Till I return, her passions soothe,
For me in whispers move her.

Be careful no base fordid slave,
With soul sunk in a golden grave,
Who knows no virtue but to save,
With glaring gold bewitch her:
Tell her, for me she was design'd,
For me, who knows how to be kind,
And have more plenty in my mind
Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the world turn upside down,
And fools run an eternal round,
In quest of what ne'er can be found,
To please their vain ambition :
Let little minds great charms espy
In shadows which at distance lie,
Whose hop'd-for pleasures, when come nigh,
Prove nothing in fruition.

But cast into a mould divine,
Fair Delia does with lustre shine,

Her virtuous soul's an ample mine,
Which yields a constant treasure :
Let poets, in sublimest lays,
Employ their skill her fame to raise,
Let sons of music pass whole days,
With well tun'd reeds to please her.



S O N G CCLXXIV.

THE NEW WAY of the HIGHLAND LADDIE.

AH! sure a pair was never seen,
So justly form'd to meet by nature,
The youth excelling so in mien,
The maid in ev'ry graceful feature.

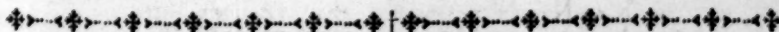
C H O R U S.

O how happy are such lovers !
When kindred beauties each discovers,
For surely she was made for thee,
And thou to bless this charming creature.

So mild your looks, your children thence
Will early learn the task of duty :
The boys with all their father's sense,
The girls with all their mother's beauty.

C H O R U S.

O how charming to inherit
At once such graces and such spirit !
Thus, while you live, may fortune give
Each blessing equal to your merit.



S O N G CCLXXV.

BENEATH a beech's grateful shade
Young Colin lay complaining ;

He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a maid,
 Without hopes of obtaining ;
 For thus the swain indulg'd his grief,
 Tho' pity cannot move thee,
 Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief,
 Yet, Peggy I must love thee.

Say, Peggy, what has Colin done
 That thus you cruelly use him ?
 If love's a fault, 'tis that alone
 For which you shou'd excuse him :
 'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this flame,
 This fire by which I languish ;
 'Tis thou alone can quench the same,
 And cool its scorching anguish.

For thee I leave the sportive plain,
 Where every maid invites me,
 For thee, sole cause of all my pain,
 For thee that only slights me ;
 This love that fires my faithful heart,
 By all but thee's commended,
 Oh ! would'st thou act so good a part,
 My grief might soon be ended.

That beauteous breast, so soft to feel,
 Seem'd tenderness all over ;
 Yet it defends thy heart like steel
 'Gainst thy despairing lover.
 Alas ! tho' it shou'd ne'er relent,
 Nor Colin's care e'er move thee,
 Yet, till life's latest breath is spent,
 My Peggy I must love thee.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

S O N G CCLXXVI.

A N N A ' S U R N .

ENcompas'd in an angel's frame,
 An angel's virtues lay

Too soon did heav'n assert its claim,
 And call'd its own away.
 My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,
 Can never more return :
 What then shall fill these widow'd arms,
 Ah me ! my Anna's urn.

Can I forget that bliss refin'd,
 Which, blest with her I knew ?
 Our hearts in sacred bonds entwin'd
 Were bound by love too true.
 That rural train which once was us'd
 In festive dance to turn,
 So pleas'd, when Anna they amus'd,
 Now weeping deck her urn.

The soul escaping from its chain,
 She clasp'd me to her breast,
 To part with thee is all my pain,
 She cried, then sunk to rest.
 While mem'ry shall her feat retain,
 From beauteous Anna torn,
 My heart shall breath its ceaseless strain
 Of sorrow o'er her urn.

There with the earliest dawn, a dove
 Laments her murder'd mate ;
 There Philomela, lost to love,
 Tells the pale moon her fate.
 With yew and ivy round me spread,
 My Anna there I'll mourn ;
 For all my soul, now she is dead,
 Concentres in her urn.

S O N G CCLXXVII.

T H E B O N N Y S A I L O R .

MY bonny failor's won my mind,
 My heart is now with him at sea ;
 X

"Come, come, dearest charmer," I tenderly cry'd,
 "I care not for Strephon; I'll not be deny'd,
 "He's false to young Phillis; he very well knows,
 "My heart is right honest, tho' under the rose."

"If Strephon be false, what has Phillis to do?"
 (She answer'd in anguish) "No men sure are true,"
 "O yes, my dear girl, (I reply'd) don't suppose
 "But Damon is constant, tho' under the rose."

"If you love me (she cry'd) here then freely I give
 "My heart and affection as long as I live."
 I led her to church, and she does not suppose
 But Damon is constant,—tho' under the rose.



S O N G CCLXXIX.

A FAVOURITE HUNTING SONG.

LAST Valentine's day, when bright Phoebus shone
 clear,
 I had not been hunting for more than a year,
 Taleo, taleo, &c.
 I mounted black Sloven, o'er the road made him bound,
 For I heard hounds challenge, and horns sweetly sound,
 Taleo, taleo, &c.

Hallo into covert, Old Anthony cries,
 No sooner he spoke but the fox, Sir, he spies,
 Taleo, &c.
 This being the signal, he then crack'd his whip,
 Taleo was the word, and away he did leap,
 Taleo, &c.

Then up rides Dick Dawson, who car'd not a pin,
 He sprung at the drain, but his horse tumbled in,
 Taleo, &c.

And as he crept out, why he spy'd the old ren,
With his tongue hanging out stealing home to his den.
Taleo, &c.

Our hounds and our horses were always as good
As ever broke covert, or dash'd thro' the wood,
Taleo, &c.

Old Reynard runs hard, but must certainly die,
Have at you, old Tony, Dick Dawson did cry,
Taleo, &c.

The hounds they had run twenty miles now or more,
Old Anthony fretted, he curs'd too, and swore,
Taleo, &c.
But Reynard being spent, soon must give up the ghost,
Which will heighten our joys when we come to each toast,
Taleo, &c.

The day's sport being over, the horns we will sound,
To the jolly fox-hunters let echo resound,
Taleo, &c.
So fill up your glasses, and chearfully drink
To the honest true sportsman who never will shrink.
Taleo, &c.



S O N G CCLXXX.

AULD WIFE BEYONT THE FIRE.

THERE was a wife won'd in a glen,
And she had dochters nine or ten,
That sought the house baith but and ben
To find their mam a snishing.
The auld wife beyont the fire,
The auld wife aneist the fire,
The auld wife aboon the fire,
She died for lack of snishing*.

* Snishing, in its literal meaning, is snuff made of tobacco; but in this song it means sometimes contentment, a husband, love, money, &c.

Her mill into some hole had fa'n,
 Whatrecks, quoth she, let it be ga'en,
 For I maun ha'e a young goodman,
 Shall furnish me with snishing.

Her eldest dochter said right bauld,
 Fy, mother, mind that now ye're auld,
 And if ye with a younker wald,
 He'll waste away your snishing.

The youngest dochter ga'e a shout,
 O mother dear! you're teeths a' out,
 Besides half blind, you ha'e the gout,
 Your mill can ha'd nae snishing.

Ye lied, ye limmers, cries all mump,
 For I ha'e baith a tooth and stump,
 And will nae langer live in dump,
 By wanting o' my snishing.

Thole ye, says Peg, that pauky slut,
 Mother, if ye can crack a nut,
 Then we will a' consent to it,
 That ye shall have a snishing.

The auld wife did agree to that,
 And they a pistol bullet gat,
 She pow'rfully began to crack,
 To win herself a snishing.

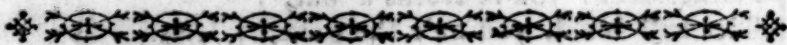
Braw sport it was to see her chow't,
 And 'tween her gums sae squeeze and row't,
 While frae her jaws the slaver flow't,
 And ay she curs'd poor stumpy.

At last she ga'e a desperate squeeze,
 Which brake the auld tooth by the neeze,
 And syne poor stumpy was at ease,
 But she tint hopes o' snishing.

She of the task began to tire,
 And frae her dochters did retire,

Syne lean'd her down ayont the fire,
And died for lack of snishing.

Ye auld wives notice well this truth,
As soon as ye're past mark of mouth,
Ne'er do what's only fit for youth,
And leave aff thoughts of snishing;
Else, like this wife beyont the fire,
Your bairns against you will conspire,
Nor will ye get, unless ye hire,
A young man with your snishing.



S O N G CCLXXXI.

R U R A L F E L I C I T Y.

A Favourite New Song.

IN the morn as I walk'd thro' the mead,
And trode on the carpet of green,
I view'd the sweet flocks as they feed;
What equals the beautiful scene!
Thro' the groves as they pass'd with delight,
In view of yon ever green pine;
What sensation I feel at the sight
Of a prospect so rural and fine.

Hark the birds, as they perch in the bough,
With melody pleasing the ear;
See the hind from afar with his plough,
Denoting the time of the year.
As I stray'd thro' the neighbouring vale,
Encompass'd by mountains so high,
O what charms do I find in the day,
By the stream that runs bubbling by.

At the foot of yon fycamore tree
Sits the shepherd a tuning his reed;
While his lambs frolic round him with glee,
His sheep along side of him feed.

O'er yon beautiful lawn do I see

The hare with timidity fly :

How delightful's the music to me

Of the echo of dogs in full cry !

But what harmony's that which I hear,

'Tis the bells from yon neighbouring vill :

O how pleasing's the found to my ear,

By the fide of this murmuring rill.

There's no pleasure to me so sweet

As that which the country gives :

I am happy, thank God, at my feat,

Where rural felicity lives.



S O N G CCLXXXII.

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

Addressed to every Young Lady.

TN rip'ning age, the female breast

To love's soft influence prone ;

Forfakes its usual wonted rest,

And all its joys are flown ;

Ah ! hapless, more than hapless state !

When some unworthy youth

Stern Providence decrees to mate

With innocence and truth.

Reverse the scene, what raptures reign,

Where worth with beauty join'd,

Complete a union void of pain ;

Bleft union of the mind !

Extatic blifs! (beyond the height

Of fortune's fordid fway)

Then crowns each peaceful blifsful night,

And hails each coming day.

Such, Myra, such the youth shall prove,

Whom fate ordains with thee.

To taste the sweets of mutual love,
 From care, from discord free :
 Grown old in love, as well as age,
 You'll gently meet decay,
 And, envy'd, grace the future page
 Of some immortal lay.



S O N G CCLXXXIII.

The Death of Auld Robin Gray, and Jamie's Return.

*A Favourite Scotch Ballad. Sung by Mrs. Kennedy at
 Vauxhall Gardens.*

THE summer it was smiling, all nature round was gay,
 When Jenny was attending on Auld Robin Gray;
 For he was sick at heart, and had nae friend beside,
 But only me poor Jenny, who newly was his bride.
 Ah! Jenny, I shall die, he cry'd, as sure as I had birth;
 Then see my poor old bones, I pray, laid into the earth:
 And be a widow for my sake a twelvemonth and a day,
 And I will leave whate'er belongs to Auld Robin Gray.

I laid poor Robin in the earth as decent as I cou'd,
 And shed a tear upon his grave, for he was very good;
 I took my rock into my hand, and in my cot I figh'd,
 Oh wae is me, what shall I do, since poor Auld Robin
 died.

Search ev'ry part throughout the land, there's none like
 me forlorn,

I'm ready e'en to ban the day that ever I was born;
 For Jamie, all I lov'd on earth, ah! he is gone away,
 My father's dead, my mother's dead, and eke Auld Ro-
 bin Gray.

I rose up with the morning sun, and spun till setting day,
 And one whole year of widowhood I mourn'd for Robin
 Gray:

I did the duty of a wife, both kind and constant too;
 Let every one example take, and Jenny's plan pursue.

I thought that Jamie he was dead, or he was to me lost,
 And all my fond and youthful love entirely was crost :
 I try'd to sing, I try'd to laugh, and pass the time away,
 For I had ne'er a friend alive since dy'd Auld Robin Gray.

At length the merry bells rung round, I cou'dna guess
 the cause ; (applause,
 But Rodney was the man, they said, who gain'd so much
 I doubted if the tale was true, till Jamie came to me,
 And shew'd a purse of golden ore, and said It is for thee,
 Auld Robin Gray I find is dead, and still thy heart is true,
 Then take me, Jenny, to thy arms, and I will be so too,
 Mefs John shall join us at the kirk, and we'll be blithe
 and gay,
 I blush'd, consented, and reply'd Adieu to Robin Gray.

S O N G CCLXXXIV.

YOUNG JOCKEY BLITHE.

YOUNG Jockey blithe at early dawn,
 Starts fresh and fair as roses blawn ;
 Then o'er the dewy lawn he roves,
 And greets the lass he dearly loves.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows the grass,

Dear Jug, will naething move thee,

Be kind, be true, my bonny lass,

I only live to love thee.

To merit I no claim can make,
 But that I'd die for your dear sake ;
 From every other bus'ness free,
 My life and love shall follow thee.

Sweet smells the birk, &c.

Time's on the wing, and will not stay,
 In shining sun let's make our hay.
 While love does at his altar stand,
 Give me your heart, O give your hand.

Sweet smells the birk, &c.

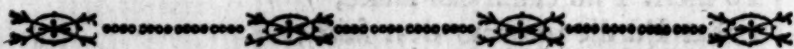
S O N G CCLXXXV.

D E L I A. *Set by Dr. Arne.*

S O F T pleasing pains unknown before,
 My beating bosom feels,
 When I beheld the peaceful bow'r
 Where dearest Delia dwells.
 There daily do I drive my flock,
 Ah happy, happy vale,
 There sigh and look, and while I look,
 My sighs encrease the gale.

Sometimes at midnight do I stray,
 Beneath th' inclement skies,
 And there my true devotion pay
 To Delia's sleep-seal'd eyes;
 So pious pilgrims nightly rove,
 With tedious travel faint,
 To kiss alone the clay cold tomb
 Of some lov'd favourite faint.

Oh tell, ye shades that hold my fair,
 And all my bliss contain,
 Ah, why shou'd ye those blessings share
 For which I sigh in vain:
 But let me not at fate repine,
 Or thus my griefs impart,
 She's not your tenant, she is mine,
 Her mansion is my heart.



S O N G CCLXXXVI.

BRITAIN'S SILVER TRUMPET.

T H R E E lads contended for my heart,
 Each boasted diff'rent charms and grace;
 Young Hall cou'd sing with taste and art;
 Beau Jemmy sported frogs and lace;

Blithe Willy was a soldier brave,
 Who fear'd not scars, or death, or wounds,
 His country or his love to save,
 When Britain's silver trumpet sounds.

Now fear is rous'd by war's alarms,
 And threat'ning foes each hour arise;
 I scorn young Harry's vocal charms,
 And Master Jemmy I despise:
 I love my Willy bold and brave,
 He heeds not scars, or death, or wounds,
 His country or his love to save,
 When Britain's silver Trumpet sounds.

In piping times of peace, a beau,
 Dear girls, may idle thoughts employ;
 But now, while threat'ned by each foe,
 Be wise, and throw away the toy.
 Take my advice, love him that's brave,
 Who fears not scars, or death, or wounds;
 So may your smiles your country save,
 Whilst Britain's silver trumpet sounds.



S O N G CCLXXXVII.

BE MERRY AND WISE.

TO be merry and wise is a proverb of old,
 But a maxim so good can't too often be told;
 Then attend to my song, nor my counsel despise,
 For I mean to be merry,—but merry and wise.

Ye bucks, who then toping such rapture express,
 And yet find the next day dismal proofs of excess,
 Avoid all extremes, and mark well my advice,
 'Tis to drink and be merry,—but merry and wise.

In women, all lovely, is center'd each bliss,
 But let prudence give sanction, 'twill sweeten the kiss?

If not beauty or folly your senses surprise,
You may kifs and be merry,—but merry and wife.

Then ye topers and rakes, who would lead happy lives,
All exceſs avoid, and chuſe modeſt wives;
While prudence preſides, it is thus I adviſe,
Love and drink, and be merry,—but merry and wife.



S O N G CCLXXXVIII.

WHEN THE HEART IS AT EASE.

WHEN the heart is at eaſe, how chearful each ſcene,
How pleaſing the toils or the ſports of the green,
Now ſhunning their paſtimes, with tears I deplore,
That Jockey is abſent, and joy is no more.

When he pip'd on the green the laſſes wou'd throng,
And ſtill he choſe me for the theme of his ſong;
But now he has left me in grief to deplore,
That Jockey is abſent, and joy is no more.

O come, my dear ſhepherd, once more chear the plain,
O come and relieve my ſad heart of its pain;
No longer in ſorrow thus let me deplore,
That Jockey is abſent, and joy is no more.



S O N G CCLXXXIX.

I WINNA GANG WI' THEE.

MY laſſes, do you Jockey ken, the pride of Aberdeen,
His golden locks hang o'er his brow, love wantons
in his een.

His teeth with ſnow-drops may compare, his breath with
new mown hay;
He's bonnieſt where the bonny come, and baith can ſing
and ſay,

Gang down the burn, my Meg, he cry'd,
 Gang down the burn wi' me,
 I ken'd what he'd be at, and said, I winna gang wi' thee.

If to the wimpling burnie I, 'ith morn to wash my
 claiths,
 The bonny lad his winsome flute tunes o'er the neigh-
 bouring braes;
 At e'en, as hame I do return frae milking mither's ky,
 He'll lack my leglen o'er the bent, and lilt fae blith-
 somely,

Gang down the burn, my Meg, he cry'd,
 Gang down the burn wi' me.
 I ken'd what he'd be at, and said, I winna gang wi' thee.

If ewes shou'd stray, he'll hound his dog, and fetch
 them frae the glen;
 He'll tent the weathers to the trowe, and bring my
 lambkins ben;
 He'll buy me ribbon knots fae fine, and prin them to my
 breast;
 He'll kifs fae sweet, and fighing vow, I'm bonnier than
 the rest.

Gang down the burn, my Meg, he cry'd,
 Gang down the burn wi' me.
 Hont lad, gang first afore the Priest, and then I'll gang
 wi' thee.



S O N G CCXC.

T O T T E R D O W N H I L L.

AT Totterdown hill there dwelt an old pair,
 And it may be, they dwell there still;
 Much riches indeed didn't fall to their share,
 They kept a small farm and a mill:
 But fully content with what they did get,
 They knew not of guile or of arts.

One daughter they had, and her name it was Bet,
And she was the pride of their hearts.

Nut-brown were her locks, her shape it was straight,
Her eyes were as black as a floe,
Milk-white were her teeth, full smart was her gait,
And sleek was her skin as a doe :
All thick were the clouds, and the rain it did pour,
No bit of true blue could be spy'd,
A child wet and cold came and knock'd at the door,
Its mamma it had lost, and it cry'd.

Young Bet was as mild as a morning in May,
The babe she hugg'd close to her breast,
She chaf'd him all o'er, and he smil'd as he lay,
She kiss'd him and lull'd him to rest :
But who do you think she had got for her-prize ?
Why, Love the sly master of arts :
No sooner he wak'd but he drop'd his disguise,
And shew'd her his wings and his darts :

Quoth he, I am Love, but oh, be not afraid,
Tho' all I make shake at my will,
So good and so kind you've been my fair maid,
No harm shall you feel from my skill ;
My mother ne'er dealt with such fondness by me,
A friend you shall find in me still :
Take my quiver and shoot, be greater than she,
The Venus of Totterdown Hill.



S O N G CCXCI.

COLIN AND NELL.

SINCE they trac'd me aloae with a swain to the
grove,
Each tongue in the village proclaims I'm in love,
With a laugh they point at us as passing along,
And Colin and Nell are their jest and their song.

Suspicion long whisper'd it over the green,
 But scandal now tells what she never has seen;
 Wherever we wander yet faster she flies,
 What we do, or what we say, she reflects with her lies.

How we trip, all by moon light, to love haunted
 bow'rs,
 How we toy and we kiss at the sweet gilded hours:
 All this, and yet more, if she will; she may name,
 For we meet without crime, and we part without shame.

I own that I love him, he's so to my mind,
 And waits with impatience till fortune's more kind;
 I still will love on till our fate's to be blest,
 And the talk may be louder, it shan't break our rest.

Let malice her tongue and her eyes all employ,
 And envy do all to embitter our joy;
 The time that is coming shall soften the past,
 And crown the gay nymph with her Colin at last.

S O N G CCXCII.

J E M O F A B E R D E E N.

THE tuneful lav'rocks cheer the grove,
 And sweetly smells the summer green,
 Now o'er the grove I love to rove,
 Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen.

Whene'er we sit beneath the broom,
 Or wander o'er the lee,
 He's always wooing, wooing, wooing,
 Always wooing me.

He's fresh and fair as flow'r's in May,
 The blithest lad of a' the green,
 How sweet the time will pass away,
 Wi' bonny Jem of Aberdeen.
 Whene'er we sit, &c.

Wi' joy I leave my father's cot,
 Wi' ilka sport of glen and green,
 Well pleas'd to share the humble lot,
 Of bonny Jem of Aberdeen.
 Whene'er we fit, &c.

S O N G CCXCIH.

BRITANNIA.

A Song in honour of the gallant Rodney.

Tune,—“ *All shall yield to the Mulberry Tree.*”

BEHOLD from far what glad tidings are brought,
 What glorious exploits in the Indies are wrought;
 The darling of Neptune, of Britain the pride,
 Strikes terror to France, and her schemes have annoy'd.

C H O R U S.

All shall yield to thy maritime sway,
 Blest Britannia homage pay,
 Gallia's proud sons shall trembling own
 The glorious deeds by Britons done.

Of Russel's atchievements tradition may boast,
 And tell, at La Hogue, how his fleet swept the coast;
 But the conquest which Rodney so nobly has won,
 All the deeds of the fam'd ninety-two has outdone.
 All shall yield, &c.

The late glorious war noble conquests were made,
 And Saunders and Hawke British valour display'd,
 They fought and they conquer'd, true glory to share,
 But the glory of Rodney is past all compare.
 All shall yield, &c.

The sun never witness'd, till this rising year,
 A contest so lasting, so close, and severe;

The stoutest of vessels the world e'er beheld,
To strike to the brave British flag were compell'd.
All shall yield, &c.

Unpitied, her folly shall Gallia mourn,
Her fav'rite is captur'd, her lilies are torn,
Her hopes are defeated, her schemes have been crost,
Her grand *naval* city for ever is lost.

C H O R U S.

All shall yield to thy sovereignty,
Blest Britannia, bend to thee;
Matchless and free thou still shalt be,
And mistress reign of every sea.



S O N G CCXCIV.

T H E R U R A L L A S S.

CUPID, god of ebon bow,
Lay thy fatal arrows by,
Molly kills with surer throw
By the beamings of her eye.
Let not then thy childish hate
Will me to be still unblest,
For her lips decree my fate,
My tribunal is her breast.

Go, and to thy mother bear
Tidings that will stamp thee curst,
Say, the Queen of Love lives here,
Gentler, fairer than the first.
Then returning, smiling say,
Molly, Venus thou shalt be,
I o'er love and beauty sway
But to draw all hearts to thee.

S O N G CCXCV.

A FAVOURITE SCOTS SONG.

AS I was ganging o'er the lee,
 I chanc'd to look behind,
 And what right glancing should I see
 But woodland Joe the hind.
 When we had gang'd the braes a while,
 He said to me, my dow,
 May I not sit upon this stile
 And kifs your bonny mou'.

Kind Sir, ye are a wee mista'en,
 For I am nane of these,
 I hope ye some mair breeding ken
 Than ruffle lassies' claiaths.
 The lad was check'd, and vow'd to seek
 Young Jane wi' blythsome brow,
 She'd let him clasp about her neck,
 And kifs her bonny mou'.

I ca'd him then proud-hearted fwain,
 And laith to be said nay,
 A sonfy thought he started then,
 And nam'd the wedding day.
 He's braw and blithe, I lik'd him weel,
 Nor frown upon him now,
 Tho' bolder grown, his vows to seal,
 He kifs'd my bonny mou'.



S O N G CCXCVI.

JESSY; OR APRIL DAY.

Sung at Vauxhall.

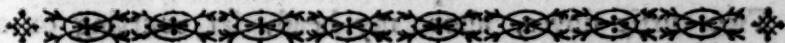
WHILE the bee flies from blossom to blossom and sips,
 And my Jessy looks buxome and gay,

Let me hang on her neck, and taste from her lips,
All the sweets of an April day.

The shepherd his flock, the rustic his plow,
The farmer with joy his hay,
And Jessy, my charmer, when milking her cow,
Sings the sweets of an April day.

Like snow-drops with innocent sweetness array'd,
As blithsome and cheerful as May,
My Jessy, the pride of all the gay mead,
Sung the sweets of an April day.

Remember, dear Jessy, and use well your pow'r,
Your rose-buds then pluck when you may,
And guiltless enjoy all the sweets of this hour,
For youth's but an April day.



S O N G CCXCVII.

GRAMACHREE MOLLY. *An Irish Air.*

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd one evening in
May,
The little birds, in blithsome notes, made vocal ev'ry
spray:
They sung their little tales of love, they sung them o'er
and o'er,
Ah! gramachree, my cholleenouge, ma Molly ashtore.

The daisy py'd, and all the sweets the dawn of nature
yields,
The primrose pale, and vi'let blue, lay scatter'd o'er the
fields;
Such fragrance in the bosom lies of her whom I adore,
Ah! gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank, bewailing my sad fate,
That doom'd me thus the slave of love, and cruel Mol-
ly's hate;

How can she break the honest heart that wears her in its
core?

Ah! gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear, ah! why did I be-
lieve?

Yet, who could think such tender words were meant but
to deceive?

That love was all I ask'd on earth, nay, Heaven could
give no more,

Ah! gramachree, &c.

Oh! had I all the flocks that graze on yonder yellow hill,
Or 'low'd for me the num'rous herds that yon green pas-
tures fill,

With her I love I'd gladly share my kine and fleecy store,

Ah! gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves, above my head, fat courting on a
bough,

I envy'd them their happiness to see them bill and coo;
Such fondness once for me she shew'd, but now, alas!

'tis o'er,

Ah! gramachree, &c.

=====

S O N G CCXCVIII.

The ANSWER to GRAMACHREE MOLLY.

YE gentle winds, that softly blow

Along the verdant plain,

Go whisper to my Strephon's ear

His love's return'd again:

In sweetest language tell the youth

His sorrows to give o'er;

Ah gramachree! my love shall be

As happy as before.

The daisy py'd, and all the sweets

Of Nature's flow'ry bed,

Shall join to make a garland, meet

For my dear Strephon's head ;

The primrose pale, and vi'let blue,

I'll add unto the store ;

Ah gramachree ! and we shall be

As happy as before.

Full many a scene of mourning

Thy Molly late has known ;

Because my heart its fondness kept,

For thee, my love, alone ;

My parents hid me from thy sight,

And spurn'd thee from their door ;

Ah gramachree ! but now we'll be

As happy as before.

I laid me down upon my bed,

Bewailing my sad fate ;

And, like a faithful turtle dove,

I mourn'd my absent mate :

And, as the ling'ring moments pass'd,

I told them o'er and o'er ;

Ah gramachree ! but now I'll be,

As happy as before.

You said you lov'd your Molly dear,

Thy vows I did believe ;

For well I knew my Strephon's heart

Would ne'er my faith deceive :

Thy love was all I wish'd on earth,

For heav'n could give no more ;

Ah gramachree ! and now we'll be

As happy as before.

Our flocks together now we'll tend,

Upon the yellow hill ;

And gaze, enraptur'd, on the sweets

Which yon fair prospects fill ;

While heav'n upon our mutual love

Shall all its blessings pour ;

Ah Gramachree ! we then shall be

As happy as before.

T R U S T N O T M A N, &c.

Allegretto.

TRUST not man, for he'll deceive you,
 Treach'ry is his sole intent ;
 First he'll court you, then he'll leave you,
 Poor deluded ! to lament.

Listen to a kind adviser ;
 Men pursue but to perplex :
 Would you happy be, grow wiser,
 And avoid the faithless sex.

Form'd by nature to undo us
 They escape our utmost head,
 Ah ! how humble while they woo us !
 But how vain if they succeed !

So the bird, whene'er deluded
 By the artful fowler's snare,
 Mourns out life, in cage secluded,
 Fair ones, while you're young, beware !



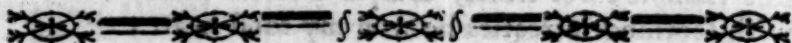
S O N G CCC.

W H I L E M I L K I N G M Y C O W, &c.

WHILE milking my cow in a fine colour'd pail,
 Young Damon came to me and told a sweet tale !
 Such flattering words he so artfully us'd,
 That reason inform'd me that truth was abus'd.
 Such flattering words he so artfully us'd,
 That reason inform'd me that truth was abus'd.

Yet praises are pleasing to most of the fair,
 And I was attentive to hear him declare,
 The milk in my pail, and the ev'ning's rich skies,
 Were emblems but faint of my neck, cheeks, and eyes.

Your hate, then, give over, nor Paddy your lover
 So cruelly handle, so cruelly handle ;
 Or Paddy must die, like a pig in a sty,
 Or snuff of a candle, or snuff of a candle.



S O N G CCCII.

WHEN SUMMER COMES, &c.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed,
 Sing their successful loves ;
 Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
 And music fills the groves :
 But my lov'd song is then the broom,
 So fair on Coudenknows.
 For, sure, so soft, so sweet a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.
 O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
 The broom on Coudenknows,
 For, sure, so soft, so sweet a bloom,
 Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
 And won my yielding heart ;
 No shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed,
 Could play with half such art.
 He sang of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
 The hills and dales all round,
 Of Leader's haughs and Leader's side,
 O how I blest'd the sound !
 O the broom, &c.

Not Tiviot's braes, so green and gay,
 May with this broom compare ;
 Not Yarrow's banks in flow'ry May,
 Nor the bush aboon Traquair :
 More pleasing far are Coudenknows,
 My peaceful happy home,
 Where I was wont to milk my ewes
 At eve among the broom. O the broom, &c.

S O N G CCCIII.

Tune,—*In Infancy, &c.**Written at the request of a Lady.*

IF you can tell, ye muses, say,
 Where dwells the lovely maid
 That blossom'd in the pride of May
 Near yonder myrtle shade?
 Direct me where the fair to find,
 Ye bright celestial powers!
 Oh bring me where, with peace resign'd,
 She blooms amid the flowers.

In vain I search the groves around,
 And every sylvan scene;
 Among the woods she is not found,
 Nor wanders o'er the green.
 O come then, fair one, to my breast,
 And every pain remove;
 Within these arms be ever blest
 With constancy and love.



S O N G CCCIV.

A FAVOURITE SCOTS SONG.

WHEN first the east begins to dawn,
 And nature's beauties rise,
 The lark resumes her mattins sweet,
 And seeks the yielding skies:
 The rosy light that glads her muse,
 Dear to her breast must be;
 But not so dear, my shepherd knows,
 As Damon is to me.

In yonder tree two turtles bill,
 Whose sweet alternate notes,

Z

In pretty songs of love prolong
 The music in their throats :
 Dear to the lover's flatt'ring breast
 The fair one's note must be ;
 But not so dear, the thousandth part,
 As Damon is to me.

A mourning bird, in plaintive mood,
 Robb'd of her callow young,
 In yonder grove observ'd her nest,
 And still her woes she sung :
 No feather'd warbler of the wood
 More sorrowful cou'd be,
 But I far greater woes must share
 Were Damon torn from me.



S O N G CCCV.

S U M M E R.

WHEN the trees all their beautiful verdure renew,
 And the meadows look charmingly gay,
 When smiling creation looks blooming to view,
 Replete with the beauties of May ;

When the light-hearted shepherd chants musical strains,
 As he pipes to his flocks on the hill,
 And the lambkins delighted skip blyth o'er the plains,
 Or frisk by the murmuring rill ;

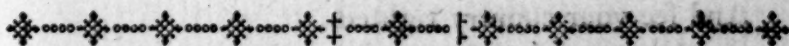
When the cows round the country a gadding repair,
 Or beneath the cool shade shun the heat ;
 When the crimson-cheek'd milk-maid does kindly prepare
 For her sweet-heart a syllabub treat ;

When the country girls wantonly sport in the deep,
 So cautious that all must be hush,
 Yet oft the sly rustic procures a full peep,
 From the side of some hillock or bush :

At eve when the lads and the lasses do meet
 In a circle to dance on the green,
 With native simplicity, void of deceit,
 And modesty stamp'd on their mein;

When the birds seem'd inspir'd by the smiling serene,
 In musical melody vie;
 And the hares 'midst the corn fields safely remain,
 Or secure in the green meadows lie:

In a snug rural cottage surrounded with trees,
 Where murmuring rivulets glide,
 My attendants be, plenty, contentment and ease,
 In solitude let me reside.



S O N G CCCVI.

SEE YOUR COUNTRY RIGHTED.

COME ye lads who wish to shine
 Bright in future story,
 Haste to arms, and form the line
 That leads to martial glory,
 Charge the musquet, point the lance,
 Brave the worst of dangers,
 Tell the blustering sons of France,
 That we to fear are strangers.

Britain, when the lion's rous'd,
 And her flag is rearing,
 Always finds her sons dispos'd
 To drub the foe that's daring.
 Charge the musquet, &c.

Hearts of oak with speed advance,
 Pour your naval thunder
 On the trembling shores of France,
 And strike the world with wonder.
 Charge the musquet, &c.

Honour for the brave to share,
 Is the noblest booty;
 Guard your coasts, protect the fair,
 For that's a Briton's duty.
 Charge the musquet, &c.

What if Spain to take their parts,
 Form a base alliance,
 All unite, and English hearts
 May bid the world defiance.
 Charge the musquet, &c.

Beat the drum, the trumpet sound,
 Manly and united;
 Danger face, maintain your ground,
 And see your country righted.
 Charge the musquet, &c.



S O N G CCCVII.

Y O U N G J A M I E.

BLITHEST lads and lasses gay,
 Hear what my song discloses;
 As I one morning sleeping lay
 Upon a bank of roses,
 Young Jamie whisking o'er the mead,
 By good luck chanc'd to spy me;
 He touch'd his bonnet off his head,
 And softly sat down by me.

Jamie, tho' I right meikle priz'd,
 Yet now I wadna ken him,
 But with a frown my face disguis'd,
 And strove away to fend him.
 But fondly he still nearer prest,
 And by my side down lying,
 His beating heart did thump so fast,
 I thought the lad was dying.

But still resolving to deny,
 And angry passions feigning,
 I often roughly shot him by,
 With words full of disdain.
 Poor Jamie baulk'd, no favour wins,
 Went off much discontented,
 But I in truth for all my sins
 Ne'er half so much repented.



S O N G CCCVIII.

T H E P A R S O N .

A Parson who had a remarkable foible,
 Of minding the Bottle, much more than the Bible,
 Was deem'd by his neighbours to be less perplex'd
 In handling a tankard than handling a text.
 Derry down, &c.

Perch'd up in his pulpit, one Sunday, he cry'd,
 Make patience my dearly beloved, your guide;
 And in your distresses, your troubles and crosses,
 Remember the patience of Job in his losses.
 Derry down, &c.

The Parson had got a stout cask of strong beer,
 By way of a present—no matter from where—
 Suffice it to know, it was toothsome and good,
 And he lov'd it as well as he did his own blood.
 Derry down, &c.

While he the church-service in haste rambl'd o'er,
 The hogs found a way thro' his old cellar-door,
 And by the strong scent to his beer-barrel led,
 Had knock'd out the spigot, or cock, from its head.
 Derry down, &c.

Out spouted the liquor abroad on the ground,
 The unbidden guests quaff'd it merrily round;

Nor from their diversion and merriment ceas'd,
Till ev'ry hog there was as drunk as a beast.

Derry down, &c.

And now the grave lecture and pray'rs at an end,
He brings along with him a neighbouring friend,
To be a partaker of Sunday's good cheer,
And taste his delightful October brew'd beer.

Derry down, &c.

The dinner was ready, the things were laid snug,
Here, wife, says the Parson, go fetch up a mug;
But a mug of what, he had scarce time to tell her,
When, yonder, said she, are the hogs in the cellar!

Derry down, &c.

To be sure they've got in when we were at pray'rs;
To be sure you're a fool, said he, get you down stairs,
And bring what I bid you, or see what's the matter,
For now I myself hear a grunting and clatter.

Derry down, &c.

She went; and returning, with sorrowful face,
In suitable phrases related the case:
He rav'd like a madman about in the room,
And then beat his wife and the hogs with the broom:

Derry down, &c.

Lord! husband, said she, what a coil you keep here,
About a poor beggarly barrel of beer;
You should "in your troubles, mischances and crosses,
Remember the patience of Job in his losses."

Derry down, &c.

A p—x upon Job! cry'd the Priest in a rage,
That beer, I dare say, was near ten years of age.
But you're a poor ignorant jade, like his wife,
For Job never had such a cask in his life.

Derry down, &c.

Now, neighbour, while at the poor vicar you grin,
Your case, let me tell you's not better a pin;

With goodness and wisdom your theory back'd is,
But you're, ten to one, knave and fool in your practice.
Derry down, &c.

Whoever you are, I'll be sworn you're no faint :
Would you mend—then yourself with your failings acquaint;
These conquer, and then give advice, if you chuse,
For who'd give you thanks for a thing you can't use.
Derry down, &c.



S O N G CCCIX.

L I G H T O F T H E M O O N .

WHEN fairies dance late in the grove,
And revel in night's awful doom,
Say, will you meet me sweet love
Alone by the light of the moon.

But say, will you never deceive
The lass you have conquer'd so soon,
Nor leave poor Flavilla to grieve
Alone by the light of the moon.

That planet shall start from its sphere
Or I prove so faithless a loon ;
Dear lassie, I'll banish thy fears,
I swear by the light of the moon.

Sweet, sweet is the jessamine grove,
And sweet is the roses in June ;
But sweeter the language of love
Breath'd forth by the light of the moon.

Slow rolls the channels of day
Unwilling to grant me my boon ;
Away, dearest sunshine, away,
Give place to the light of the moon.

The nightingale warbles her lay,
 Enlivens the gloom with her song,
 And glad at the absence of day,
 Invites the pale light of the moon.



S O N G CCCX.

T H E O Y S T E R G I R L .

T H E R E was a clever comely girl,
 Just come to town from Glo'ster,
 And she did get her livelihood
 By crying Milton oysters.
 And she did get her livelihood, &c.

She carried a basket under her arm,
 In the genteelest posture,
 And ev'ry day and ev'ry night
 Cry'd, Buy my Milton oysters.

It happened on a certain day,
 As going thro' the cloysters,
 She met a Lord so fine and gay
 Would buy her Milton oysters.

He said, youg damsel go with me,
 Indeed I'm no impostor,
 But she kept crying in his ear,
 Come buy my Milton oysters.

At length she resolv'd with him to go,
 Whatever it might cost her,
 And be no more oblig'd to cry,
 Come buy my Milton oysters.

And now she is a lady gay,
 For Billingsgate has lost her,
 She goes to Masquerade and play,
 No more cries Milton oysters.
 She goes to masquerade, &c.

S O N G CCCXI.

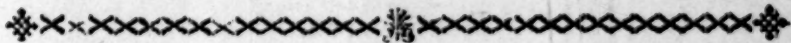
TWINE WEEL THE PLAIDEN.

A Favourite Scots Song.

O I ha'e lost my filken snood,
 That tied my hair fae yellow;
 I've gi'en my heart to a lad I loo'd,
 He was a gallant fellow.
 And twine it weel, my bonny dow,
 And twine it weel the plaiden;
 The lassie lost her filken snood,
 In pu'ing of the bracken.

He prais'd my een, fae bonny blue,
 Sae lily white my skin, O;
 And syne he pried my bonny mou',
 And swore it was nae fin, O.
 And twine it weel, &c.

But he has left the las he loo'd,
 His ain true love forsaken,
 Which gars me fair to greet the snood
 I lost among the bracken.
 And twine it weel, &c.



S O N G CCCXII.

IN AIRY DREAMS.

IN airy dreams soft fancy flies,
 My absent love to see;
 And with the early dawn I rise,
 Dear youth, to think on thee.

How swiftly flew the rosy hours,
 While love and hope were new;
 Sweet as the breath of op'ning flow'rs,
 But ah! as transient too.

S O N G CCCXIII.

THE PARTING LOVERS.

SINCE glory calls, I must away,
 Dear Nancy, why these tears?
 Thy William's duty is to sway
 His sword, and scorn all fears.

With gallant Rodney on the main,
 We'll dare each hostile foe;
 And firmly brave the worst of pain,
 Nor fear no fatal blow.

What if a ball should end my cares,
 Let not my love repine;
 Believe the heart which scorn'd all fears,
 Till death was only thine.



S O N G CCCXIV.

CANTATA BY MRS. WEISCHELL.

RECITATIVE.

YOUNG Damon long had lov'd, and long had woo'd,
 The nymph he lov'd, lov'd him, but was a prude;
 At length, resolv'd no longer to endure
 Those cruel frowns, those frowns that work'd his cure;
 He left the maid, and sought a kinder fair:
 Now Daphne mourns her folly in despair.
 Ye nymphs, be warn'd, and make your lovers sure;
 The heart your smiles can wound, your frowns will cure.

AIR.

Nymphs be kind, and you shall find
 Your graces will improve;
 Gentle smiles, soft pleasing wiles,
 Are all the arms of love!

Scorn to teaze the heart you've won,
 Quick take the favour'd swain;
 Nor frown on those by love undone,
 When smiles might sooth their pain. Da Capo.

S O N G CCCXV.

LOVE'S THE TYRANT OF THE HEART.

A favourite Cantata.

LOVE'S the tyrant of the heart,
 Full of Mischief, full of woe,
 All his joys are full of smart,
 Thorns beneath his roses grow.

RECITATIVE.

Thus sung a poor forsaken maid,
 By folly, not by love betray'd;
 Ye fair, while virtue steels your breast,
 Fond love can ne'er disturb your rest.

AIR.

How sweet is love, when virtue's guide,
 How tranquil is the mind,
 As smooth as summer's peaceful tide,
 As grateful and as kind.

The morning breaks serenely clear,
 To welcome in the day,
 The ev'ning comes without a fear,
 And love our toils repay.

S O N G CCCXVI.

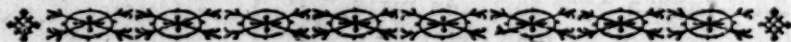
WOMEN AS ARTFUL AS MEN.

MY pride is to hold all mankind in my chain,
 The conquest I prize, tho' the slaves I disdain.

I'll teaze them and vex them,
 I'll plague and perplex them,
 Since men try all arts our weak sex to betray,
 I'll show them a woman as artful as they.

Young Damon pursu'd me, and Strephon, vain youth,
 They meant to deceive, yet they boasted of truth;
 They kneel'd and they trembl'd,
 I smil'd and dissembl'd;
 I saw all their arts were but meant to betray,
 And prov'd there were women as artful as they.

Then hear me, ye nymphs, and my counsel believe,
 Resist all their wiles, the deceivers deceive;
 Their chanting and whining,
 Their sighing and pining,
 Are all meant as baits our weak sex to betray;
 Then prove there are women as artful as they.



S O N G CCCXVII.

N O T H I N G L I K E G R O G .

A favourite Sea Song.

A PLAGUE of those musty old lubbers,
 Who tell us to fast and to think,
 And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
 With nothing but water to drink:
 A cann of good stuff had they twigg'd it,
 Would have set them for pleasure a-gog.
 And spite of the rules,
 And spite of the rules of the schools,
 The old fools would have all of them swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when last I from Guinea
 Return'd with abundance of wealth,
 Cry'd—Jack, never be such a ninny
 To drink—Says I—father, your health.

So I pas'd round the stuff—soon he twigg'd it,
 And it set the old codger a-gog,
 And he swigg'd, and mother,
 And sifter, and brother,
 And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

One day, when the Chaplain was preaching,
 Behind him I curiously slunk,
 And, while he our duty was teaching,
 As how we should never get drunk,
 I tipt him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
 Which soon set his rev'rence a-gog.
 And he swigg'd, and Nick swigg'd,
 And Ben swigg'd, and Dick swigg'd,
 And I swigg'd, and all of us swigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then trust me there's nothing as drinking,
 So pleasant on this side the grave;
 It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
 And makes e'en more valiant the brave.
 For me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
 The good stuff has so set me a-gog,
 Sick or well, late or early,
 Wind foully or fairly,
 I've constantly swigg'd it,
 And dam'me there's nothing like grog.

S O N G CCCXVIII.

P O O R J A C K.

GO patter to lubbers and fwabs, d'ye see,
 'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
 A water-tight boat, and good sea-room give me,
 And it a'ent to a little I'll strike: (smite,
 Tho' the tempest top-gallant-masts smack smooth should
 And shiver each splinter of wood,
 Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and howse ev'ry thing tight,
 And, under reef'd foresail, we'll scud:

A a

Avast—nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft,
To be taken for trifles a--back,
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch—for the life of Poor Jack.

Why I heard the good Chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
And, my timbers—what lingo!—he'd coil and belay,
Why 'twas just all one as High Dutch.
But he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that comes down below,
And many fine things, that prov'd clearly to me,
That Providence takes us in tow.
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the top-sails of sailors a-back,
There's a sweet little Cherub sits perch'd up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,
When last we weighed anchor for sea,
What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye?
Why what a damn'd fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide and there's room for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore;
And if to old Davy I should go my dear Poll,
Why you never will hear of me more.
What then?—all's a hazard, come don't be so soft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back,
For, d'ye see, there's a Cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of Poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All one as a piece of his ship,
And with her brave the world, without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip:
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
My heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's,
And as for my life 'tis the King's.
E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft,
As with grief to be taken a-back,
That same little Cherub that sits up aloft,
Will look out—a good birth for Poor Jack.

CATCHES AND GLEES.

CATCH.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

I Love buffle, crouds, and rattle,
 Sound of trumpets, coaches, battle.—
 I hate noise, roar, and riot;
 Storms and tempests break my quiet.—
 Snug, yet active, be my station:
 I'm in love with moderation.

CATCH. *For three Voices.*

SINCE my Phillis has fallen to my share,
 In a bumper I'll drink, I'll drink to the fair;
 And the man here who envies me most.
 Let him bid me say more, say more, say more, to the toast.
 For a larger I'll soon, soon change my cup:
 To the brim full, to the brim full, fill the constable,
 To the brim fill the constable,
 To the brim fill the constable up.

CATCH. *For four Voices.*

INTRODUCTION OF THE BOWL.

SEE my boys, the fuming bowl,
 Let Jolly bumpers take their round,
 Rapture seize on every soul,
 Till loud each chearful voice resound,
 Power and wealth, beauty, health,
 Wit and mirth in wine are crown'd,
 Joys abound, pleasure's found,
 Only when the glass goes round.

C A T C H.

QUOTH Jack, on a time to Tom, I'll declare it,
 I've a mind we should fuddle our noses with claret;
 Says Tom, it will do you more harm than you think,
 Fie on you, says Jack, who can live without drink?
 I'll ne'er baulk my wine, here's to thy dispose.
 Tom pretends not to drink, pray look at his nose.

C A T C H F O R T H E T I M E S.

TH E French are come, and Spaniards too;
 You lie, you lie, you lie;
 Whene'er they come, the joke they'll rue
 Much more than you or I.

The foe is gone to come again;
 You lie, you lie, you lie;
 To-morrow brings us news from Spain,
 Believe it you—Not I.

So ring the changes round and round,
 You lie, you lie, you lie;
 No truth on land or sea is found,
 You swear it—so do I.

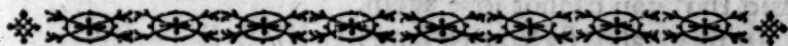
C A T C H. *For three Voices.*

COME, friends and companions, let's take a full glass,
 And each drink a health to his favourite lass,
 And each drink a health,
 And each drink a health,
 And each drink a health to his favourite lass,
 And each drink a health, &c.

With wine and with love let the evening be crown'd,
 Let no envy or discord among us be found,
 With hearts free from trouble we chearfully sing,
 Huzza for our country! huzza for our King!
 Huzza for our country, &c.

C A T C H. *For three Voices.*

HAD she not care enough, care enough, care enough,
 Had she not care enough of the old man?
 She wed him, she fed him, and to the bed she led him,
 For seven long winters she helped him on;
 But oh! how she nigh'd him, nigh'd him, nigh'd him!
 Oh! how she nigh'd him all the night long.



C A T C H.

WHEN next shall we meet, to be merry and gay?
 With love, wine, and music we've made out the day;
 Adjourn then, adjourn, for to-morrow's decreed
 A new day for pleasure; say, are we agreed?
 No, no, I'll not stir from a cann of such cheer,
 Come, come when you will, you shall find I am here.

C A T C H. *For three Voices.*

HOW merrily looks the man that hath gold?
 He seemeth but twenty, tho' threescore years old.
 How nimble the bee that flieth about,
 And gathereth honey within and without!
 But men without money,
 And bees without honey,
 Are nothing better than drones.

C A T C H. *For three Voices.*

PHILLIS, my fairest, how can you deny me?
 So constant a lover sure never came nigh thee;
 Constant in love, ever faithful in duty,
 Bewitch'd by thy charms, and enslav'd by thy beauty:
 Nay, such is thy power, I vow and declare,
 That I'm rais'd up to heav'n, or plung'd down to despair.

GLEE. *For two Voices.*

AMIDST the myrtles as I walk,
 Love and myself thus enter talk;
 Tell me, said I in deep distress,
 Where I may find my shepherds.

GLEE. *For three Voices.*

IF you trust before you try
 You may repent before you die,
 You may repent before you die.

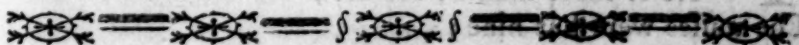


GLEE.

THE SHEEP SHEARING FEAST.

TO sheep-shear my boys! pipe and tabour strike up,
 Let's not lose a moment, but put round the cup!
 Our wool is all hous'd, and our toil now is o'er,
 Our barn is well stock'd, and we'll dance on the floor.

Come, neighbours! with hearts and with voices in tune,
 No times like our festival sheep-shear in June;
 For only with day-light our frolic shall cease:
 Here's liquor and mirth! and success to the fleece!

GLEE. *For three Voices.*

ARM, arm, the generous Britons cry,
 Let us live, or let us die;
 Trumpets sounding, banners flying,
 Braving tyrants, chains defying.
 Arm, arm, the generous Britons cry,
 Let us live free, or let us die.
 Liberty! Liberty! Liberty! Liberty!

SUMMER, A GLEE.

WHERE the murmuring river flows,
 Where the trembling willows play,
 We enjoy a cool repose,
 From the busy glare of day :
 Summer's heat disturbs the breast,
 Every passion should be still,
 Every thought is lull'd to rest
 By the sweetly tinkling rill.

GLEE. *For four Voices.*

COME, my boys, let's jovial be,
 While we all are full of glee,
 To be sad it is a sin,
 And old Care, we'll banish him :
 But Anacreon, the sage,
 Shall rule us this present age.
 Come, then, let us in chorus join
 To Bacchus, god of mirth and wine.

GLEE. *For three Voices.*

THE wise men were but seven,
 Ne'er more shall be for me ;
 The muses were but nine ;
 The worthies three times three :
 And three merry boys, and three merry boys,
 And three merry boys are we.

The virtues they were seven,
 And three the greater be ;
 The Cæsar's they were twelve,
 And the fatal sisters three ;
 And three merry girls, and three merry girls,
 And three merry girls are we.

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

MAY every civil distinction among men be founded on utility.

May he who wants friendship also want friends.

May we draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.

May we never speak to offend, nor hear to betray.

May we learn to be frugal before we are obliged to be so.

May the feeling heart possess the fortune which the miser abuses.

May power be influenced only by justice.

May authority be amiable without debasing its dignity.

May the desires of our heart be virtuous, and those desires be gratified.

Love in a cottage, and envy to none.

The circle of our female acquaintance.

May virtue be our armour when wickedness is our assailant.

May we fly from the temptations which we cannot resist.

May virtue always prove victorious.

To the honest fellow that loves his bottle at night and his business in the morning.

May we be happy when alone, and chearful when in company.

Perpetual disappointments to the enemies of their country.

May we never get into a bad cause, and never fly from a good one.

May we never desire what we cannot obtain.

May we always forget when we forgive an injury.

The sweets of sensibility without the bitters.

Every thing of fortune but her instability.

May our distinguishing mark be merit rather than money.

The man who dares be honest in the worst of times.

May fortune be always attendant on virtue.

May genius and merit never want a friend.

May the evening's diversion bear the morning's reflection.

May we never want a friend and a bottle to give him.

Riches without pride, or poverty without meanness.

May hope be the physician when calamity is the disease.

Riches to the generous, and power to the merciful.

Sense to win a heart, and merit to keep it.

May providence unite the hearts that love.

May the honest heart never feel distress.

Success to our hopes, and enjoyment to our wishes.

Delicate pleasure to susceptible minds.

Health, joy, and mutual love.

Constancy in love, and sincerity in friendship.

Friendship without interest, and love without deceit.

May no coward wear a red coat, nor a hypocrite a black one.

May the armies of Great Britain always be successful in a good cause, and never be employed in a bad one.

To the true patriot "who dies with pleasure for his country's good."

Perdition to the man that owes his greatness to his country's ruin.

Vigour and unanimity to the friends of the constitution.

May the people of Britain always oppose a bad ministry, and give vigour to a good one.

May the King form a government of unanimity, and from that basis shake the world around.

The hearts that sympathy unite, may Hymen join.

May we form good wishes, and enjoy them all.

Plenty of pleasure, and the pleasures of plenty.

May real merit be rewarded in the arms of virtue.

Success to our hopes, and disappointment to our fears.

May the wretched this moment be happy the next.

May the joys of imagination be realized.

Our friends and favourites and our favourite friends.

May Pallas' shield protect whom Mars crowns.

May the laurels wither on the warrior's brow when he betrays innocence.

Sincerity in friendship, and constancy in love.

A constant supply to the purse of the cheerful giver.

Beauty without affectation, and virtue without parade.

Sincerity before marriage, and fidelity afterwards.

May our joys multiply, and our cares decrease.

Every honest man his right, and every rogue a halter.

May hemp bind him whom honour can't.

A head to earn, and a heart to spend.

Chearfulness, content, and competency.

May the brow of the brave never want a wreath of laurel.
Health in freedom, and content in bondage.

May the friends of good-humour never have the vapours.
The heart that feels, and the hand that gives.

Provision to the unprovided.

Wit without bitterness, and mirth without noise.

Judgement in the choice, and moderation in our enjoy-
ments.

Inclination to confer, and gratitude to remember favours.

May we be as unwilling to give as to receive an injury.

The four H's Happy are we met,

Happy have we been,

Happy may we part, and

Happy meet again.

*The EDINBURGH BUCK: An Epilogue.—Written by
R. FERGUSSON, and spoken by Mr. Wilson, in the
Theatre-Royal.*

WE who oft finish care in Lethe's cup,
I Who love to swear, and roar, and—*keep it up,*
Lift' to a brother's voice, whose sole delight
Is *sleep* all day, and *riot* all the night.

Last night, when potent draughts of mellow wine
Did sober reason into wit refine :
When lusty Bacchus had contriv'd to drain
The fullen vapours from our shallow brain,
We fally'd forth, (for valour's dazzling fun
Up to his bright meridian had run :)
And, like renowned Quixote and his 'Squire,
Spoils and adventures were our sole desire.

First we approach'd a seeming sober dame,
Preceded by a lanthorn's pallid flame,
Borne by a livery'd puppy's servile hand,
The slave obsequious of her stern command.
“Curse on those cits,” said I, “who dare disgrace
“Our streets at midnight with a sober face;
“Let never tallow-chandler give them light,
“To guide them thro' the danger of the night.”—

The valet's cane we snatch'd, and, dem'me !
 Made the frail lanthorn on the pavement lie.
 The guard, still watchful of the lieges' harm,
 With slow-pac'd motion stalk'd at the alarm.
 " Guard, seize the rogues !" — the angry madam cry'd,
 And all the Guard with—*Cease ta rogue*—reply'd.

As in a war there's nothing judg'd so right,
 As a concerted and prudential flight,
 So we, from Guard and scandal to be freed,
 Left them the field, and burial of their dead.

Next we approach'd the bounds of George's square ;
 Blest place ! No watch, no constables come there.
 Now had they borrow'd Argus' eyes who saw us,
 All was made dark and desolate as chaos :
 Lamps tumbl'd after lamps, and lost their lustres,
 Like Doomsday, when the stars shall fall in clusters.
 Let fancy paint what dazzling glory grew
 From chrystal gems, when Phœbus came in view :
 Each shatter'd orb ten thousand fragments strews,
 And a new sun in ev'ry fragment shews.

Hear then, my bucks ! how drunken fate decreed us
 For a nocturnal visit to the Meadows ;
 And how we, val'rous champions ! durst engage—
 O deed unequall'd !—both the Bridge and cage,
 The rage of perilous winters which had stood,
 This 'gainst the wind, and that against the flood ;
 But what nor rain, nor flood, nor heav'n could bend e'er,
 We tumbl'd down, my Bucks, and made surrender.

What are your far fam'd warriors to us !
 'Bout whom historians make such mighty fuzz :
 Posterity may think it was uncommon,
 That Troy should be e'er pillag'd for a woman ;
 But ours your ten years' sieges will excel,
 And justly be esteem'd the nonpareil.
 Our cause is slihter than a dame's betrothing,
 For all these mighty feats have sprung from—*nothing*.

T H E E N D.

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